

Jan. 10, 1959

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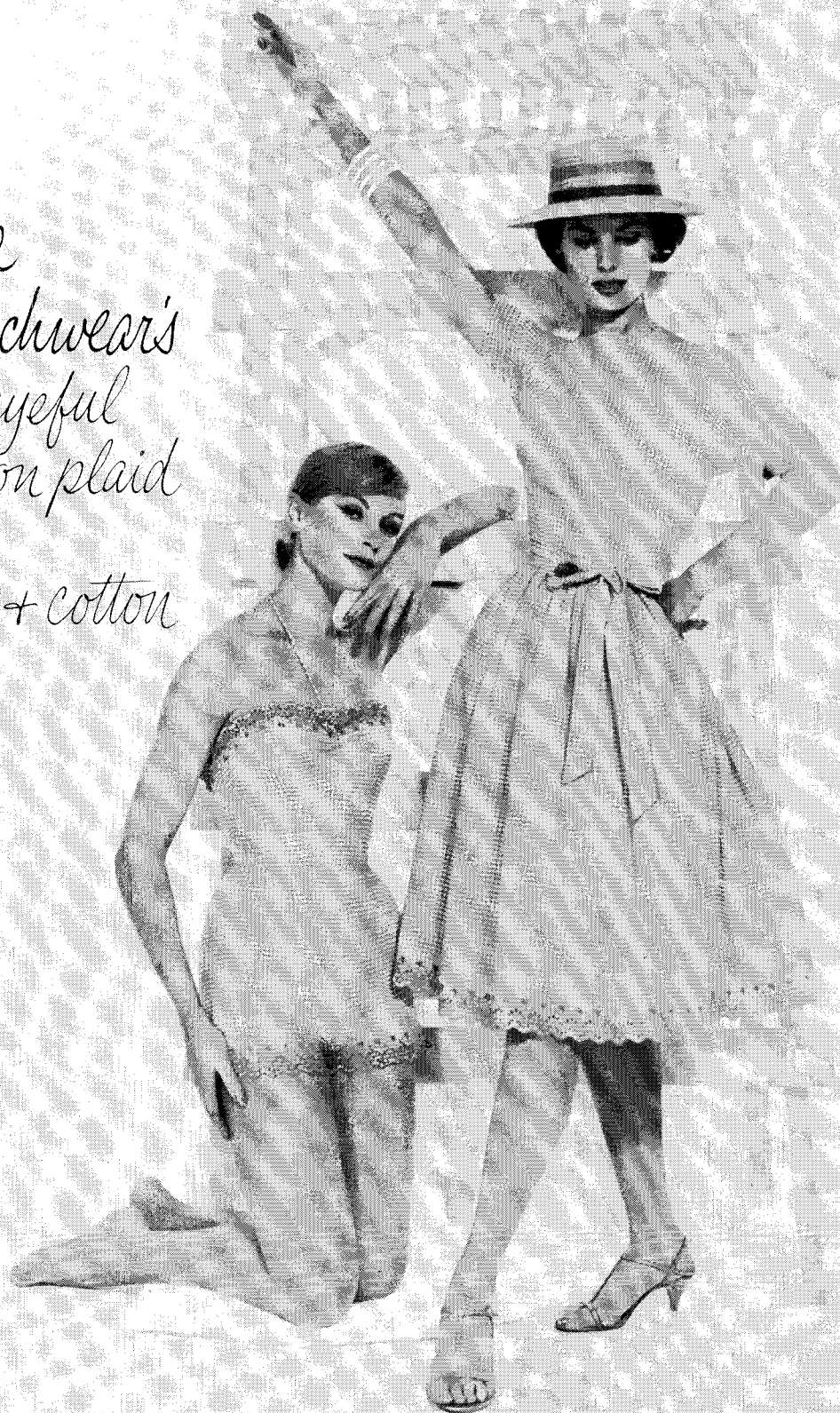
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AGES OF MAN—John Gielgud in a solo show taken from Shakespeare's sonnets and plays. Presented for a four-week engagement by Jerry Leider, in association with Tenment Productions, Ltd. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 24.)

THE COLD WIND AND THE WARM—S. N. Behrman's fuzzy tragicomedy about Jewish life and love in Worcester, Massachusetts, half a century ago. With Eli Wallach (miscast), and Maureen Stapleton, who plays a buoyant matchmaker. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DISENCHANTED—Jason Robards, Jr., is the main reason for seeing this somewhat unconvincing account (by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit) of a great writer's last assignment. The hero, a ravaged ex-alcoholic, has points in common with Scott Fitzgerald. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

EPITAPH FOR GEORGE DILLON—An unsuccessful artist takes out his tragedy and his spleen on a family of humble Philistines. The cast of this strong, if uneven, play by John Osborne and Anthony Creighton is headed by Robert Stephens and Eileen Herlie. Reopens Monday, Jan. 12. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2:40.)

THE GAZEBO—Alec Coppel's frail comedy about a TV writer who gets mixed up in a suspected murder is valiantly played by Walter Slezak and Jayne Meadows. The dialogue, however, is a constant drag. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE GIRLS IN 509—Howard Teichmann's play about the foolishness of politics is only intermittently amusing, but Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca are diverting in the principal roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 11. Closes Saturday, Jan. 24.)

J. B.—Nobody could have got more dramatic momentum out of the Book of Job than Elia Kazan, who directed this fuddled modernization, by Archibald MacLeish, of the Biblical tragedy. Pat Hingle, Christopher Plummer, and Raymond Massey do what they can with a grim script. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

MAKE A MILLION—Sam Levene in a comedy written by Norman Barasch and Carroll Moore, and directed by Jerome Chodorov. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE MARRIAGE-GO-ROUND—Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, with staunch support from Julie Newmar, illustrate the problems of monogamy. Leslie Stevens' comedy, which has an academic setting, is a glossy, if sometimes banal, piece of work. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OLD VIC—The final performances in a five-week repertory of three Shakespearean plays, presented by S. Hurok. "Henry V," with Laurence Harvey, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 8-9, at 8:30. . . . "Hamlet," with John Neville and Barbara Jefford, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30 and 8. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992.)

ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING—Some aspects of the world of serious musicianship, discussed in a



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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farical way in a play that requires a lot of good will on your side to make a visit worth while. Arlene Francis and Joseph Cotten head the cast. (National, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY—A slick and graceful, though faintly soap-operatic, play about young love, adult selfishness, and other family matters. Cyril Ritchard and Cornelia Otis Skinner, who have doubled as director and co-author, respectively, lead the cast, and are strongly supported by Walter Abel, Charlie Ruggles, Dolores Hart, and others. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THIRD BEST SPORT—A dishevelled comedy, by Eleanor and Leo Bayer, about Organization Men at a convention in Florida. Celeste Holm, as a worried company wife, is funny whenever the script permits it, which is seldom. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A TOUCH OF THE POET—A fine cast, headed by Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, and Kim Stanley, in a satisfying period play by Eugene O'Neill that is having its first American production. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG—One of those plays developing the whiskery old notion that brothel inmates are just about the nicest people in the world. France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randall do their best when they get a chance. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS: All about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago. William Inge's play has a cast

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headed by Teresa Wright, Audrey Christie, and George L. Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 17.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL: Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SAY, DARLING: A comedy about a musical, by Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and Eddie Albert, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a big cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO:** Ralph Belamy plays the central role in Dore Scharf's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TWO FOR THE SEESAW:** The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

FLOWER DRUM SONG—The new musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein concerns a romantic imbroglio in San Francisco's Chinatown, and shows the great men at less than their best. Pat Suzuki, Miyoshi Umeki, and Larry Blyden perform brisk salvage work. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDILOCKS—A noisy but sophisticated musical comedy by Jean and Walter Kerr about the pioneer days of movie-making. With Elaine Stritch, Don Ameche, Russell Nye, and Pat Stanley, and a score by Leroy Anderson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LA PLUME DE MA TANTE—This is an anthology of the madcap revue numbers with which Robert Dhéry, author, director, and star, has been delighting Europe for the past ten years. His attendant zanies, who all speak English when they speak at all, include Colette Brosset, Pierre Olaf, Roger Caccia, and Jacques Legras. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHOOPEE!—An earsplitting musical about life among the contemporary Indians, with clever performances from Susan Johnson, Danny Meehan, and Paul Ford. The music, by Moose Charlap, is as raucous as the direction, for which Cy Feuer is responsible. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **JAMAICA:** Lena Horne in a musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MUSIC MAN:** Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Robert Preston, who will be replaced by Norwood Smith for two weeks starting Monday, Jan. 12. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes that of Eliza

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY**: "Romeo and Juliet," restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Carol Lawrence and Larry Kert. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Tim O'Connor and Judson Morgan head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30; Thursdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

DIVERSIONS—A lively, fresh, and amusing revue by Steven Vinaver, whose peculiar slant on life is made manifest by a talented cast. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HAMLET OF STEPNEY GREEN—The mantle of the Melancholy Dane descends upon the son of a Jewish herring merchant in this pleasant and extremely promising first play by England's Bernard Kops. The cast, which is excellent, includes Michael Gorrin, Dino Narizano, and Jeanette Rooney. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

HELOISE—The British playwright James Forsyth has abstracted a splendid drama from the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. It is competently, if not spectacularly, performed by a cast that features Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag as the celebrated lovers. Henry Kurth's ingenious sets turn a tiny stage to good account. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

IVANOV—A thoroughly rewarding production of one of Anton Chekhov's lesser plays, in which the tedium of provincial life is charmingly scrutinized to the ultimate stifled yawn. Paul Stevens is first-rate in the difficult title role. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

KING LEAR—The chief virtue of this production is its author, who is William Shakespeare, and the chief fault is the cast, which fairly roars its lines. Prominent among the Stenorian Guard are Sidney Walker, Robert Mandan, and Robert Burr. More subdued (and therefore better) performances are turned in by Paul Sparer, Dorothy Whitney, Barbara Waide, and Joyce Ebert. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 6:30 and 10; and Sunday at 2:30 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

LOOK BACK IN ANGER—A revival of John Osborne's play, in which William Shust, Audree Rae, and Diana Herbert appear. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Thursdays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED—Joe Hill, the union martyr who figures so prominently in the dreams of folk singers, is framed by a crew of heartless reactionaries, and pursued by them through court after court. The playwright, Barrie Stavis, might have made his point with a great deal less jurisprudence. Mark Gordon plays Joe Hill. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays

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at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

OF MICE AND MEN—A skillful dramatization of John Steinbeck's novel, which has been set to very unfortunate music. Art Lund, Leo Penn, and Jo Sullivan are in the cast. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall St. GR 7-9894. Final performance Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE POWER AND THE GLORY—The power, if not the tarnished glory, of Graham Greene's novel has been transferred intact to the stage by Denis Cannan's and Pierre Bost's intelligent adaptation. Fritz Weaver is magnificent as the slovenly and discreditable Mexican priest who is hunted to a martyr's death during the anticlerical outbreaks of the nineteenth-thirties, and he receives excellent support from his co-workers. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE QUARE FELLOW—Brendan Behan's rather discursive comedy drama about life and execution in an Irish prison is redeemed by a great many mordant studies of convicts and their keepers. The large and capable cast includes Lester Rawlins, Roy Poole, Bryan Herbert, and William Myers. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

SALAD DAYS—A simple-minded musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds that has enjoyed a very long run in London. Richard Easton and Barbara Franklin are in the cast. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. JU 2-4977. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price, Christiane Felsmann, and Paula Stewart. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE TIME OF THE CUCKOO—Kathleen Maguire and Robert Pastene in Arthur Laurents' revised version of his comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9244. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 1.)

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE—A revival of John Ford's Jacobean tragedy, which contains a profusion of plots, stratagems, and murders,

but which, when the last corpse has been cleared away, doesn't seem to mean very much. Ursula Stevens and Christopher Drake play the unhappy siblings, and Martin Kosleck plays the villainous Vasquez. (Orpheum Theatre, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. GR 5-8807. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 8: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Medea," and "Pied Piper."... Friday evening, Jan. 9: "Scotch Symphony," "Agon," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... Saturday matinée, Jan. 10: "Octet," "Medea," "Allegro Brillante," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "Serenade," "Agon," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Stars and Stripes."... Sunday matinée, Jan. 11: "Interplay," "Apollo," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes."... Sunday evening, Jan. 11: "Four Temperaments," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "The Cage," and "Western Symphony."... Tuesday evening, Jan. 13: "Square Dance," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony."... Wednesday evening, Jan. 14: "Scotch Symphony," an unnamed Rieti ballet (première), "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C."... Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "Concerto Barocco," "The Seven Deadly Sins," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Stars and Stripes."... Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Octet," "Illuminations," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes."... Saturday matinée, Jan. 17: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Fanfare."... Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Concerto Barocco," "Medea," "Pas de Dix," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 1.)

JOSÉ GRECO—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN—Songs and sketches of their own concoction. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Final performances Saturday, Jan. 24.)

MAE BARNES—Comedienne, singing to the accompaniment of the Three Flames. One in a series of programs called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Jan. 12, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1959." Opens Tuesday, Jan. 13, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 25. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

ANTA PROGRAM—The legend of Philoctetes in two interpretations—by Sophocles and by Gide—presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA as the fourth in this season's series of matinee programs. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 2:30. For tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

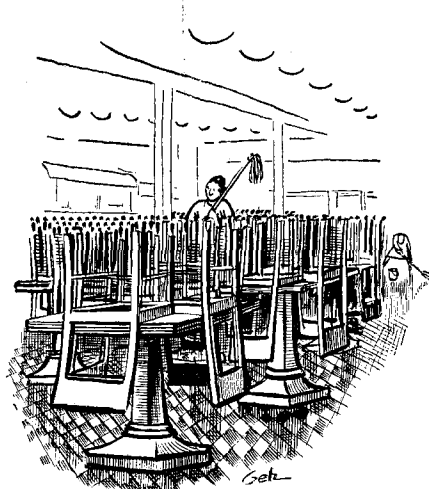
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—Bare-stage performances of Shakespeare's tragedy, put on by the New York Shakespeare Festival, with George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst in the title roles. The first performance, on Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 7:30, will be a benefit for the New York Shakespeare Festival; for tickets, call SA 2-4008. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Other performances Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 14-17, at 8:30; free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the recital of Jerome Kern's music (it happens at nine-thirty and, on Fridays and Saturdays, again at twelve-thirty) in the handsome Cotillion Room, Mark Dawson and Jim Hawthorne deliver the chest tones and Lois Hunt is the heroine. Dance music by the bands of Joseph Ricardel and Alan Logan. Closed Mondays. . . . A small outfit, almost always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—What is it that barks like a seal, talks a blue streak, and shimmies like my sister Kate? Why, it's great big Carol Channing, the glad-rag doll who cavorts in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. Ted Straeter's dance band, the cynosure of all ears, and Mark Monte's merry minstrels keep up a steady rain of grace notes the evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the time of night, the dance orchestras of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen glide decorously down Memory Lane. . . . Leo LeFleur's chamber musicians dish up water-cress-sandwich music at teatime in the Palm Court and tossed-salad music at the dinner hour in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either abode.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To make certain that there'll be no missteps by its students of the dance, the family Lombardo does all its music in slow motion. The scene is the vasty Grill, the time is dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy of the Maisonette, there is Rosita Serrano, clearly a grand duchess herself, even though her voice and guitar often deal with unruly Spanish emotions. She's on hand for dinner and supper. Dancing, too, and just about non-stop, to the happy little bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Emile Petti, the piano man, presides over his band in the Café Lounge, where it murmurs for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, an affair of state, Chauncey Gray's orchestra turns on its debutante-speed dance music at nine. Quintero's band takes up any slack. There's dinner music, too. Sundays are soundless.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room is Eartha Kitt, who, no matter how often she insists in song and story that she wants to be evil, remains as pleasurable a stormy petrel as you'll find in an evening's flight about the town. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's orchestra, both of them outspoken, play for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . Mondays through Thursdays, from seven to twelve, the Norman Paris trio makes chamber music for up-to-the-minute moderns in the sedate enclosure called Peacock Alley, while Jozsi Ribari's men maintain a watch on the blue Danube. All hands mingle on Fridays and Saturdays in the production of dance tunes. Sundays, from eight to twelve, the Babai group makes the dance music.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, which is high enough up in 30 Rockefeller Plaza to miss most of our mean average rainfall, has listening and imbibing music by Joseph Sudy's trio. The bar opens at four-thirty; time's up at nine. Closed Sundays. The phone is CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Johnny Mehegan holds the chair of softly applied jazz piano in this luxurious conservatory. He's around from nine to one. Addison Bailey, an early settler, is at the keyboard from five until eight-thirty. The Sunday handyman for the whole circuit is Joel Forbes. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some of our metropolitan

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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counters of sheep prefer to do their homework here, grog in hand, ears cocked to the intricate but joyous and occasionally sardonic piano of Rack Godwin, once of the never-to-be-forgotten team of Eadie and Rack. He starts at nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads spend as much time on the campus as the boy and girl undergraduates, so the piano starts sounding off at 5 P.M., before classes are out. Bob Printz runs the instrument until seven-thirty, when he's replaced by Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders, who don't care when they stop playing two-hand and four-hand exercises. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, who at times is the wisest woman of the extra-civilized world, offers a song recital of infinite variety that begins after the theatre. Her accompanist, and the piano soloist, is Sam Hamilton, by now practically her alter ego. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This venerable caravansary, in which Renato Rossini's guitar speaks of musical comedy at dinnertime, of hot nights of passion in the gardens of Granada later on, closes its doors forever late in the evening of Friday, Jan. 9. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): A crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, where Ralph Strain, a romanticist of long standing, is at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **PLAYBILL**, Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (PL 7-6100): Cy Walter has moved one Steinway into the glossy bar (five-thirty to eight-thirty in the evening) and another into the vehemently overstuffed dining room (ten to one in the morning). Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Violins with every course, right on down to the *café espresso*. Theo Fanidi's corps of bowmen keeps it up all night. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Now there's a drawbridge leading to this fully equipped castle, and also leading us all to suspect that we've strayed into the medieval department at F. A. O. Schwarz. The tableside violin of the timeless Norbert Faconi is the other main event. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Fun in a Spanish wine cellar, which has been furnished with tables, chairs, and a troupe of players who never get out of the habit of singing, dancing, and plain and fancy strumming. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Another aspect of Spain—a de-luxe but pastoral one—where indigenous music wells up until quite late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): An exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else this side of Jupiter or Mars. Despite a few resolute discussion groups at table, the words and music of Johnnie LaSalle's quartet and Cecil Young's duo, which are largely frolicsome, can be heard without earphones. The music begins at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): None of the Hungarians around here can hold their tongues for any

length of time. Along with the resultant song-fest comes music by the bushel, some of it from that vanishing instrument the zimbalo. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): After dark, it's the north end of Wall Street. The major punctuation is the piano of George Feyer, no indulger in fancy figures or militant tempos. He's on at frequent intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, largely British and New York. He gets rolling at nine, Mondays are his holidays. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, the gatekeeper's lodge of a sumptuous estate, there's fairly robust piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The firm piano of Steven Weltner improves the scenery, as sylvan as anything indoors can be, of the ample Casino-on-the-Park between six and nine-thirty and between ten-thirty and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **COAT OF ARMS**, 140 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1820): The sort of place that looks lived in by people who are content to browse and munch at leisure. In one corner, Marty Berns soothes a piano weekdays and Joe Moon fills in on Sundays. They're on duty from seven to one. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The Good Book here is probably the *Social Register*. Al Mello, a pianist who doesn't believe in rocking his guests to sleep, has the floor from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A familiar scene—candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, rhapsodic violin and soprano down front. The one new touch is dancing for the house guests, starting at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Sue Carson, a good-looking catbird who wields a wicked tongue when she has a mind to, is principal girl in a dizzy world of young ladies who simply haven't a thing to wear but are still willing to make a night of it. She bows out on Thursday, Jan. 8; next evening, Jaye P. Morgan and her guardians, the Morgan Brothers, will become the leading choristers. Dancing. . . . **CASA CUGAT**, 137 E. 48th St. (EL 5-4330): Just as large as Greater Miami, and a damn sight prettier. Xavier Cugat's conga-rumba-samba thunderbirds are the ringleaders in a dance festival that starts at six-thirty and runs until four, except Sundays, when the hours are eight-thirty to three. They're assisted by the band of Charles Holden, the Casa's only foothold on Manhattan. The roster of edibles goes as far south as the West Indies. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Jimmy Durante, who survived the ordeal by firewater called Prohibition, should survive the ordeal offered by the rumpus in this old mushroom cellar, and so may you.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, a hundred and twelve pounds of fighting wildcat, gets her claws into any number of preposterous ballads. Also present are the Kingston Trio, three young madrigalists from the California (or orange) groves of Academe; Bob Lewis, a homespun philosopher; and Los Indios Tabajaras, two guitar-slinging boys from Brazil, whose Portuguese arias may remind you of the late lamented Elsie Houston. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard are the background. The first performance begins as early as nine-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . In the lounge, except Sundays, there's cocktail and dinner piano by Alex Fogarty; nightly, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, there's progressive music by the Lyonses. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Six naughty children—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and





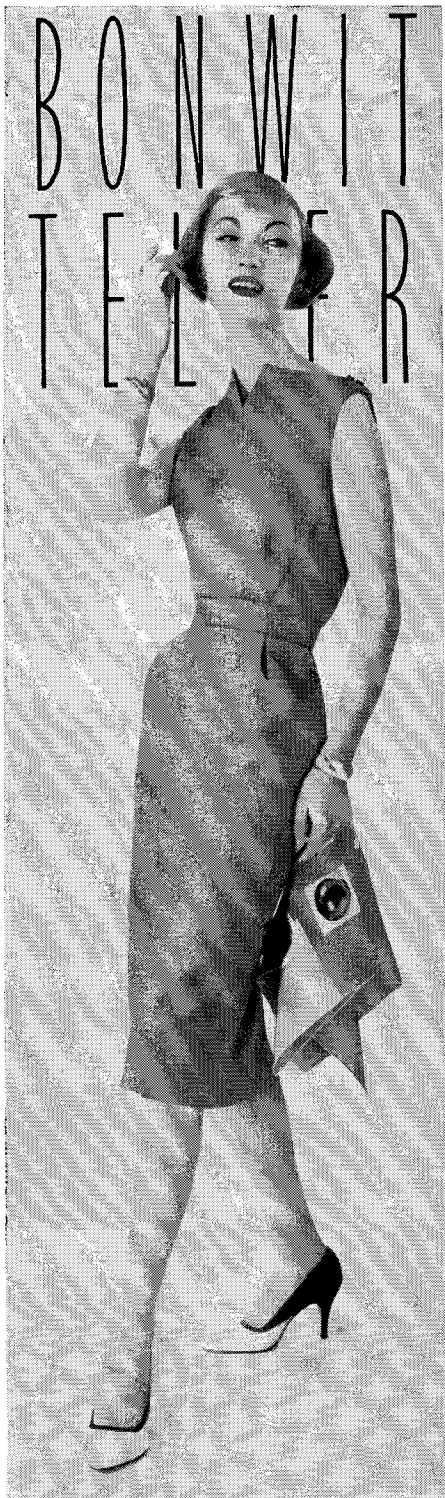
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

George Hall—who should not only be seen but heard. They're the inmates of a Julius Monk revue that points out, cheerfully but firmly, what fools we mortals be. The pit band is the twin pianos of Gordon Connell and Jay Thompson; the curtain times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): Katie Lee, who heretofore has kept her songs for the analyst's couch between the covers of a record album, is now making an open book of them in a picturesque gazebo that is also a Julius Monk venture. Her case histories commence after the theatre; they're set to the jewelled music of Stan Keen and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists. The bar opens at five, the pianos at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. ... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The fine Florentine hand of the resident chef is supplemented by other diversions: calm dinner and supper piano by Dick Hankinson, and (after the theatre) let's-go piano by the old virtuoso Herman Chittison, cantatas by a new hummingbird named Greta Rae, and (Fridays and Saturdays) a new Neapolitan tenor named Enzo Lembo. Closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell are once more clowning, and Suzanne Lake is singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their double pianos. Sundays, silent movies and no clowning; Mondays, amateur performers and no Lake.

... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Part of the doings—Mae Barnes' chanteys, which all come out like battle hymns of the Republic, and the sound track of Tony and Eddie, America's least restrained mimes—may leave you more deaf than alive. Alice Ghostley's quatrains, awash in malice and menace, have quite a different talent to amuse, and a third talent is implicit in the cacophony of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is bland and *dégagé* in his singing. Closed Mondays. ... **DEN IN THE DUANE**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-7848): Milt Kamen, man of the people, deals with aspects of the news of the day that most commentators haven't the wits to discover. He's flanked by the squad of Little, Dane, and Mason (songs for a pep rally) and Jo March (struggling young folk singer). Closed Sundays. ... **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The afterdeck of the Midtown Café, and Chinese ice-cream parlor is the word for it. Janice Mars, a delightfully unmannered purveyor of songs of dalliance and songs of supplication, and Baldwin Bergersen, composer and pianist of note, gambol late into the night. They are there, along with a protean intermission pianist named Gene Hunt, Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, the Tarriers, a passel of singing guitarists, hold forth. ... **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, whose hymns to the rising sun keep the nights from seeming too long, does his last song-and-piano round on Sunday, Jan. 11. Next evening, Matt Dennis, another song-and-piano diminisher of the small hours, comes aboard. Eva La Mont's trio stays on.

... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The jolliest (and occasionally the most rampant) corner of this definitely Latin colony is the alcove in which Ray Tico, a Costa Rican guitarist, sings for pure joy. In another room, Panchito's band makes dance music, and a floor show, which includes a Pakistani tenor named Kuldip Singh, has its say. Music as of 9 P.M., Señor Tico as of 10 P.M. The sole Sunday activity is a Pan-American tea dance, three to eight. ... **CAFÉ SAHRA**, 253 W. 72nd St. (TR 3-1276): Shoshana Damari, an almost operatic firebrand, is the queen bee of yet another local colony, this one thoroughly Israeli and often downright family-style. She chants in her native tongue; the humorists Jackie Clark and Leo Fuld, who are, in general, family-style, too, can be understood by anyone. Closed Mondays. ... **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): The most recent of the establishment's portmanteau revues is getting under way. This one involves some words and music from the celebrated foundry run by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blaine, not to mention the services of Ellen Martin, a singer and dancer with a

certain sassy charm. Presentations at nine-thirty and twelve; closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon foot soldiery—Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall—selling their Dixie lives as dearly as possible. Mr. Condon looks in frequently to review his troops. The recess-hour pianist is Bob Hammer. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Dizzy Gillespie, a musician with an original twist to his conversation and an original sound in his moon-rocket horn, leads his small group of followers away on the night of Sunday, Jan. 11. Mose Allison's brisk trio goes away then, too. The place will be dark on Monday, and on Tuesday, Jan. 13, Anita O'Day will resume her tongue-twisting jaunt through the jazz songbook, abetted by the Jimmy Jones trio. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinee as well as an evening session. ... **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): The sort of ranch house King Arthur might have built. It contains the quartet of Tyree Glenn (breezy, outgoing) and what—since he's now in business with just six men—might be called Woody Herman and his First Half Herd. The Herman group moves out on Saturday, Jan. 10; the Dukes of Dixieland, who are known by sight to only a few Northerners, will move in on Monday, Jan. 12. Sundays, when the regulars are away, other seneschals take over the castle. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Way down upon the Swanee River, before chambers had echoes and guitars had electronics. Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Wilber Kirk represent the Old Guard. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays. Jam sessions Mondays. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five dream, among Manhattan's icicles, of the land of cotton, where their sort of music was begotten. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, whose trio is inside the oval bar, plays split-personality piano suggesting (1) that he's a technician of Juilliard grade and (2) that he has a pronounced craving for sweets. He begins at ten-fifteen every evening but Monday. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Tower of Babel, minus not a single sound effect. Wednesday through Sunday, such river-boat shufflers as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming can often be heard. Sunday afternoons and Monday and Tuesday evenings, Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge take a quintet for a ride. The uproar is continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays and Saturdays and Sundays from 1:30 P.M. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The puzzling Miles Davis sextet (three often ad-infinitum soloists named Davis, Cannonball Adderley, and John Coltrane, plus three largely innocent bystanders) and the Maynard Ferguson orchestra, a veritable pinwheel of fevered centrifugal force, sign off on Wednesday, Jan. 14. The following evening will bring in Ernestine Anderson, an industrious member of the freshman class of jazz orioles, and the newly minted band of Urbie Green, a trombonist of some renown. Jam sessions Mondays, when these performers are off duty. ... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Pay no heed to the melee in the bar but press on to the back room, where Billy Taylor's jet-propelled fingers keep all the piano keys on the move. His trio (no work Mondays) and the trio of Gene Rodgers (no work Sundays) begin at nine. Modernism is the password for both groups. Muriel Roberts' threesome will probably replace the Rodgers group on Wednesday, Jan. 14. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave. at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Jazz for old times' sake; i.e., jazz with the fur left on. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 9-10, such traditionalists as Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric,



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breeze is as cool as silk. You're glad of a blanket and the crackle of log fires.

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near a phosphorescent bay. And several so close to the beach you can hear what the surf is whispering.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis will make the fur fly. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Silence in the auditorium is not part of the golden rule here, so sit well forward if you wish to hear the quartet of Jonah Jones, who's been blowing trumpet since he left the Whale, and Marshall Grant's threesome. They set to at eight-thirty. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening, and Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Last chance before the Mexican border to get your red-hot hero sandwiches, cold beer, and jazz. The jazz comes from Tony Scott, his pepper-pot clarinet, and his quintet, all of whom (or which) will be leaving on Sunday, Jan. 11. As of Tuesday, Jan. 13, the spokesman will be the Zoot Sims quintet, whose views of the modern scene may well remain incommunicado to some of us. Closed Mondays. . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): The Commuters, an amiable bunch of children, play for dancing, from nine to one, on a minute stretch of parquet in the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays. . . **VERSAILLES**, 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): One of those Village come-as-you-are *boîtes*, which may or may not be the perfect setting for the childlike treble of Blossom Dearie's soprano or her light-as-a-feather jazz piano. She and her bass player are off Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARBIT BLATAS—Expressionist oils in black-and-white; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GANDY BRODIE—Landscapes and still-lives; through Jan. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—Brush and pencil drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—New paintings and drawings, mingling angels and pi-mesons; through Jan. 24. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

ILSE GETZ—Recent oils and collages; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Large abstract oils; through Jan. 31. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY—Drawings and lithographs; through Jan. 24. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—Abstract paintings done in 1958; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Oils, water colors, and drawings of two decades—1919-29 and 1944-54; through Jan. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

BEN MEYERS—Abstract oils; through Jan. 29. (Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.)

JAN MÜLLER—Expressionist paintings (1943-58); through Saturday, Jan. 10. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

JULES PASCIN—"The Nude," a show comprising twenty-seven oils, most of them on loan; through Feb. 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AD REINHARDT—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 24. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE RICKY—Kinetic sculptures; through Jan. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—Paintings; through Feb. 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ—Oils and water colors (1895-1932); through Jan. 31. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

FRITZ WINTER—Abstract oils by a German contemporary; through Jan. 31. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

BRUSSELS '58—A selection of American paintings and sculptures, originally exhibited at the World's Fair, by twenty-five artists, including William Baziotis, Grace Hartigan, Mary Callery, and David Smith. For the benefit of the Sheltering Arms Childrens

Service. Through Saturday, Jan. 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Collages and constructions by, among others, Jasper Johns, Bruce Conner, and William King; through Jan. 24. . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: A painting apiece by Jackson Pollock, Robert Motherwell, Josef Albers, and five other abstractionists; through Jan. 31. . . **PARSONS**, 11 E. 57th St.: "Paintings for Unlimited Space" (large oils) by Ellsworth Kelly, David Budd, Agnes Martin, and others; through Jan. 31. . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by, for instance, Ben Benn, Jules Pascin, and Joseph Stella; through Jan. 24.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Drawings and small sculptures, from Arp and Brancusi to Redon; through Saturday, Jan. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Some five hundred photographs (from the Museum's collection) taken since 1838 by three hundred photographers in eighteen countries; through Jan. 18. . . Recently acquired prints by Matisse, Klee, Kirchner, and seven other European artists; through March 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The collection of prints that represented United States artists at the First Inter-American Biennial Exhibition, in Mexico, last summer; through Sunday, Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—A selection of paintings submitted for the 1958 Guggenheim International Award, including some of the winners; through Jan. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Oils, sculptures, woodcuts, and lithographs by twenty-eight contemporary Danish artists; through Jan. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Four American Expressionists: Sculptors Doris Caesar and Chaim Gross and painters Karl Knaths and Abraham Rattner; starting Wednesday, Jan. 14. (Daily, except Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 12-13, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Jan. 8: "Aida," with Antonietta Stella, Blanche Thebom, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Zanasi, and Norman Scott. . . Friday evening, Jan. 9: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Gloria Davy, Roberta Peters, Nicolai Gedda, Theodor Uppman, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . Saturday matinee, Jan. 10: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. . . Saturday evening, Jan. 10: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Brenda Lewis, Laurel Hurley, Regina Resnik, Theodor Uppman, Cesare Valletti, and Frank Guarrera. . . Monday evening, Jan. 12: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Dimiter Uzunov, and Mario Zanasi. . . Wednesday evening, Jan. 14: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Heidi Krall, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi. (A non-subscription performance.) . . Thursday evening, Jan. 15: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Theodor Uppman. . . Friday evening, Jan. 16: "Tosca," with Zinka Milanov, Eugenio Fernandi, and Leonard Warren. . . Saturday matinee, Jan. 17: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and Ezio Flagello. . . Saturday evening, Jan. 17: "Un Ballo in Maschera,"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Carnegie Hall, Sir John Barbirolli conducting—Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 9, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30 (no soloists); Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3 (with John Corigliano, violin); and Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 16, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 18, at 3 (all with Berl Senofsky, violin).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Robert Shaw conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:45, and Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY OF NEW YORK—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Giovanni Consiglio, tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. . . . Same program; Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2.)

MUSICI—Italian chamber orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

CLARION CONCERT—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Gerald Tarack, violin; and Samuel Baron, flute. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Robert Scholz conducting, with Saramae Endich, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Gluck's "Iphigenie en Tauride" in concert form, with Gloria Davy, soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Martial Singher and Louis Quilico, baritones; and the Choral Art Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

THE PLAY OF DANIEL—A twelfth-century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica, with the Boy Choristers of the Church of the Transfiguration; Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; and others. (Chapel of the Intercession, Broadway at 155th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, at 9. For tickets, call AC 2-0700.)

RECITALS

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30, the last in a series of programs, with Walter Trampler, viola. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Guitar. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:40.)

ZINO FRANCESCATI—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

EUGENE LIST—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

SUNDAY CONCERT SOCIETY—The fourth in a series of eight concerts, this one by the Gramercy Chamber Ensemble. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 5:30. For tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

OTTO EDELMANN—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

KRAINIS BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—An all-Handel program of vocal and instrumental chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

JOSEPH FUCHS—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

GOTHAM BAROQUE ENSEMBLE—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

RUBEN VARGA—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

BEVERIDGE WEBSTER—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

BEATRICE KREBS—Contralto. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—The first in a series of three all-Chopin recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 16, at 8:40.)

QUARTETTO ITALIANO—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

NOTE—The Quartetto Italiano will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 18, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 12, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

OPERAS-IN-BRIEF—"La Bohème," the fourth in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

ANNA RUSSELL—Vocal caricaturist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—The Ahmad Jamal trio, the Horace Silver quintet, Bill Henderson, Sam Most, Donald Byrd, and Carmen McRae are among those scheduled to appear. (Town Hall, Saturday, Jan. 17, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Gene Armstrong vs. Eddie Dixon, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3. . . . Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 2. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship. (Downtown Athletic Club, 18 West St. Daily at 5:30 through Wednesday, Jan. 21. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 10, at 11. . . . MERRI-MIMES: "Peter and the Wolf." Saturday, Jan. 10. . . . "Sleeping Beauty." Saturday, Jan. 17. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4. . . . THEATRE EAST: "I Wish I May." Saturdays at 1:30. . . . "Star Bright." Saturdays at 3:15. (211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220.)

BALLET—The Merry-Go-Rounders in a program of story ballets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

VARIETY SHOW—"Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 17, at 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole

and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The Planetarium will be closed Thursday and Friday, Jan. 8-9. Starting Saturday, Jan. 10, there will be a new show, "The Sky Is the New Frontier." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ There are half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, nightly except Mondays and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 8-9.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER—Delivering his State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress on Friday, Jan. 9, at 12:30. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Jan. 30, when the Trusteeship Council is scheduled to convene. In the meantime, there are still periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

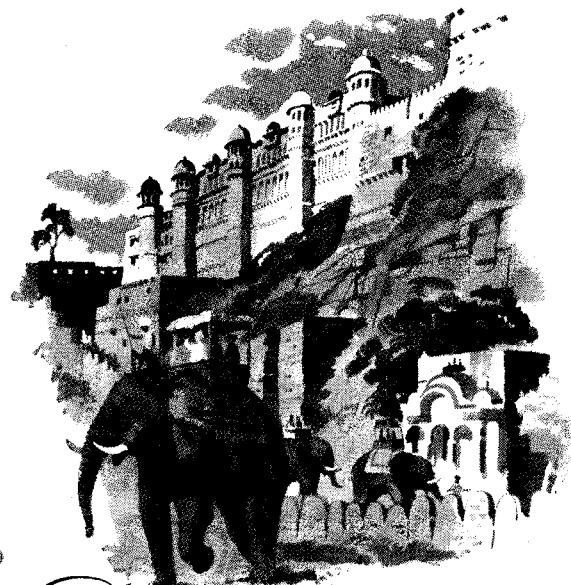
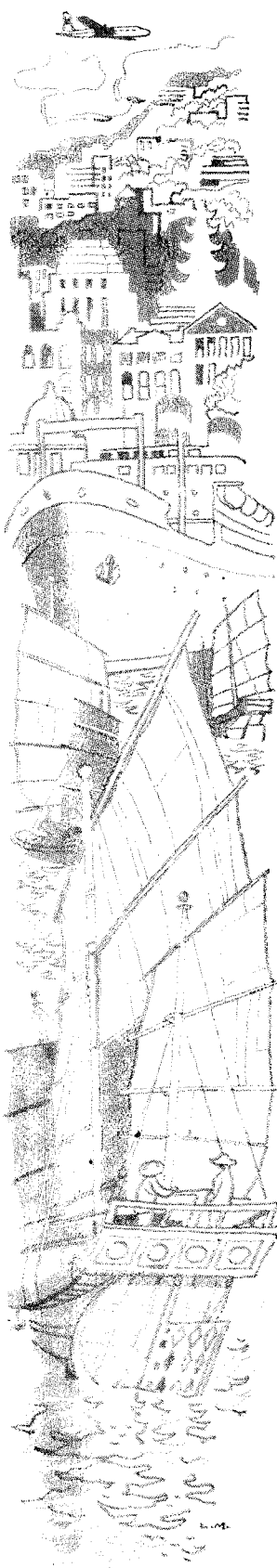
POETRY READINGS—John Ciardi reading from Dante's "Il Purgatorio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH—A loan exhibition, comprising autograph letters and manuscripts, portraits, and other memorabilia of the Elizabethan era, in commemoration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the accession and coronation of Queen Elizabeth I; through Feb. 21. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S INVENTIONS—Thirty working models (rotated from a collection of some fifty) of Leonardo's scientific inventions, including the flying machine, the breech-loading gun, and a revolving-stage system, constructed by Roberto Guatelli; through Jan. 31. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture, including signed pieces by Nicolas Petit, Claude Louis Burgat, and P. Falconet; German, English, and other silver; Continental porcelains and faience; Old Masters and a small group of nineteenth-century and modern paintings; Louis XV and Louis XVI gold boxes, watches, and miniatures; and Oriental rugs. From the collection of Felix Kramarsky.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 13-14, at 1:45: Books on art, furniture, porcelain, silver, pewter, and textiles, from the estate of Agnes M. Carpenter and from other sources.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, belonging to Ralph M. Coe and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 10.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years, Part II"—Through Jan. 10: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor.... ¶ Starting Jan. 11: "The Love Parade" (1929), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Following the trail of the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Jan. 14....
 Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 14, tentative.)

THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT—Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel in a topnotch French film that describes natural childbirth in terms of once informative and dramatic. Mr. Gabin is cast as a doctor trying to get the idea of painless parturition across to the peasants of a French Alpine village, and Miss Courcel as a young pregnant woman who subscribes to his theories. With English dialogue. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; through Jan. 13.)

DAMN YANKEES—A breezy musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston and Gwen Verdon, who play the Devil and his undulant assistant, are most diverting, and the show, which benefits from the brisk direction of George Abbott, is accompanied by many spirited tunes. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Jan. 13, tentative.)

THE DEFIANT ONES—A high-grade melodrama, produced and directed by Stanley Kramer, in which Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis portray a pair of fugitives from a chain gang in flight from a posse. While describing their odyssey, Mr. Kramer, without sententiousness, underlines some of the causes of race prejudice and indicates a possible cure. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 13, tentative....
 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 14.)

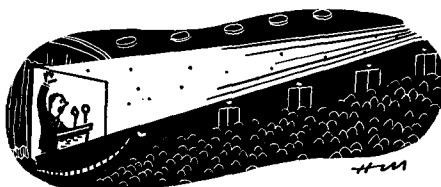
GIGI—A good-looking and melodious version of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the betrothed of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

HE WHO MUST DIE—An extremely moving French picture, taken from a novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, about a group of Greek villagers who, in the course of staging a Passion play, unwittingly revert to the original roles. Filmed in Crete by Jules Dassin, it is beautiful to look at and stunningly acted by a cast that includes Pierre Vaneck, Melina Mercouri, Gregoire Aslan, and Fernand Ledoux. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE HORSE'S MOUTH—Alec Guinness giving a solid comic performance as the raffish hero of an adaptation of Joyce Cary's novel. Mr. Guinness, who did the adaptation himself, is perhaps more successful as an actor than as an adapter, but his portrait of a freewheeling artistic nonconformist in a world he never

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



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				8	9	10
11	12	13	14			

made compensates for any small handicaps. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS—Ingrid Bergman taking a sentimental journey from London to China as an English parlormaid with the fixed idea that she has been ordained by the Lord to take the Word to the heathen. Miss Bergman is delightful as the missionary, and the others in the cast are uniformly admirable. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE MATCHMAKER—Shirley Booth brings all her acting stratagems to bear on this version of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers when the world was about a century younger. Cast as a sly Miss Fixit, Miss Booth sees to it that all hands—among them a merchant (Paul Ford), his clerk (Anthony Perkins), and a Manhattan milliner (Shirley MacLaine)—wind up euphorically. Good enough, if nostalgia is your fancy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 10....
 Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting Jan. 14, tentative.)

ME AND THE COLONEL—This chronicle of the haphazard flight of a Polish Jew and an anti-Semitic Polish colonel from Paris in 1940 is gently diverting throughout. Danny Kaye could not be improved upon as the Jew, and Curt Jurgens is excellent as the Colonel. Nicole Maurey turns up as a lovely travelling companion of the gentlemen, and Akim Tamiroff as the Colonel's batman. They are first-rate, and so are Françoise Rosay, Alexander Scourby, and Martita Hunt, who round out the cast. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; through Jan. 13, tentative.)

PATHER PANCHALI—An Indian film, made on location, that describes most poignantly the way a village family lives. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN—Save the Elephant Week in French Equatorial Africa, with Trevor Howard leading the fight to keep the hunters away from the mammoths. Directed by John Huston, the film is handsome pictorially, and intermittently exciting. Along with Mr. Howard, we have Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn, Eddie Albert, and Orson Welles, all participating competently. (Academy of Music,

126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Jan. 14.)

SEPARATE TABLES—An adaptation of Terence Rattigan's play about the worries and woes of a group of forlorn people living in a threadbare hotel in Bournemouth. Quite a bit of tension is generated as the film goes along, and the principal characters are aptly delineated by David Niven, Deborah Kerr, Wendy Hiller, Burt Lancaster, and Rita Hayworth. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, which presents an absorbing parable about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century when the plague was raging. Mr. Bergman's camera is highly dramatic, and his cast is excellent. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 13, tentative.)

WITCHES OF SALEM—The troubles of a town afflicted with an overdose of theocracy. Based on "The Crucible" by Arthur Miller, and adapted by Jean-Paul Sartre, this French film may not remind you of the sanitary world of the Pilgrim Fathers as we have come to think of it, but it packs an emotional wallop nevertheless. Mylene Demongeot, Simone Signoret, Yves Montand, and all the others on view do very well indeed enacting this sombre tale. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 8.)

GATE OF HELL (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 9.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON (1957)—Fun in the Paris Ritz, with Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 10, tentative....
 Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 13.)

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 10.)

SABRINA (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 10, tentative.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Jan. 10, tentative....
 Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Jan. 11-13.)

UMBERTO D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad study of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
 SEPARATE TABLES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
 "The Buccaneer," Yul Brynner, Charlton Heston, Claire Bloom.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
 "A Night to Remember," Kenneth More.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
 "The Geisha Boy," Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, Sessue Hayakawa.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
 "Auntie Mame," Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
 "Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
 "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!," Joanne Woodward, Paul Newman.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
 THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
 "South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.

Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
 "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad," Kerwin Mathews, Kathryn Grant.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
 Through Jan. 13: "I Want to Live!," Susan Hayward, Simon Oakland.
 From Jan. 14: "Anna Lucasta," Eartha Kitt, Sammy Davis, Jr.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
 "South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
 "The Girl in the Bikini" (in French), Brigitte Bardot.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND
ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7914)
Through Jan. 13 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish); and "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.
From Jan. 14 (tentative): "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 13: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in English); and "Appointment with a Shadow," George Nader, Joanna Moore.
From Jan. 14: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 13 (tentative): **THE DEFIANT ONES**.
From Jan. 14 (tentative): **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Jan. 13: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "Tank Force," Victor Mature, Leo Genn.
From Jan. 14: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Doctor's Dilemma," Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GIGI.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 13: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in English); and "Appointment with a Shadow," George Nader, Joanna Moore.
From Jan. 14: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Bell, Book and Candle," James Stewart, Kim Novak.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-1663)
"My Uncle" (in French), Jacques Tati.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HE WHO MUST DIE (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Jan. 14: **THE DEFIANT ONES**.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Jan. 13: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "Tank Force," Victor Mature, Leo Genn.
From Jan. 14: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 10 (tentative): **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON**, revival; and **SABRINA**, revival.
From Jan. 11: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 13: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in English); and "Appointment with a Shadow," George Nader, Joanna Moore.
From Jan. 14: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 13: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "Tank Force," Victor Mature, Leo Genn.
From Jan. 14: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Jan. 10: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel.
Jan. 11-13: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival; and "A Nice Little Bank That Should Be Robbed," Tom Ewell, Mickey Rooney.
From Jan. 14: **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)

Through Jan. 10 (tentative): **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**, revival.
From Jan. 11: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
PATHER PANCHALI (in Bengali).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 13: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "Tank Force," Victor Mature, Leo Genn.

From Jan. 14: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 10: **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
Jan. 11-13: "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," revival, William Holden, Jennifer Jones; and "Three Coins in the Fountain," revival, Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire.

From Jan. 14: "The Captain from Koenigsberg" (in German), Heinz Rühmann; and "Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani, Aldo Fabrizi.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Jan. 13: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in English); and "Appointment with a Shadow," George Nader, Joanna Moore.
From Jan. 14: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Nine Lives" (in Norwegian), Jack Fjeldstad.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Mad Little Island," Jeannie Carson, Donald Sinden.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SEPARATE TABLES.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
WITCHES OF SALEM (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 13: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "Tank Force," Victor Mature, Leo Genn.
From Jan. 14: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 13: **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON**, revival; and "Teacher's Pet," revival, Clark Gable, Doris Day.

From Jan. 14: "Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin; and "The Strange One," revival, Ben Gazzara.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 8: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** and "The Inspector General" (both in Russian and both revivals).

From Jan. 9: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Jan. 13: "The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons.

From Jan. 14: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Jan. 13 (tentative): **DAMN YANKEES**; and **ME AND THE COLONEL**.

From Jan. 14 (tentative): **THE MATCHMAKER**; and "Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 13: "The Last Hurrah," Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien; and "Tank Force," Victor Mature, Leo Genn.
From Jan. 14: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman; and "Joy Ride," Rad Fulton.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Jan. 13: **THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT** (in English); and "Appointment with a Shadow," George Nader, Joanna Moore.
From Jan. 14: **THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN**; and "Villa!," Cesar Romero, Brian Keith.

JAY THORPE

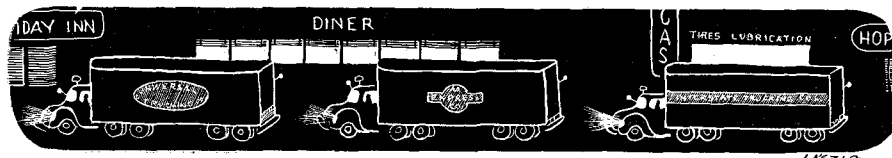


"My June and January suit"

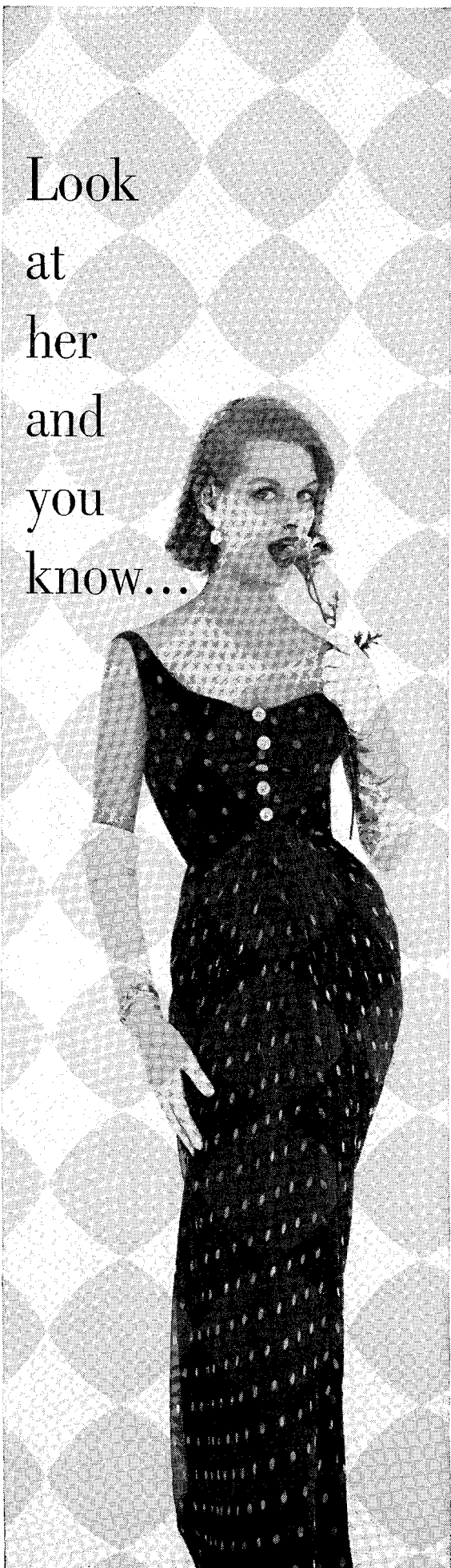
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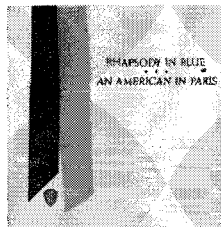
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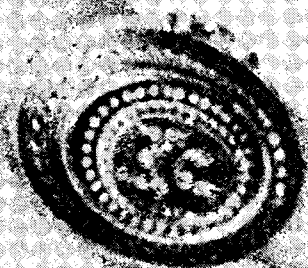
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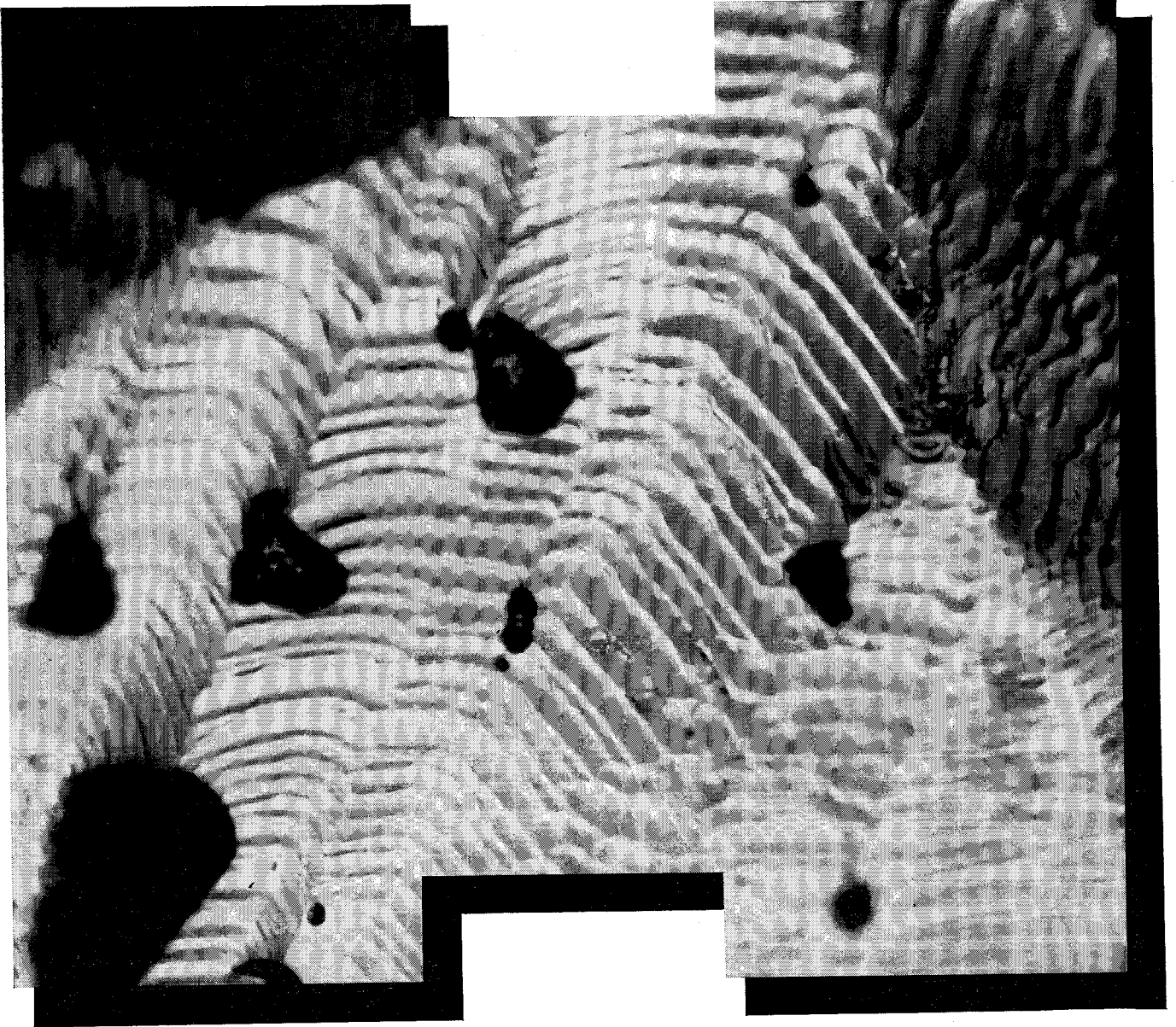




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The industry that



impurity built

This photomicrograph (at left) of an etched silicon crystal is used in the study of semiconductor materials. Impurities introduced into crystals such as this form junctions for semiconductor devices.

In the fast-growing semiconductor industry, Hughes Products, the commercial activity of Hughes, is leading the field. Its programs include basic research on semiconductor surfaces; alloying and diffusion techniques; and materials characterization studies to determine the electrical effects of imperfections and impurities.

In addition, Hughes Products is developing new semiconductor devices such as parametric amplifiers, high frequency performance diodes, and improved types of silicon transistors. New techniques are being devised for casting silicon into various configurations. Also underway is the development of new intermetallic compounds for use in semiconductor devices.

Other activities of Hughes provide similarly stimulating outlets for creative engineering. The Hughes Research & Development Laboratories are conducting



Exit cones capable of withstanding temperatures of 6000° F, represent one example of advanced engineering being performed by the Hughes Plastics Laboratory.

studies in Advanced Airborne Electronics Systems, Space Vehicles, Plastics, Nuclear Electronics, Global and Spatial Communications Systems, Ballistic Missiles... and many more. Hughes in Fullerton is developing radar antennas which position beams in space by electronic rather than mechanical means.

The diversity and advanced nature of Hughes projects provides an ideal environment for the engineer or physicist interested in advancing his professional status.

Newly instituted programs at Hughes have created immediate openings for engineers experienced in the following areas:

Semiconductors	Communications
Microwave & Storage Tubes	Circuit Design
Field Engineering	Systems Analysis
Microwaves	Reliability Engineering
Digital Computer Engr.	Radar

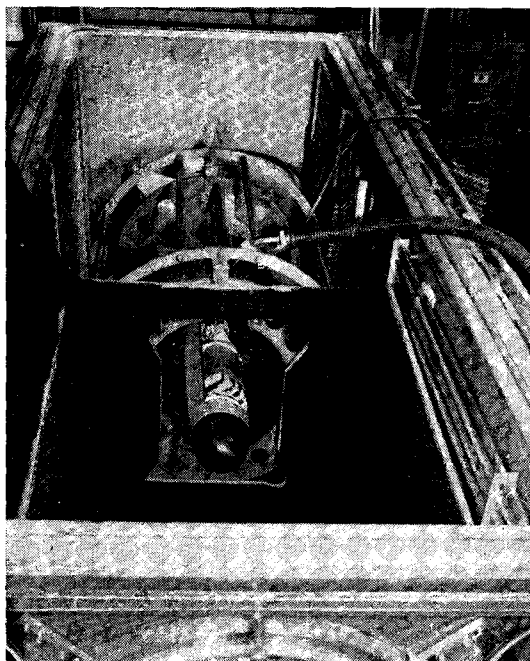
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Falcon air-to-air guided missiles, shown in an environmental strato chamber are being developed and manufactured by Hughes engineers in Tucson, Arizona.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON each of the first three or four mornings of the late New York newspaper strike, we went hopefully to the door of our apartment as soon as we arose, and looked outside for the morning papers, on the chance that the publishers and the Deliverers' Union had settled their differences during the night. After about the fourth morning, we stopped going to the door and turned to new forms of breakfast reading, at first tapering off, since we were used to a high matutinal intake of crime, with a contemporary pamphlet account of a case that, although old, was new to us. This was "The Trial of the Rev. Ephraim K. Avery for the Murder of Sarah Maria Cornell, at Tiverton, in the County of Newport, R.I., on the Evening of the 20th of December, 1832." A notice on the title page of the pamphlet, "Printed and sold at No. 2 William Street, upstairs," indicates that interest in the case transcended state boundaries. Each day's testimony was apparently taken down by a reporter in the courthouse at Newport, rushed to New York, probably overnight by steamer, and set in type, so that the complete pamphlet could appear as soon as possible after the verdict. The trial began on May 7, 1833, and lasted twenty-six days, and it was a dilly. The Reverend Mr. Avery was a Methodist preacher, Miss Cornell a factory girl—"one of the number of seven thousand employed in this state," the prosecutor said in his opening speech, "and without whose labors the operations of our mills could not be carried on." The girl's body had been found hanging from a stake on the farm of a man named Durfee, half a mile from the Massachusetts line. The defense contended that she had hanged herself; the prosecution said that the Reverend Mr. Avery, whom she was in a position to compromise, had done her in and then strung her up to create an appearance of suicide. All the evidence was circumstantial. While we

were reading the testimony of the prosecution witnesses (forty close-packed pages of small print), we believed Mr. Avery guilty. He wore green spectacles, and his demeanor at the outset of the trial struck us as self-righteous: "He betrayed not the slightest symptom of embarrassment or discomposure; unless indeed the evidences of some internal convulsion or disturbance could be gathered from the rapid movement of the lips, as if in the progress of chewing." After the defense took over and the Methodists started to testify, we began to have our doubts. Testimony lasted us through more than a week of breakfasts, and we felt we had been had when, after only a few thousand words of the defense summation, the tricky William Street publisher said, between brackets, "Learned counsel then proceeded through the whole testimony which had been given both for the prosecution and for the defense, but at a length so far beyond what was anticipated when the title page of this report was printed as to preclude the possibility of even condensing his remarks within the limits to which the announced price of this publication necessarily restricts its pages." The speech so lost probably saved the Reverend's neck; the Attorney General of Rhode Island rebutted "with a power of intellect and of language, which for eight hours bound a dense audience in silent astonishment and solemn conviction," but he could not undo the work of that learned

counsel, a spellbinder imported from Boston by the defense. The verdict was not guilty. "Ephraim K. Avery rose and bowed to the jury, resumed his seat, raised his spectacles, and wept." The publisher of the report added (a little reluctantly, we thought), "In charity to common humanity and justice to the Rev. E. K. Avery, the judgment of the community should harmonize with the verdict of the jury in pronouncing him not guilty." William Street had been looking forward to a sequel on the execution.

It was only then that the newspaper strike began to get us down. A friend, more industrious, used his holiday to read through the second volume of the "Cambridge Economic History of Europe," but we resorted to the foreign-language and out-of-town press, acquiring specimens whenever we could and saving them for the next morning. We found that their news values differed from ours and from each other's. On December 22nd, for example, when the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and *Evening Bulletin* carried on their front pages pictures of John Cardinal O'Hara arriving from Rome, where he had received the cardinalate, three Spanish-language dailies published in New York gave theirs wholly, except for winning lottery numbers, to the death in an automobile accident of eight Puerto Rican laborers in Florida. We eventually found the Cardinal in one of these papers—on page 3 of *El Diario de Nueva York*. The headline said, as we translated it, "PUERTO RICAN KID WELCOMES THE CARDINAL TO PHILADELPHIA," and the story beneath reported that a boy named Heriberto Ríos had spoken to the Cardinal in Spanish. The *Day-Jewish Journal*, a Yiddish-language daily we picked up the same day, carried three columns of roman-type, English-language news on its front page, among the Hebrew characters. Their big stories were that the Israelis had shot down a United Arab Republic plane over Israeli territory (United Nations observers later ruled that it was





"George! We can't call him George. Who ever heard of an Arab called George?"

over Arab territory) and that Israel's population had passed the two-million mark. On the evening of December 28th, after entertaining a visiting twelve-year-old at dinner in Chinatown, we discovered a new news source—the *Chinese World*, America's Only Bi-Lingual Chinese-English Daily Newspaper, published simultaneously in San Francisco and New York. Folding it with the Chinese-character side out, in the hope of impressing strangers with our learning, we stuck it in our pocket to read with the next day's breakfast. The *Chinese World*, too, appeared to have a particular point of view, we noted when we unfolded and reversed it. A few of the heads on the front page were "NO PRECEDENT IN HISTORY FOR SINO-RED OPPRESSION," "RED CHINA IN YEAR-END BLAST AT U.S. SECRETARY," "CANTON REDS CARRY ON DAILY EXECUTIONS," and "TAIPEH BASKETBALL GROUP CHARGED WITH FRAUD."

The next morning, we ate our eggs and nibbled at the *Chinese World*. The basketball fraud was a matter of unreported gate receipts, and had no

gambling angle. Finally, starting out for our day's work, we opened the door and saw at our feet our copy of the *New York Times*, with our copy of the *Herald Tribune* folded inside it. They were back, with as little to say for themselves as a cat that has come home; the strike had been settled during the night, and since we rarely listen to the radio, we hadn't heard about it.

Clown

WE'VE been paying a call on that merry young man Robert Dhéry, author, director, and, with his wife, co-star of the hit revue "La Plume de Ma Tante." The Dhérys and their ten-year-old daughter are staying at a hotel in the West Fifties, and it was in the living room of their modest three-room suite that we met Dhéry; gray-haired at thirty-seven, he was dressed in a gray suit and gray sweater, and was engaged in observing a cluster of mournfully bickering gray pigeons on a ledge outside one of the windows. "Look at them!" he exclaimed. "I for-

got to feed them this morning, and now they are deeply disappointed in me. I must attempt a *rapprochement*." He went to the kitchen and returned with an ample fistful of seed, which, opening the window, he scattered among the mourners. "Very important to keep those pigeons there," he said, gently closing the window. "Very important to have a window. In New York, it is so difficult for a countryman like me to get enough sky. Have a Gauloise?"

Lighting a cigarette, Dhéry seated himself on a couch beside a large toy monkey and noted that, except for the diminished amount of sky at his disposal, he found playing in New York much like playing in London and Paris. "It is my purpose and joy to make people laugh," he said. "'La Plume' is the sixth revue we've done in ten years, and is a compilation of things that worked well in the five earlier revues. Basically, I find no difference in the way the French, English, and Americans laugh. Here, the people laugh a bit longer than they do in England, but in England they laugh louder. The people laugh wonderfully in France, and by now they are so familiar with our show that they laugh *before* the gags as well as after. People laugh worst at matinées, both here and at home. The laughter is never the same as it is in the evening. One of the principals in this show is a horse, and ordinarily, because he is an excellent actor, whenever we wish him to laugh, he laughs, but sometimes in the afternoon he refuses to laugh. Like me, that horse hates matinées."

Dhéry told us that he was born in Paris, to which his mother had journeyed expressly to make him a Parisian, and grew up in his grandfather's house, in the village of Héry, near Chablis. "My family name is Fourrey, which is hard to spell and pronounce, and therefore an impossible name for an actor," he said. "When I went on the stage, I took the name of my village—d'Héry. My family have always been millers; my father and his father and *his* father ran the Moulin des Fées. I have no brothers or sisters, but out of the three hundred inhabitants of our village, two hundred and fifty were relatives of mine. When I was three, an uncle took me to the Cirque d'Hiver, and from that moment I wanted to be a clown. My father had no use for this ambition. He put me in a commercial school, perhaps because he thought it would be good for me to learn how to count. When I was fifteen, he sent me to school in England. There I was good at drawing, English, and gymnastics, but before I went to England I was good at drawing, English,

and gymnastics. All the time, I was going to circuses, watching the clowns in the ring. It isn't easy to be a clown in a ring. You have to play it in the round, for everyone; you want people to laugh and feel, and you have to make them feel with your back as well as your front. I have studied and learned from all the great clowns—Chaplin, the three Fratellinis, the Marx Brothers, Grock. When I first saw Grock without his makeup, I almost collapsed, because, to my astonishment, he looked just like my father."

On returning to Paris from England, Dhéry talked his father into letting him enroll in René Simon's drama classes, and there he clowning around to his heart's content and the despair of his teachers. After two years, he proceeded to the Conservatoire National d'Art Dramatique, where his future wife was also a student. "My first role was a single sentence, which I spoke in the open-air Arènes de Lutèce, in Paris," Dhéry said. "The play was a tragedy, so of course I was holding a sword, and my one sentence was 'The sun today seems to glorify Rome.' Just as I spoke the line, there was a terrible thunderclap and it started to rain. I received then and there my first big laugh, God help me. The director was furious. He accused me of trying to wreck the tragedy, but I didn't care. All I could feel inside me was that big laugh."

In 1948, Dhéry put on his first independent show, called "Branquignol." "Nobody wanted the thing, it was so outlandish," he said. "Luckily, the owner of the Théâtre La Bruyère had had twelve flops in a row and was ready to give the place up. Instead, he leased it to us, for sixty-five dollars a week. The idea of the show was simply how awful it was—the poorness of it, because we were all such amateurs. Well, but you can't get laughs in an empty theatre, so to procure an audience we gave forty seats to each actor in the cast, to be handed out to butchers, bakers, and anyone else who'd take them. The house was full for a solid week, and we got our laughs. Oh, what a marvellous sound that laughter was! For a while, the people who were willing to *buy* seats couldn't get any, because of all the seats we'd given away. 'Branquignol' ran for two years. By then, I knew I had been right to be serious about being funny."

Progress

AN artist of our acquaintance, aged four, has for some time been turning out pictures he has explained to his friends and relatives as representing

trees, houses, the moon, and so on. The other day, a week after the arrival of a television set in his home, he brandished an unusually fuzzy arrangement at his mother. Asked what it was, he replied, "Tooth decay."

Paddy's Walk

ALL good New Yorkers are more or less experts in the geography and nomenclature of Central Park—they can readily find their way to the Sheep Meadow or the Belvedere, and they know for whom the skating rink and the carrousel are named—but there are any number of odd corners of the Park that employees of the Parks Department have given informal titles to, and to have these at the tip of one's tongue is a sign of true Park connoisseurship. Some of the titles have already gained a measure of public recognition; for example, the stretch of paved walk that runs just east of the bridle path and parallel to Fifth Avenue from about Eighty-sixth Street to Ninety-fourth Street has long been known as Carnegie Walk, because it was a favorite strolling place of the philanthropist, whose town house was (and is) on the Avenue between Ninetieth Street and Ninety-first. In the same general area, but west of the bridle path, is Sage's Plantation, named in honor of another philanthropist, Mrs. Russell Sage, who in 1910 caused a hundred thousand dollars' worth of evergreens to be planted there. The trees, alas, like Mrs. Sage, are gone, but the name remains.

Not only the rich are commemorated;

so are people who make complaints. An enclosure at Eighty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue that is designated on maps and signs as the Children's Playground is known to the Department as Mrs. Gristede's Playground. Back in 1944, Mrs. Charles Gristede, wife of the grocer, took to the papers to accuse Mr. Moses and his department of having let the playground run down to the point where it was unsafe for children to play in; by the time the battle between Mrs. Gristede and Mr. Moses was over, the playground was immaculate and Mrs. Gristede was a Park immortal. Another immortal is a certain Mrs. Perkins, who, from an apartment on Central Park West, used to keep a housewifely eye on a grassy plot near Seventy-second Street and would telephone the Parks Department to call attention to the least wisp of litter; nowadays, whenever Parks men are needed in that area, they're told to report to Mrs. Perkins' Lawn.

Most of the informal titles bestowed by the Department celebrate, as indeed they should, Department employees. Hard by the Tavern-on-the-Green are King's Walk and Paddy's Walk, the first named for a foreman, Billy King, who flourished circa 1926, and the second for a comfort-station keeper whose last name is lost to history but who flourished shortly before King's time and was famous for maintaining the path to his domain in spotless order. Near West Sixty-fourth Street is Trainor's Walk, named for a living member of the Department, Thomas Trainor. Opposite the Museum of Natural His-



tory is a picturesque spot known as Feldman's Dump; Feldman is a foreman who, when the city passed a law forbidding the al-fresco burning of refuse, started piling litter there to make fill. No less charming is Mulligan's Dump, near 106th Street and Fifth Avenue, which was also named for a foreman, while Siebrecht's Memorial, a large cairn of boulders near West Drive at Eighty-sixth Street, was named for an *assistant* foreman, who indignantly heaped the boulders there to keep police cars from short-cutting across a bridle path on their way to the Twenty-second Precinct Station House, on Transverse Road No. 3. Of all the unofficial site names in the Park, the most romantic-sounding to us is Gilhooley's Burial Plot, named for a Parks gardener who, some years back, was turning up soil just north of West Drive, at Eighty-fifth Street, preparatory to planting grass, and turned up a human skull as well. Further digging by the industrious Gilhooley disclosed a whole graveyard, filled with the bones of tramps and squatters who had lived in the Park a hundred or so years ago. The bones were later moved to a more appropriate resting place, but Gilhooley's fame is as well rooted as Gilhooley's grass, and will endure.

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: Among the salads listed recently on the menu of the cafeteria at the Museum of Modern Art was one called "Aspect."

Much in Little

THE current passion in this country for things Japanese, from A (for "architecture") to Z (for "Zen"), may soon have us all reading, and possibly even writing, *haiku*. The Japanese are, of course, masters of the art of putting much in little, and *haiku*—poems usually consisting of only seventeen syllables, arranged in three lines, of five, seven, and five syllables, and, at their best, as memorable for what they don't say as for what they do—are an especially charming example of that mastery. The writing of *haiku* comes close to being a national industry in Japan, and the reading of them is a national pastime. Some fifty monthly magazines, most of them commercially successful, are devoted solely to the publication of *haiku*, and average fifteen hundred *haiku* per issue; other sorts of publications, from movie magazines to the Japanese equivalent of our *Wall Street Journal*, also feature *haiku*, and it's esti-

imated that well over a million *haiku* are published annually in Japan. Even this sum is merely a small fraction of the total number of *haiku* written, most of which enjoy only private circulation. To the Japanese, in short, the composition of these hauntingly vivid little poems would seem to be almost as natural, and necessary, as breathing, and every Japanese who is able to read and write is therefore likely to be a practicing poet.

If *haiku* should catch on over here and turn tens of millions of hitherto prosy Americans into poets, the man who will deserve much of the credit, or blame, is Harold G. Henderson, who has just edited a book, available both as a paperback and between hard covers, called "An Introduction to Haiku." A thickset man with abundant white hair and a droll, quizzical manner, Mr. Henderson is a retired professor of Japanese at Columbia; he is married to Mary A. Benjamin, a well-known autograph dealer, and they live in an enchanting mansard-roofed, dormer-windowed house on East Seventy-eighth Street. Mr. Henderson's father long ago amassed a remarkable collection of Japanese prints and other art objects, many of which are now in the Hendersons' house. Though the youthful Harold took a degree in chemical engineering at Columbia and practiced his profession for a time, his heart was closer to paintings and porcelains than it was to pipes and pumps, and in the nineteen-twenties he became an assistant to the curator of Far Eastern Art at the Metropolitan. In the thirties, he went to Japan for three years, and studied at Kyoto. (His milkman often brought him, along with the day's supply of milk, a freshly made *haiku*, and humbly asked his opinion of it; Mr. Henderson invariably replied that it was very fine.) After the Second World War, he returned to Japan for another year.

In "An Introduction to Haiku," Mr. Henderson traces the development of

haiku over a period of several centuries and supplies translations of almost four hundred characteristic specimens of the form, by such celebrated poets as Bashō, Buson, Issa, and Shiki. Unlike the majority of translators, Mr. Henderson has had the courage to print, on the page with his English version of each *haiku*, a transliteration of the Japanese original, followed by a rendering of the original in the closest possible English equivalent. "Translation" is perhaps too strong a word for what I've done," Mr. Henderson said when we sought to congratulate him on his work. "After all, the two languages are so exceedingly different. In Japanese, there are no articles, practically no pronouns, and little distinction between singular and plural. Moreover, *haiku* have no punctuation; they use *kireji*, or verbal punctuation—words like *ya* and *kana*. Most of my translations are, by Japanese standards, too long. Still, I hope they're short enough to serve their purpose, which is to be chosen to fit a certain mood, to be got by heart, and to be taken straight to bed."

To show how beautiful Mr. Henderson's *haiku* are, judged on their merits as short poems in English, and, despite Mr. Henderson's scholarly fears, how exact they are as renderings of the Japanese, we'd like to quote two or three Henderson *haiku* that we have been getting by heart lately. One is called "The Barley Field," and goes:

Up the barley rows,
stitching, stitching them together,
a butterfly goes.

(The Japanese of this is "*Kurikaeshi/ mugi-no-une/ nuu/ kochō/ kana*," of which the literal English is "Again and again/ barley-rows/ stitching/ butterfly.")

Another is called "The Family":

Leaning upon staves
and white-haired—a whole family
visiting the graves.

(In Japanese, "*Ie/ wa/ mina/ tsue-ni/ shiraga-no/ haka-mairi*," and, in literal translation, "Family/ as-for/ all/ staff-with/ white-hair's/ grave-visiting.")

And, finally, a *haiku* called "The Sudden Chillness":

The piercing chill I feel:
my dead wife's comb, in our bedroom,
under my heel.

("*Mi-ni-shimu/ ya/ bō-sai-no/ kushi/ neya/ ni/ fumu*" in Japanese, and "Body-into-pierce/ dead-wife's/ comb/ bedroom/ in/ tread-on" in literal translation.)

"Why stretch a thought out into many lines when it can be said in





"This neighborhood certainly is going to pot."

three?" Mr. Henderson asked. "We Western peoples have a habit of talking too much, even in our poems."

Trade

NEW YEAR'S DAY parties are second only to New Year's Eve parties as occasions of obfuscation, which is one of the many reasons we're careful to avoid both. A lady we know has related to us a *gaffe* that she made at one party, and we consider it typical of what happens when too many people gather in one place merely to drink and chatter.

Our friend, still pink with dismay over her misadventure, assured us that it wasn't the drink but the din that undid her. As the hubbub was reaching its height, she was introduced to a pleasant-faced young man, whose name she understood to be Cudahy. Politely, she asked him the nature of his employment, steeling herself to hear something not necessarily to her advantage about the ins and outs of meat packing. To her surprise, the young man replied that he was in the jewelry business. Our friend said she'd heard that jewelry was a very competitive affair, and the young man

said that this might often be the case. She then urged him, in effect, not to be disheartened by the apparent odds against him; sooner or later, fortune would smile on his endeavors. As she was getting off this little homily, she noted a look of increasing bafflement on the young man's face. Something had evidently gone wrong, and, suddenly panicking, she melted away into the crowd, located her hostess, and asked who in heaven's name it was that she had been talking with. Whereupon it turned out that the young man's name wasn't Cudahy at all; it was Cartier.

THE MASS ISLAND

WHEN Father Jackson drove up to the curates' house, it was already drawing on to dusk, the early dusk of late December. The curates' house was a red brick building on a terrace at one side of the ugly church in Asragh. Father Hamilton seemed to have been waiting for him and opened the front door himself, looking white and strained. He was a tall young man with a long, melancholy face that you would have taken for weak till you noticed the cut of the jaw.

"Oh, come in, Jim," he said with his mournful smile. "'Tisn't much of a welcome we have for you, God knows. I suppose you'd like to see poor Jerry before the undertaker comes."

"I might as well," Father Jackson replied briskly. There was nothing melancholy about Jackson, but he affected an air of surprise and shock. "'Twas very sudden, wasn't it?"

"Well, it was and it wasn't, Jim," Father Hamilton said, closing the front door behind him. "He was going downhill since he got the first heart attack, and he wouldn't look after himself. Sure, you know yourself what he was like."

Jackson knew. Father Fogarty and himself had been friends, of a sort, for years. An impractical man, excitable and vehement, Fogarty could have lived for twenty years with his ailment, but instead of that, he allowed himself to become depressed and indifferent. If he couldn't live as he had always lived, he would prefer not to live at all.

They went upstairs and into the bedroom where he was. The character was still plain on the stern, dead face, though, drained of vitality, it had the look of a studio portrait. That bone structure was something you'd have picked out of a thousand faces as Irish, with its odd impression of bluntness and asymmetry, its jutting brows and craggy chin, and the snub nose that looked as though it had probably been broken twenty years before in a public-house row.

When they came downstairs again, Father Hamilton produced half a bottle of whiskey.

"Not for me, thanks," Jackson said hastily. "Unless you have a drop of sherry there?"

"Well, there is some Burgundy," Father Hamilton said. "I don't know is it any good, though."

"'Twill do me fine," Jackson

replied cheerfully, reflecting that Ireland was the country where nobody knew whether Burgundy was good or not. "You're coming with us tomorrow, I suppose?"

"Well, the way it is, Jim," Father Hamilton replied, "I'm afraid neither of us is going. You see, they're burying poor Jerry here."

"They're what?" Jackson asked incredulously.

"Now, I didn't know for sure when I rang you, Jim, but that's what the brother decided, and that's what Father Hanafey decided as well."

"But he told you he wanted to be buried on the Mass Island, didn't he?"

"He told everybody, Jim," Father Hamilton replied with growing excitement and emotion. "That was the sort he was. If he told one, he told five hundred. Only a half an hour ago I had a girl on the telephone from the Island, asking when they could expect us. You see, the old parish priest of the place let Jerry mark out the grave for himself, and they want to know should they open it. But now the old parish priest is dead as well, and, of course, Jerry left nothing in writing."

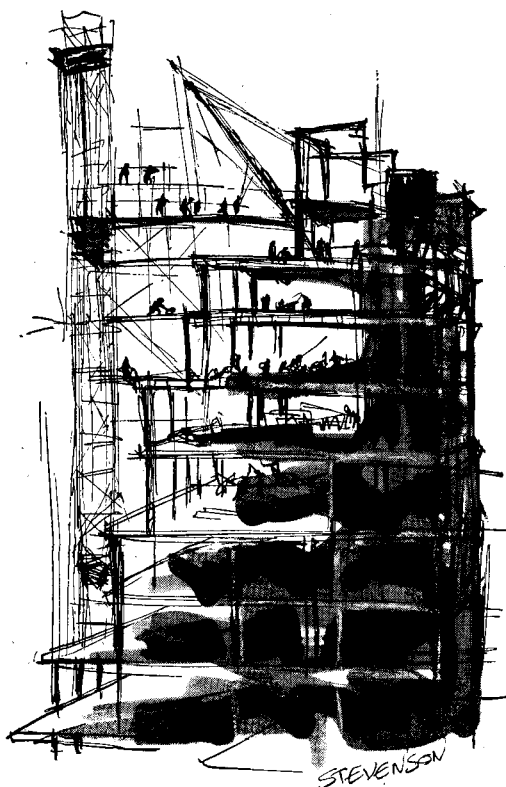
"Didn't he leave a will, even?" Jackson asked in surprise.

"Well, he did and he didn't, Jim," Father Hamilton said, looking as if he were on the point of tears. "Actually, he did make a will about five or six years ago, and he gave it to Clancy, the

other curate, but Clancy went off on the Foreign Mission and God alone knows where he is now. After that, Jerry never bothered his head about it. I mean, you have to admit the man had nothing to leave. Every damn thing he had he gave away—even the old car, after he got the first attack. If there was any loose cash around, I suppose the brother has that."

Jackson sipped his Burgundy, which was even more Australian than he had feared, and wondered at his own irritation. He had been irritated enough before that, with the prospect of two days' motoring in the middle of winter, and a night in a godforsaken pub in the mountains, a hundred and fifty miles away at the other side of Ireland. There, in one of the lakes, was an island where in Cromwell's time, before the causeway and the little oratory were built, Mass was said in secret, and it was here that Father Fogarty had wanted to be buried. It struck Jackson as sheer sentimentality; it wasn't even as if it was Fogarty's native place. Jackson had once allowed Fogarty to lure him there, and had hated every moment of it. It wasn't only the discomfort of the public house, where meals erupted at any hour of the day or night as the spirit took the proprietor, or the rain that kept them confined to the cold dining-and-sitting room that looked out on the gloomy mountainside, with its couple of whitewashed cabins on the shore of the lake. It was the over-intimacy of it all, and this was the thing that Father Fogarty apparently loved.

He liked to stand in his shirtsleeves behind the bar, taking turns with the proprietor, who was one of his many friends, serving big pints of porter to rough mountainy men, or to sit in their cottages, shaking in all his fat whenever they told broad stories or sang risky folk songs. "God, Jim, isn't it grand?" he would say in his deep voice, and Jackson would look at him over his spectacles with what Fogarty called his "jesuitical look," and say, "Well, I suppose it all depends on what you really like, Jerry." He wasn't even certain that the locals cared for Father Fogarty's intimacy; on the contrary, he had a strong impression that they much preferred their own reserved old parish priest, whom they never saw except twice a year, when he came up the valley to collect his dues. That had made Jackson twice as stiff. And yet now when he found out that the plans that had meant so much inconvenience to





"Just keep thinking about those eighty miles to the gallon."

him had fallen through, he was as disappointed as though they had been his own.

"Oh, well," he said with a shrug that was intended to conceal his perturbation, "I suppose it doesn't make much difference where they chuck us when our time comes."

"The point is, it mattered to Jerry, Jim," Father Hamilton said with his curious shy obstinacy. "God knows, it's not anything that will ever worry me, but it haunted him, and somehow, you know, I don't feel it's right to flout a dead man's wishes."

"Oh, I know, I know," Jackson said lightly. "I suppose I'd better talk to old Hanafey about it. Knowing I'm a friend of the Bishop's, he might pay more attention to me."

"He might, Jim," Father Hamilton replied sadly, looking away over Jackson's head. "As you say, knowing you're a friend of the Bishop's, he might. But I wouldn't depend too much on it. I talked to him till I was black in the face, and all I got out of him was the law and the rubrics. It's the brother Hanafey is afraid of. You'll see him this evening, and, between ourselves, he's a tough customer. Of course, himself and Jerry never had much to say to one another, and he'd be the last man in the world that Jerry would talk to about his funeral,

so now he doesn't want the expense and inconvenience. You wouldn't blame him, of course. I'd probably be the same myself. By the way," Father Hamilton added, lowering his voice, "before he does come, I'd like you to take a look round Jerry's room and see is there any little memento you'd care to have—a photo or a book or anything."

They went into Father Fogarty's sitting room, and Jackson looked at it with a new interest. He knew of old the rather handsome library—Fogarty had been a man of many enthusiasms, though none of long duration—the picture of the Virgin and Child in Irish country costume over the mantelpiece, which some of his colleagues had thought irreverent, and the couple of fine old prints. There was a newer picture that Jackson had not seen—a charcoal drawing of the Crucifixion from a fifteenth-century Irish tomb, which was brutal but impressive.

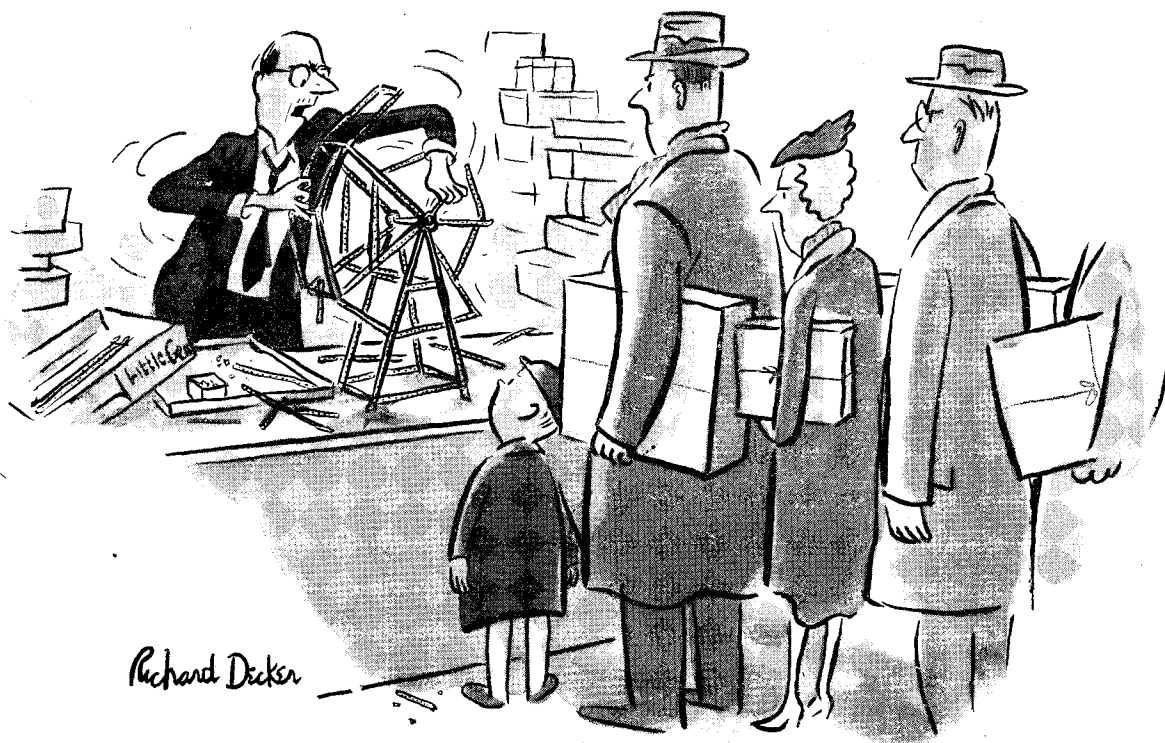
"Good Lord!" Jackson exclaimed with a sudden feeling of loss. "He really had taste, hadn't he?"

"He had, Jim," Father Hamilton said, sticking his long nose into the picture. "This goes to a young couple called Keneally, outside the town, that he was fond of. I think they were very kind to him. Since he had the attack, he was pretty lonely, I'd say."

"Oh, aren't we all, attack or no attack," Jackson said almost irritably.

FATHER HANAFEY, the parish priest of Asragh, was a round, red, cherubic-looking old man with a bald head and big round glasses. His house was on the same terrace as the curates'. He, too, insisted on producing the whiskey Jackson so heartily detested, when the two priests came in to consult him, but Jackson had decided that this time diplomacy required he should show proper appreciation of the dreadful stuff. He felt sure he was going to be very sick next day. He affected great astonishment at the quality of Father Hanafey's whiskey, and first the old parish priest grew shy, like a schoolgirl whose good looks are being praised, then he looked self-satisfied, and finally he became almost emotional. It was a great pleasure, he said, to meet a young priest with a proper understanding of whiskey. Priests no longer seemed to have the same taste, and as far as most of them were concerned, they might as well be drinking poteen. It was only when it was seven years old that Irish began to be interesting, and that was when you had to catch it and store it in sherry casks to draw off what remained of crude alcohol in it, and give it that beautiful roundness that Father Jackson had spotted. But it shouldn't be kept too long,

COMPLAINTS



Richard Dickson

"You're right, young man. This set doesn't make the Ferris wheel."

for somewhere along the line the spirit of a whiskey was broken. At ten, or maybe twelve, years old it was just right. But people were losing their palates. He solemnly assured the two priests that of every dozen clerics who came to his house not more than one would realize what he was drinking. Poor Hamilton grew red and began to stutter, but the parish priest's reproofs were not directed at him.

"It isn't you I'm talking about, Father Hamilton, but elderly priests, parish priests, and even canons, that you would think would know better, and I give you my word, I put the two whiskeys side by side in front of them, the shop stuff and my own, and they could not tell the difference."

But though the priest was mollified by Father Jackson's maturity of judgment, he was not prepared to interfere in the arrangements for the funeral of his curate. "It is the wish of the next of kin, Father," he said stubbornly, "and that is something I have no control over. Now that you tell me the same thing as Father Hamilton, I accept it that this was Father Fogarty's wish, and a man's wishes regarding his own interment are always to be respected. I assure you, if I had even one line in Father Fogarty's

writing to go on, I would wait for no man's advice. I would take the responsibility on myself. Something on paper, Father, is all I want."

"On the other hand, Father," Jackson said mildly, drawing on his pipe, "if Father Fogarty was the sort to leave written instructions, he'd hardly be the sort to leave such unusual ones. I mean, after all, it isn't even the family burying ground, is it?"

"Well, now, that is true, Father," replied the parish priest, and it was clear that he had been deeply impressed by this rather doubtful logic. "You have a very good point there, and it is one I did not think of myself, and I have given the matter a great deal of thought. You might mention it to his brother. Father Fogarty, God rest him, was *not* a usual type of man. I think you might even go so far as to say that he was a rather *unusual* type of man, and not orderly, as you say—not by any means orderly. I would certainly mention that to the brother and see what he says."

BUT the brother was not at all impressed by Father Jackson's argument when he turned up at the church in Asragh that evening. He was a good-

looking man with a weak and pleasant face and a cold shrewdness in his eyes that had been lacking in his brother's.

"But why, Father?" he asked, turning to Father Hanafey. "I'm a busy man, and I'm being asked to leave my business for a couple of days in the middle of winter, and for what? That is all I ask. What use is it?"

"It is only out of respect for the wishes of the deceased, Mr. Fogarty," said Father Hanafey, who clearly was a little bit afraid of him.

"And where did he express those wishes?" the brother asked. "I'm his only living relative, and it is queer he would not mention a thing like that to me."

"He mentioned it to Father Jackson and Father Hamilton."

"But when, Father?" Mr. Fogarty asked. "You knew Fa-

ther Jerry, and he was always expressing wishes about something. He was an excitable sort of man, God rest him, and the thing he'd say today might not be the thing he'd say tomorrow. After all, after close on forty years, I think I have the right to say I knew him," he added with a triumphant air that left the two young priests without a leg to stand on.

OVER bacon and eggs in the curates' house, Father Hamilton was very despondent. "Well, I suppose we did what we could, Jim," he said.

"I'm not too sure of that," Jackson said with his "jesuitical air," looking at Father Hamilton sidewise over his spectacles. "I'm wondering if we couldn't do something with that family you say he intended the drawing for."

"The Keneallys," said Father Hamilton in a worried voice. "Actually, I saw the wife in the church this evening. You might have noticed her crying."

"Don't you think we should see if they have anything in writing?"

"Well, if they have, it would be about the picture," said Father Hamilton. "How I know about it is she came to me at the time to ask if I couldn't do something for him. Poor man, he

was crying himself that day, according to what she told me."

"Oh dear!" Jackson said politely, but his mind was elsewhere. "I'm not really interested in knowing what would be in a letter like that. It's none of my business. But I would like to make sure that they haven't something in writing. What did Hanafey call it—'something on paper'?"

"I daresay we should inquire, anyway," said Father Hamilton, and after supper they drove out to the Keneallys', a typical small red brick villa with a decent garden in front. The family also was eating bacon and eggs, and Jackson shuddered when they asked him to join them. Keneally himself, a tall, gaunt, cadaverous man, poured out more whiskey for them, and again Jackson felt he must make a formal attempt to drink it. At the same time, he thought he saw what attraction the house had for Father Fogarty. Keneally was tough and with no suggestion of lay servility toward the priesthood, and his wife was beautiful and scatter-brained, and talked to herself, the cat, and the children simultaneously. "Rosaleen!" she cried determinedly. "Out! Out I say! I told you if you didn't stop meowing you'd have to go out. . . . Angela Keneally, the stick! . . . You do not want to go to the bathroom, Angela. It's only five minutes since you were there before. I will not let Father Hamilton come up to you at all unless you go to bed at once."

In the children's bedroom, Jackson gave a finger to a stolid-looking infant, who instantly stuffed it into his mouth and began to chew it, apparently under the impression that he would be bound to reach sugar at last.

Later, they sat over their drinks in the sitting room, only interrupted by Angela Keneally, in a fever of curiosity, dropping in every five minutes to ask for a biscuit or a glass of water.

"You see, Father Fogarty left no will,"

Jackson explained to Keneally. "Consequently, he'll be buried here tomorrow unless something turns up. I suppose he told you where he wanted to be buried?"

"On the Island? Twenty times, if he told us once. I thought he took it too far. Didn't you, Father?"

"And me not to be able to go!" Mrs. Keneally said, beginning to cry. "Isn't it awful, Father?"

"He didn't leave anything in writing with you?" He saw in Keneally's eyes that the letter was really only about the picture, and raised a warning hand. "Mind, if he did, I don't want to know what's in it! In fact, it would be highly improper for anyone to be told before the parish priest and the next of kin were consulted. All I do want to know is whether"—he waited a moment to see that Keneally was following him—"he did leave any written instructions, of any kind, with you."

Mrs. Keneally, drying her tears, suddenly broke into rapid speech. "Sure, that was the day poor Father Jerry

was so down in himself because we were his friends and he had nothing to leave us, and—"

"Shut up, woman!" her husband shouted with a glare at her, and then Jackson saw him purse his lips in quiet amusement. He was a man after Jackson's heart. "As you say, Father, we have a letter from him."

"Addressed to anybody in particular?"

"Yes, to the parish priest, to be delivered after his death."

"Did he use those words?" Jackson asked, touched in spite of himself.

"Those very words."

"God help us!" said Father Hamilton.

"But you had not time to deliver it?"

"I only heard of Father Fogarty's death when I got in. Esther was at the church, of course."

"And you're a bit tired, so you wouldn't want to walk all the way over to the presbytery with it. I take it that, in the normal way, you'd post it."

"But the post would be gone," Keneally said with a secret smile. "So that Father Hanafey wouldn't get it until maybe the day after tomorrow. That's what you were afraid of, Father, isn't it?"

"I see we understand one another, Mr. Keneally," Jackson said politely.

"You wouldn't, of course, wish to say anything that wasn't strictly true," said Keneally, who was clearly enjoying himself enormously, though his wife had not the faintest idea of what was afoot. "So perhaps it would be better if the letter was posted now, and not after you leave the house."

"Fine!" said Jackson, and Keneally nodded and went out. When he returned, a few minutes later, the priests rose to go.

"I'll see you at the Mass tomorrow," Keneally said. "Good luck, now."

Jackson felt they'd probably need it. But when Father Hanafey met them in the hall, with the wet snow fall-



"Thursday is visiting day, Murphy, and you know it!"

ing outside, and they explained about the letter, his mood had clearly changed. Jackson's logic might have worked some sort of spell on him, or perhaps it was just that he felt they were three clergymen opposed to a layman.

"It was very unforeseen of Mr. Keneally not to have brought that letter to me at once," he grumbled, "but I must say I was expecting something of the sort. It would have been very peculiar if Father Fogarty had left no instructions at all for me, and I see that we can't just sit round and wait to find out what they were, since the burial is tomorrow. Under the circumstances, Father, I think we'd be justified in arranging for the funeral according to Father Fogarty's known wishes."

"Thanks be to God," Father Hamilton murmured as he and Father Jackson returned to the curates' house. "I never thought we'd get away with that."

"We haven't got away with it yet," said Jackson. "And even if we do get away with it, the real trouble will be later."

All the arrangements had still to be made. When Mr. Fogarty was informed, he slammed down the receiver without comment. Then a phone call had to be made to a police station twelve miles from the Island, and the police sergeant promised to send a man out on a bicycle to have the grave opened. Then the local parish priest and several old friends had to be informed, and a notice inserted in the nearest daily. As Jackson said wearily, romantic men always left their more worldly friends to carry out their romantic intentions.

THE scene at the curates' house next morning after Mass scared even Jackson. While the hearse and the funeral car waited in front of the door, Mr. Fogarty sat, white with anger, and let the priests talk. To Jackson's surprise, Father Hanafey put up a stern fight for Father Fogarty's wishes.

"You have to realize, Mr. Fogarty, that to a priest like your brother the Mass is a very solemn thing indeed, and a place where the poor people had to fly in the Penal Days to hear Mass would be one of particular sanctity."

"Father Hanafey," said Mr. Fogarty in a cold, even tone, "I am a simple businessman, and I have no time for sentiment."

"I would not go so far as to call the veneration for sanctified ground mere sentiment, Mr. Fogarty," the old priest said severely. "At any rate, it is now clear that Father Fogarty left instructions to be delivered to me after his death, and if those instructions are what

WORDS SPOKEN ALONE

A WOMAN TO A MAN

To own nothing, but to be
like the vagrant wind that bears
faintest fragrance of the sea
or, in anger, lifts and tears
but hoards no property—

I praise that state of mind.
Wind, music, and you are such.
All the visible you find
(the invisible you touch),
alter, and leave behind.

To pure being you devote
all your days. You are your eyes,
seemingly near but remote.
Gone, now, the sense of surprise,
like a dying musical note.

Like fragrance, you left no trace.
Like anger, you came my way.
Like music, you filled the space
(by going, the more you stay).
Departures were in your face.

A WIFE TO A HUSBAND

Doth the music always flee?
Who kiss, that they may own;
sing happily, oh happily
of brick on brick till stone
keeps out both wind and sea.

So come back fast, come back slow;
I'll be distance and your home,
every symbol that I know—
church, tower, mosque, and dome—
then, by staying, the more you'll go.

Let me breathe in music where
I am nothing but your life—
your designs, directions share,
to be no mistress but a wife,
pluck your meanings from the air.

I'll be all things you would be—
the four wild winds, the seven wide seas—
you'll play with such a gaiety
devastating melodies
till music be my body.

—DANNIE ABSE

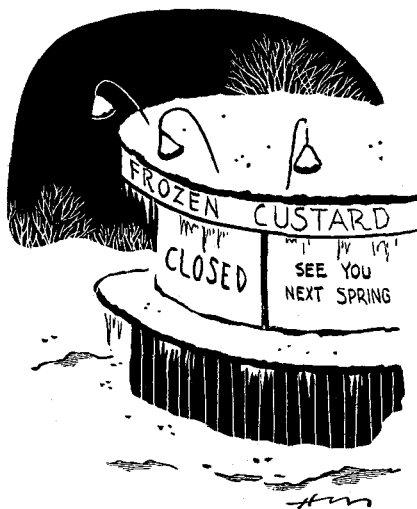
we think them, I would have a serious responsibility for not having paid attention to them."

"I do not think that letter is anything of the kind, Father Hanafey," said Mr. Fogarty. "That's a matter I'm going to inquire into when I get back, and if it turns out to be a hoax, I am going to take it further."

"Oh, Mr. Fogarty, I'm sure it's not a hoax," said the parish priest, with a shocked air, but Mr. Fogarty was not convinced.

"For everybody's sake, we'll hope not," he said grimly.

The funeral procession set off. Mr. Fogarty sat in the front of the car by the driver, sulking. Jackson and Hamilton sat behind and opened their breviaries.



When they stopped at a hotel for lunch, Mr. Fogarty said he was not hungry, and stayed outside in the cold. And when he did get hungry and came into the dining room, the priests drifted into the lounge to wait for him. They both realized that he might prove a dangerous enemy.

Then, as they drove on in the dusk, they saw the mountain country ahead of them in a cold, watery light, a light that seemed to fall dead from the ragged edge of a cloud. The towns and villages they passed through were dirtier and more derelict. They drew up at a crossroads, behind the hearse, and heard someone talking to the driver of the hearse. Then a car fell into line behind them. "Someone joining us," Father Hamilton said, but Mr. Fogarty, lost in his own dream of martyrdom, did not reply. Half a dozen times within the next twenty minutes, the same thing happened, though sometimes the cars were waiting in lanes and byroads with their lights on, and each time Jackson saw a heavily coated figure standing in the roadway shouting to the hearse driver: "Is it Father Fogarty ye have there?" At last they came to a village where the local parish priest's car was waiting outside the church, with a little group about it. Their headlights caught a public house, isolated at the other side of the street, glaring with whitewash, while about it was the vague space of a distant mountainside.

Suddenly Mr. Fogarty spoke. "He seems to have been fairly well known," he said with something approaching politeness.

The road went on, with a noisy stream at the right-hand side of it falling from group to group of rocks. They left it for a byroad, which bent to the right, heading toward the stream, and then began to mount, broken by ledges of naked rock, over which hearse and cars seemed to heave themselves like animals. On the left-hand side of the road was a little whitewashed cottage, all lit up, with a big turf fire burning in the open hearth and an oil lamp with an orange glow on the wall above it. There was a man standing by the door, and as they approached he began to pick his way over the rocks toward them, carrying a lantern. Only then did Jackson notice the other lanterns and flashlights, coming down the mountain or crossing the stream, and realize that they represented

people, young men and girls and an occasional sturdy old man, all moving in the direction of the Mass Island. Suddenly it hit him, almost like a blow. He told himself not to be a fool, that this was no more than the desire for novelty one should expect to find in out-of-the-way places, mixed perhaps with vanity. It was all that, of course, and he knew it, but he knew, too, it was something more. He had thought when he was here with Fogarty that those people had not respected Fogarty as they respected him and the local parish priest, but he knew that for him, or even for their own parish priest, they would never turn out in midwinter, across the treacherous mountain bogs and wicked rocks. He and the parish priest would never earn more from the people of the mountains than respect; what they gave to the fat, unclerical young man who had served them with pints in the bar and egged them on to tell their old stories and bullied and ragged and even fought them was something infinitely greater.

The funeral procession stopped in a lane that ran along the edge of a lake. The surface of the lake was rough, and they could hear the splash of the water upon the stones. The two priests got out of the car and began to vest themselves,

and then Mr. Fogarty got out, too. He was very nervous and hesitant.

"It's very inconvenient, and all the rest of it," he said, "but I don't want you gentlemen to think that I didn't know you were acting from the best motives."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Fogarty," Jackson said. "Maybe we made mistakes as well."

"Thank you, Father Jackson," Mr. Fogarty said, and held out his hand. The two priests shook hands with him and he went off, raising his hat.

"Well, that's one trouble over," Father Hamilton said wryly as an old man plunged through the mud toward the car.

"Lights is what we're looking for!" he shouted. "Let ye turn her sidewise and throw the headlights on the causeway the way we'll see what we're doing."

Their driver swore, but he reversed and turned the front of the car till it almost faced the lake. Then he turned on his headlights. Somewhere farther up the road the parish priest's car did the same. One by one, the ranked headlights blazed up, and at every moment the scene before them grew more vivid—the gateway and the stile, and beyond it the causeway that ran toward

the little brown stone oratory with its mock Romanesque doorway. As the lights strengthened and steadied, the whole island became like a vast piece of theatre scenery cut out against the gloomy wall of the mountain with the tiny whitewashed cottages at its base. Far above, caught in a stray flash of moonlight, Jackson saw the snow on its summit. "I'll be after you," he said to Father Hamilton, and watched him, a little perturbed and looking behind him, join the parish priest by the gate. Jackson resented being seen by them because he was weeping, and he was a man who despised tears—his own and others'. It was like a miracle, and Father Jackson didn't really believe in miracles. Standing back by the fence to let the last of the mourners pass, he saw the coffin, like gold in the brilliant light, and heard the steadying voices of the four huge mountain men who carried it. He saw it sway above the heads, shawled and bare, glittering between the little stunted holly bushes and hazels.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

DOG BED, large brown wicked dog bed, new. Call TA 9-2204.—Adv. in the *Washington Star*.

And we have just the dog.



"The sea, Madam, is a cruel mistress."



"Of course you can do it. It's all up here."

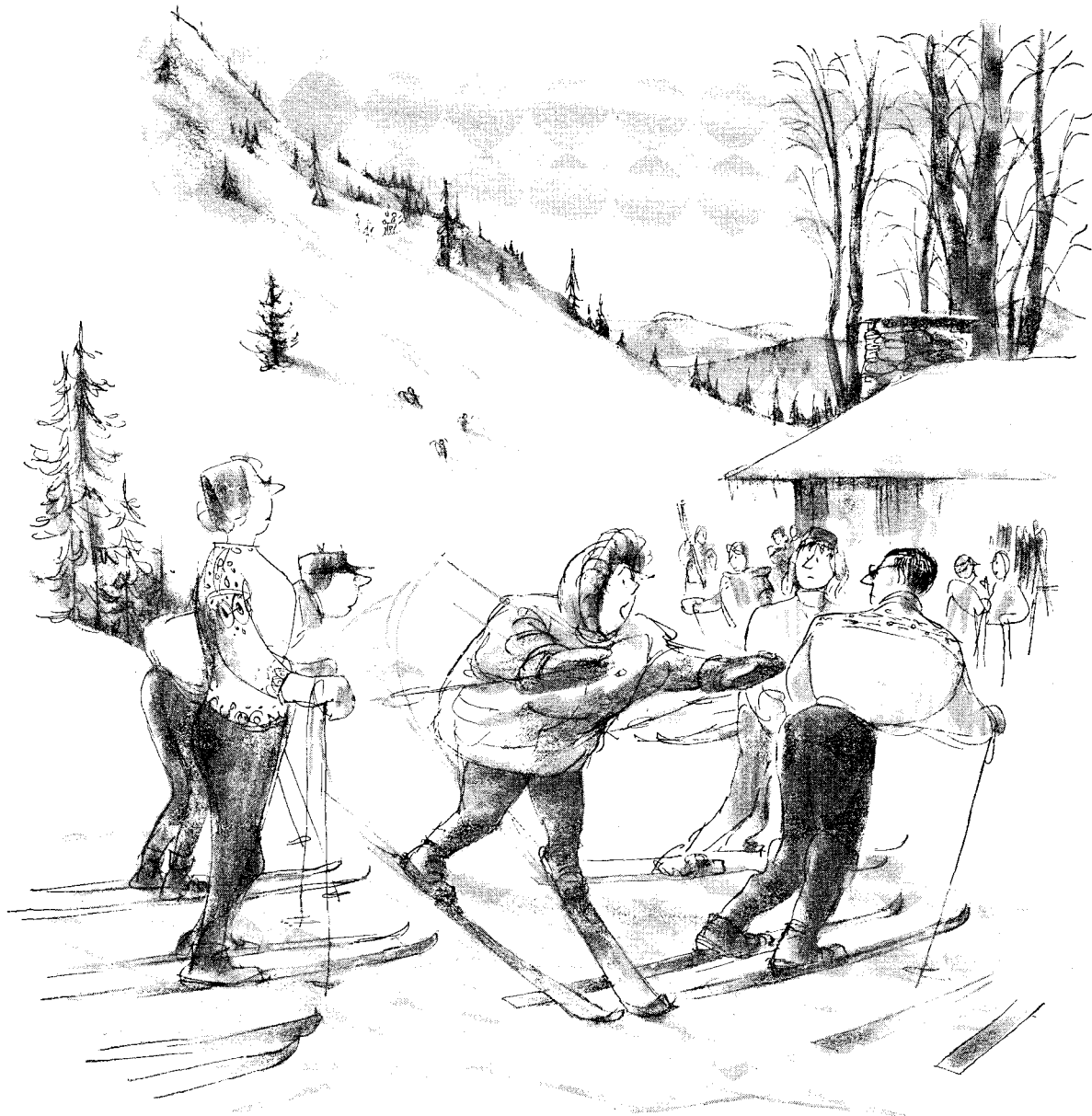


"We find, on the average, only one per cent of our guests are casualties. Breaks, that is—not counting sprains."

BEGINNERS' SLOPE



"You back up a few steps."



"Excuse me. I can't stop."



"Look at it logically, Harriet. You can't walk down."



"All right! The less said about who's chicken, the better."



"That was a very nice fall, Mrs. Bleecker."





"I said to Artie this afternoon, 'That's the prettiest slalom I ever saw,' and now I find out it was you."



"Why, Austin! You're good!"



Saxon

"I wonder if you'd mind not walking through the dining room until the new weekend people have finished dinner."

THE SENIOR ASSISTANT

ON Wednesday morning of the third week at Popil, in the Petén country of Guatemala, Dr. Lancaster, director of the expedition and chairman of the Division of American Archeology at Talvert University, asked his senior assistant, Wallace Caswell, to run a line due east from the middle of the east edge of Mound D-II and see what he found. They had then been at work on the ruin only ten days, the preceding time having gone to building a camp with such amenities as guest quarters and a refrigerator that ran on kerosene. The instructions to start working eastward meant a sharp departure from the plan up to that point, which had been based upon what little the director and Wally had seen of the ruin's layout when they scouted it the year before, but then one of the charms of archeology in the great rain forest that overlays most of the Maya Old Empire in Middle America is the expectability of the unexpected. Poking about with the tip of his machete in that deceptively aimless-seeming way he had, Dr. Lancaster had determined that in addition to the wide flight of steps that led from Plaza II up the west side of Mound D-II, there was another on the east. The mound, a long terrace four metres high, faced both ways, and since an east-west arrangement of various structures bisected Plaza II, beginning with the high mound A-II, on which stood the remains of an imposing temple, he thought it likely that something worth special attention lay to the east. The Mayas were given to laying out their great centers so as to create lines of sight and axes tied either to the cardinal directions or to such points as the ascensions of Venus or the sunrise at the equinoxes.

Wally Caswell was a tall, bony, blond young man who lacked only completion and defense of his dissertation to receive his Ph.D. This was his third field season. He called Joe Landon, a younger graduate student, to come up and help him with his tape, and proceeded to locate the center of the terrace's east edge with an exactitude that Joe considered incongruous for the start of a pace-and-compass survey. Joe was a greenhorn; he found Wally a trifle above himself, inclined to be bossy and overserious. Wally was irritated, without good reason, by the number of junior graduates they had with them this year. He marked his point of departure by piling up four stones, which, he noticed, were fragments of nicely cut blocks.

With his machete, Wally verified the existence of the second flight of steps—typical Maya construction, with high risers and narrow treads. It occurred to him suddenly that as it was generally agreed that the ancient Mayas practiced ceremonial drunkenness, these stairways must have caused some terrific falls. He climbed down the slope. His expression had been solemn, rather discontented; now it was brightened with humor.

He carried a number of items in an *ixte*-fibre pouch, including a small drawing board on which he had stretched a piece of metric graph paper. When he had reached the ground below the terrace, he took this out and wrote on the edge of the paper, "W-E Center Section of Pl. IV." Thus he assigned the number IV to the presumptive plaza on which he stood, writing it with a touch of defiance, since the director might have other ideas about the proper sequence. He added, "Scale: 2 mm. = 1 pace," and "Pace approx. 84 cm." He marked "W" on the left-hand margin, "E" on the right. From somewhat below the middle of the left edge, he drew a slanting line, dropping through eight of the graph lines and coming forward three, to show his estimate of the mound's slope. With his Brunton compass he sighted on the first tree that stood due east of him; then he headed toward it. As he went, he cut the brush that was directly in his way; when he reached the tree, he blazed it. Then he turned back and counted paces from the tree to the foot of the terrace. He drew a corresponding line on the paper, marked the tree by a circle three millimetres in diameter, stepped around it, sighted on the next tree in line, and went forward.

He felt, and looked, happier than he had been in days. He was conscious of the quiet of the bush, which at night became so loud with insects. The sound of chopping and of voices from where the crews were at work was already

faint, muffled by the vegetation. He enjoyed the soft, green light—rather like the light inside an aquarium—in this forest, which seldom allowed a glimpse of the sky or the penetration of a shaft of sunlight. Being alone like this, cutting his way, was *right*. He expected to find nothing that was not entirely ordinary, but he would find it by himself, and that pleased him more than he would have admitted. It fitted the picture—the picture that you made in your mind from listening to the Maya men talk when you were still an undergraduate and what field work you did was in your back yard or in the safe and sanitary Southwest, and that proved true when you, too, rode into the high bush. He knew perfectly well that the conjunction at Popil of a sizable unworked ruin, an exceptional supply of clean water, and, only a few miles away, an airfield on the Guatemala-Flores route, reachable by jeep track, made possible not only the present de-luxe camp but also the important project of complete, long-term excavation for which it was set up. His own position in that project could favorably shape his career. Still, irrationally, romantically, he resented the comfort, the size of the staff, the presence in camp of a woman—the director's wife—and the arrangements for receiving visitors. The Maya field, to his mind, was an exclusive, he-men's club for a select group who could fight their way through tangled forests and bottomless mud, live on inadequate supplies of foul water, and, in the teeth of the most rugged conditions, carry out work that combined fine technical skill and deep scholarship. On expeditions alone with Dr. Lancaster, as he saw how precisely the older man fitted these requirements, his admiration for him had been elevated to an excessively high point. For some months past he had been experiencing disillusionment and reaction. He had thought the man was, one might say, the high priest of the goddess he himself served as acolyte, but that pure shrine could not be entered by

anybody who indulged in ambitious toadying. This disillusionment and the disagreeable emotions it gave rise to underlay and largely caused all his other gripes and resentments. Now, as he worked alone, he forgot his irritations, relaxing into the simple, mechanical demands of what he was doing and into the peace of the forest.

At thirty-seven paces plus four trees he came to a rise. He uncovered steps again. This mound was a little higher than D-II—about six metres. Probably it was another of the terrace type, although its length could



not be determined until someone cut a trail north and south along it. Wally could not see more than a few paces to either hand. He marked it on his section and labelled it A-IV. He was somewhat disappointed. It had been reasonable enough to expect that, on the line he was following, he might come upon an altar or a stela, carved and inscribed, as he crossed Plaza IV, or that here A-II would be balanced by a similar high mound and major temple, in which one might hope to find inscriptions. Of course, anything at all might be a few steps ahead.

At the top of the mound, he blazed a tree widely and took another bearing. Six paces—his left foot found no bottom. He half fell, his left shin hitting against something that hurt even through the leather of his boot, caught his balance, and yanked his foot out. That bang on his shin was peculiar. The hole was large (he was not small-footed); if it was a lair, it would be of a large animal, but there was no pile of thrown-out dirt, no wear of frequent passage at the lip. He poked with his machete. It sounded against stone. He squatted and dug. Under a few inches of humus, he partly uncovered a cut slab. He started to enlarge the hole. Dirt fell in, sounding against the bottom not far below. He stayed his hand, alarmed. That had been bad technique; he would hate to have Dr. Lancaster know of that. He marked the hole on his profile, then cleared brush around it. Three metres farther east there was an irregular depression. Things were getting complicated. He turned back and headed for Plaza II, knowing happily that he had a likely find. As he walked, he used his machete to open up the trail a little more.

Lancaster was pleased. "A chamber? Any size, do you think?"

"I don't know, sir. I dropped a little dirt in, and it sounded as if it fell—oh—a couple of metres." Wally was not guileful, and this curious, truthful lie surprised and delighted him. "Then, three metres due east, there is a depression, an irregular dip."

"Probably a cave-in. There may



"There, Doctor! There it goes again!"

have been an entrance from that end—we'll see. You go get what we'll need to start with—don't forget candles and a lamp. I'll round up Juan Pedro; we'd better have him along. Oh—and bring some rope."

FIFTEEN minutes later, the three set out for Plaza IV—the number had been accepted without comment. Lancaster was somewhat shorter than Wally, his hair gray, his partial baldness concealed by his hat. He was not at all soft, but he had a nice little pot. Juan Pedro Cutzcab was small, older than the director by five years, and built like a track athlete. He had been Lancaster's foreman on many expeditions. He did not look anywhere near his age, he was mahogany dark, and his teeth were shockingly bad. The three of them were hung about with an assortment of tools, from a camera to a geologist's pick.

Within half an hour, having enlarged the hole and removed the slab against which Wally barked his shin, they were ready to enter the chamber. Evidently a similar slab had fallen in, probably broken by roots. In that country you will see heavy stone-and-mortar walls torn apart by the delicate roots of grass, while trees and vines carry on a slow, mad rampage of destruction.

Delicately, with shared excitement,

the archeologists lowered a fat camp candle. Its flame burned clear, showing that the air was safe, and by its light they saw that the chamber was of some size. They let down a knotted rope, its upper end made fast to a tree.

Dr. Lancaster said, "Really, Wallace, turning up a tomb like this with Mrs. Westermarck due in this afternoon is most timely." He added, as if the words were intended to ward off what they said, "Of course, there may be nothing in it."

Up to then, Wally had been feeling as closely united with the director as on their earlier field trips, but the mention of Mrs. Westermarck broke the union. Here it was—the grubbing for money, the inflated importance of any old bat who might be shaken loose from some cash, the self-abasement, the unworthiness. Thus aroused, Wally noted with distaste the director's premature use of the word "tomb." Early in their association, he had noted that the scholar used the old, incorrect, conclusion-drawing terms, like "pyramid" (there being no true pyramid in the Maya area) and "palace," and had put it down to an amiable archaism, the result of early association with the naïve yet great founders of Maya studies, who established beyond possibility of change such names as Temple of the Sun, Temple of the Warriors, and Pyramid of the Moon. Of late he had

concluded, sourly, that the director used them because of their popular appeal.

Dr. Lancaster said, "It's your find, Wallace. Wouldn't you like to be first in?" In his voice now Wally detected the memory of early finds of his own and the sensation, never entirely dulled, of being the first to set foot in a city, in a temple, in a room. He answered, "Yes, sir, I guess I would."

"Shine the lamp down there first, and look out for snakes."

Wally moved the electric light over as much of the floor as he could see. "Nothing stirring; but I think I see a pot."

"Good!" And then, anxiously, "Watch where you set your feet!"

"Yes, sir." Wally went down the rope. It occurred to him that his surge of feeling of a moment ago had been excessively harsh, but he resisted softening. Dr. Lancaster passed down the lamp, candles, and tools.

Unscientifically, the chamber could be described as fourteen feet long by a shade under eight wide. The stone roof was corbel-vaulted, the center line crowned by long, thin slabs such as the one on which Wally had barked his shin. It was just under five feet above the floor at the spring of the vaulting, a little over seven feet down the middle. The east end had partly caved in. Later, they determined that this, and the depression above, had been caused by the uprooting of a moderate-sized tree when

an old mahogany crashed, carrying the young tree with it. The wall at that end was largely collapsed, the neat, cut-stone symmetry broken, the floor littered with stones and earth. Most of the floor was masked by a thin layer of dust, but there and under the hole near the west end that had betrayed the chamber there was dried mud.

The director joined him and took the lamp, casting its beam around the floor. "Pottery," he said. "And there—jade." He let the light rest on one red-and-orange bowl. "Look at that—diagnostic." He picked out several more. "Tzakol, all of them. This is earlier than I'd thought."

This was what Wally remembered from the other expeditions—the scholarship instantly available, the tone of excitement that made the man suddenly young, and the blend of sharing and unobtrusive teaching.

Revolving slowly in one spot, like a lighthouse lamp, the director shone the beam on the west end and drew a breath. "Good Lord!"

Wally stared. Then, with an inspiration of memory, he said, "Like Comalcalco."

"Yes."

The west wall was covered with very smooth cinnabar-red plaster, on which two priestly figures, three-quarters life-size, were executed in bas-relief. Between them and on either side of them were single lines of hieroglyphs, also modelled in relief. The director turned to the east. "Probably both ends were like that. We may be in for a nasty job of salvage and reconstruction over there." He said it with the relish of a master craftsman facing a challenge to his skill.

Making sure there were no objects in the way that he might step on, he walked up to the wall to look at the inscriptions, Wally following him. The left-hand column was made up of text glyphs—those glyphs that no one has yet deciphered and that, it is hoped, contain statements going beyond the purely calendrical and astronomical calculations that can now be read. At the center row, made up of half a dozen ovals—or, rather, rectangles with strongly rounded corners—a handbreadth high and raised from the wall about half an inch, he held the light steady and said, "Look!" He pointed with his left hand.

Rather as though he were reciting in class, Wally read the top two glyphs aloud: "1 Ahau 8 Kayab."

"Followed by extraneous remarks," said Lancaster. He studied the remaining glyphs. "Nothing else helpful. Still,



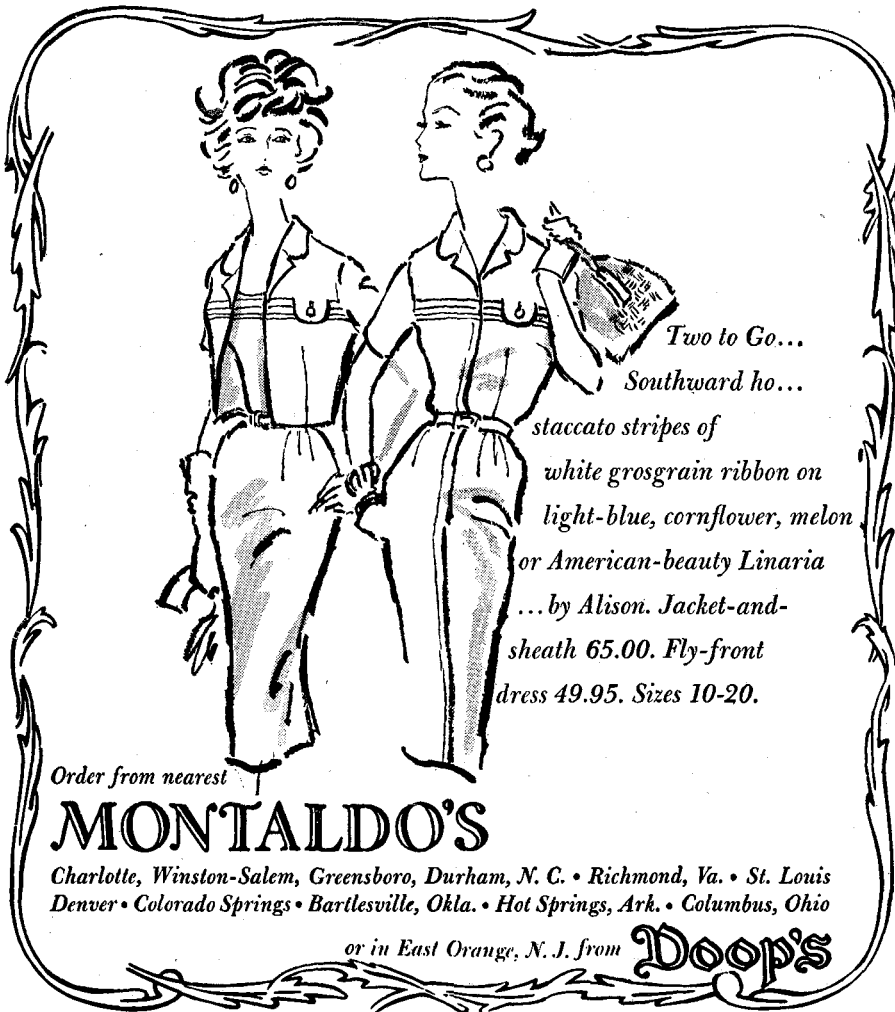
"I have to hand it to you, Mac! You sure got these folks buffaloed."



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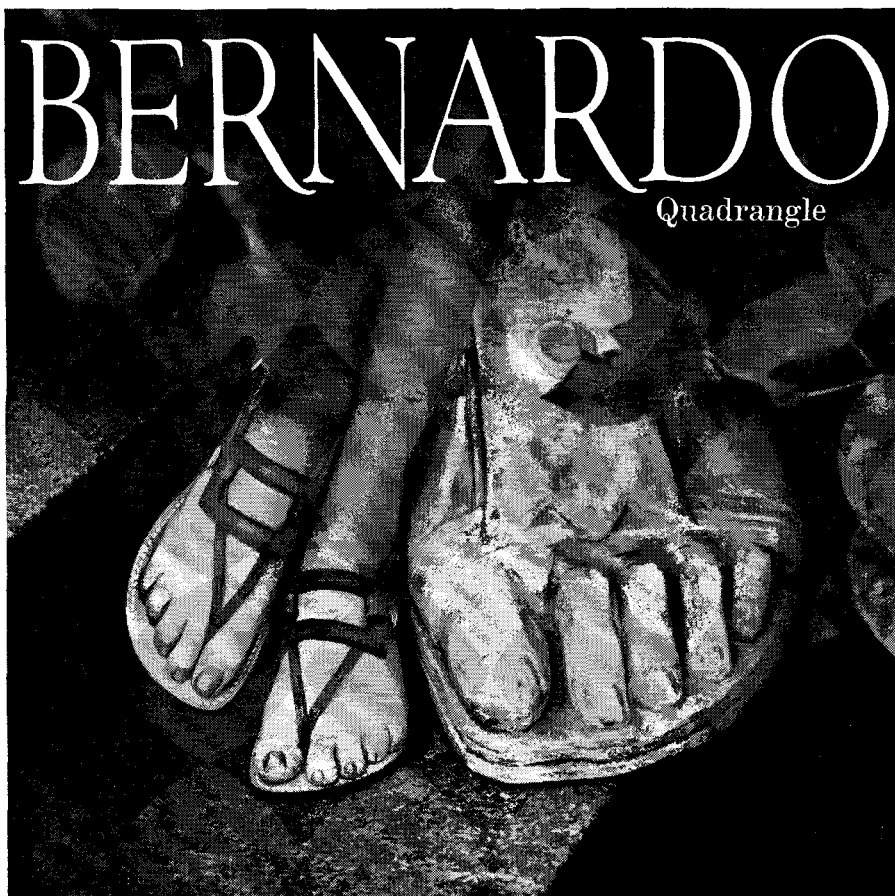
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if it's a period end... If it goes with the other evidence, we can assume it is, and have a fair date."

The Mayan day and month designations rotate upon each other within a solar year, and any given combination, such as 1 Ahau falling upon day eight of Kayab, recurs every fifty-two years. For complex but entirely practical, mathematical reasons, however, the "long count," with which the Mayas measured historical time and astronomical intervals, uses a unit that only approximates a year. Although these units were quite artificial, they made a big fuss over the endings of major groups of them, especially of twenty pseudo-years, the period they called *katum*, the last day of which was always Ahau. The multiple combination of Ahau with a particular number occurring on the same day of the same month can occur at a *katum*-end only once in about a thousand years. Hence, both men were thinking, if Linton's ever-useful tables showed that the combination 1 Ahau 8 Kayab came at the end of a *katum* at a time that fitted the evidence of the pottery, style of masonry, and such other evidences of approximate age as might come to hand, then it would be a safe assumption that the date in the inscription was no mere coincidence, and the inscription could be placed exactly in the "long count" of Maya chronology. Where that would put it in our chronology would remain part of a gorgeous debate that has been going on now for almost exactly seventy years (Gregorian).

Lancaster looked at his watch and sighed. "I wish I could settle right down in here with you, but I'd better climb out and circulate. Get your candles lit before this battery runs out. I guess the first thing is a floor plan, and locate and number the loot so we can take it out. Do you need anything? Need any help?"

"Not for that part."

"I'll tell Juan Pedro to make a ladder and have a proper trail cleared." He looked around again. "We'll have to sift for bony fragments, although I don't think there's much chance. Well—give me a leg up."

He climbed the rope remarkably well for a man in his fifties. Briefly, Wally's thoughts followed him with contemptuous pity. He had hated to leave the chamber, but he had to, because everything had to be just so before Mrs. Moneybags turned up this afternoon. Vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself. Money-raisers get division and department chairmanships and deanships—if that's what you're after. It was a shame. Kneeling, Wally lit and set out several



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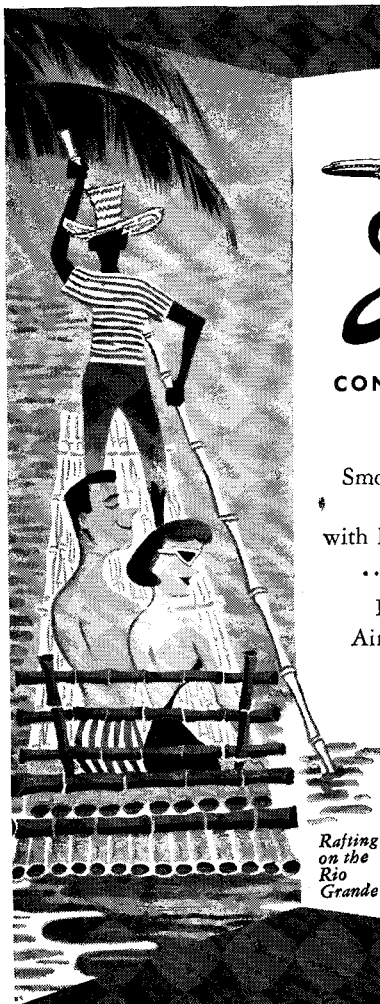
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of the fat candles and switched off the lamp. The softer light filled the whole chamber. He drew in a breath, then sat back, letting what he saw soak in.

What struck him first was the quality of freshness. The neatly cut and laid-up limestone of the side walls and roof was creamy, reflecting the light gently; the mortar between the blocks was exact; except for the two points of damage, the work could have been finished last week. These surfaces seemed to have been made for candlelight. The old people had candles and used them ritually; in this place, imagination could create a scene. Then, there was the silence. Consciously he softened his breathing and stayed the hand that had reached for a smoke. An ancient silence—silence and light. "Thou—" How did it go? "Bride?" No, "foster child." "Thou foster child of silence and slow time." He studied the two figures on the shiny, rich, deep-red wall, modelled with strength, simplicity, and delicacy. Tzakol . . . He stared at the bowl the director had so promptly identified. Tzakol, all right, which meant before the full Classical Period—a good fifteen hundred years ago by any reckoning. That was lots of slow time. His cigarette pack was unopened. He took it out, tore off paper and let it drop, and lit up. Then, bothered by littering this floor, for all its dust, he put his hand down to retrieve the scrap. His finger touched something smooth and hard. Brushing delicately, he uncovered a jade bead, half an inch long, smooth, fresh, and shiny. Again he felt the stored, retained time. Contemplative, he was reluctant to move about. Taking a soft brush from his pouch, he dusted at other lumps contiguous to the first bead, and uncovered the parts of a necklace lying much the way it would lie if it had been laid down and the string had crumbled away. Or had it been looped around a neck and rested on a chest that had crumbled away—with no little help from the ants? This probably had been a tomb. Tomb or not, there was nothing spooky about it; its quality, he decided, was, above all, *peace*. You could sit here and contemplate forever. With a jerk of will, he set himself to work.

The first thing was rough photography with his small camera. Later, Werner would come to do a real job with all his equipment; for now, the main thing was to show the objects on the floor—especially the arrangement of the necklace—since they would have to be taken up, and to get some passable shots of the bas-relief and the chamber in general. There was no reason to believe



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Bewhiskered Empire Builders ... Posh!

Let's not be taken in by wordiness! No matter how clever! We're referring, of course, to those advertisements that The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland have been running in these pages of late. Oh, but they're frothy, and a pleasure to read! They're telling you to go ahead and drink "Irish Coffee," which is Irish Whiskey in Sugared Coffee with Whipped Cream on Top if you want to. They're saying drink it straight, too, if you prefer, or mixed with your favorite diluent. Just be sure you try its elegance.

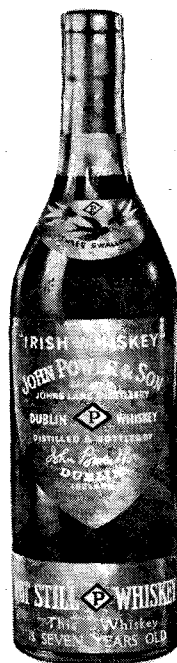
All well and good! Now! We, ourselves, are one of The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland. We're all of a piece, as it were, conjuring up a picture of bewhiskered empire builders. Giving away badges for your lapels. Holding out to you the value of cancelled Irish stamps. *Posh!*

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that anything would collapse overnight, but sudden, strange disasters did sometimes happen.

After that came a floor plan. Absorption and sense of communication with the walled-in past became more complete with occupation. He was unpleasantly startled when the rope was pulled up and a ladder of wood bound with lianas let down in its place. At other moments, he was faintly aware of voices up above and the sound of cutting, but it did not break through his mental enclosure. Making a plan was a simple matter, and it brought him for the first time close to the east end.

The debris formed an irregular pile across the end of the floor. It consisted mostly of cut stones piled higgledy-piggledy, covered in some places with varying amounts of dirt, in others bare. The pile sloped upward shallowly into the rubble-and-dirt fill of the mound itself, from which its rearmost and highest part was derived. The raw, exposed fill made a shallow cave with crevices in it in which could be seen signs of the passage of water and from which spread little deltas of mud over the fallen matter. The cave-in and the hole in the roof, both of them, must have happened within the year, Wally figured. First he thought what a shame not to have found this room before the damage; then he realized that if it were undamaged, its finding would have waited until, if ever, a trench was run through the mound. As far as he could see, there was no stratification in the fill. The Mayas often enlarged mounds at intervals, leaving older floors and walls buried inside—almost as though they knew that someday archeologists would work their remains and they wanted to be helpful. The interior of the mound would be gone into carefully later. His present business was to get the artifacts in the tomb ready for removal. Even so, he took time to brush and scrape delicately, lying on his belly, at the cut slabs at the outer edge of the pile. On the near side of one he found a layer of plaster, the same smooth, rich red as the west wall. There it was, the big job, as Dr. Lancaster had forecast—to see how much of that surface could be rescued. Of course, the boss himself would have to be in charge, but Wally hoped he could have a major part in it. It was *his* tomb. The thought carried in his mind not the slightest connotation of his own interment. He was unaware of his acceptance of the word "tomb." He turned from the debris to the open floor, feeling the strongest of all archeology's lures—the undying wonder about what the next operation may uncover, the

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[NUMBER IX]

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or a Profit Badge.] ☞ Well, but we're not here to talk about our inner torment, but about you and your problem. Let's see if we rightly understand: you are now a devotee of Irish Coffee and wish to broaden your narrow life; to enter the shining world of Irish Whiskey itself. But are paralysed by indecision. That's it, isn't it? ☞ Now while we shan't dwell overmuch on what you might call the psychic factor, we would dearly like to offer you one bit of reassurance: any man worth his salt can become an Irish Whiskey fancier if he makes the gradual approach to it. Like the countryman who lifted a calf every day from birth and so eventually was able to put the grown cow into the air! Though we never figured out how he got the grip on her. The diet then:

First day: ➔		{ Customary breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner. As required, CUSTOMARY IRISH COFFEE.
Second day: ➔		SAME except add one teaspoon more Irish Whiskey.
Third day: ➔		SAME except add one tablespoon more Irish Whiskey.
Fourth day: ➔		SAME except add one soup ladle more Irish Whiskey.
Fifth day: ➔		SAME except cut out half the coffee.
Sixth day: ➔		SAME except cut out the cream.
Seventh day: ➔		SAME except cut out sugar cubes.
Eighth day: ➔		SAME except cut out ALL coffee.
Ninth day: ➔		SAME except cut out breakfast.
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answer that may be hidden under the next spoonful of dirt, behind the wall, in the fragments, to be painfully assembled, of a jar, a carved stone, a multi-millennial flint tool, or a plaster surface. The wonder is there from minute to minute and from year to year, and the fact that the answers found are few and usually both minor and abstruse makes no difference. Wally had felt it as he stepped out from Mound D-II; it was strong now in different terms, more precise and more exciting.

His floor plan was drawn on paper ruled in centimetre squares. As he worked along the floor, he marked each object before entering a corresponding mark on his plan—a simple serial number followed by an identifying "C1-A-IV," for Chamber 1 in A-IV. Jade will not take ink, so he wrote each bead's number on adhesive tape and stuck it on. Then he marked on the grid of his plan the exact location of each item outside the debris area, including the pieces of the roof slab that had fallen in. As he worked, the back of his mind was busy with the question of the collapsed wall. Apart from that tricky, difficult, perhaps totally unrewarding problem, there was nothing he couldn't take charge of himself. His sense of peace was enlarged by the anticipation of many days' work in his tomb quite alone. A man's voice calling "Hey, Wally!" was a crashing intrusion. He was ashamed of the harshness of his answering "Yes!"

It was Landon. "The boss said he was sure you'd forget about eating. May I come down and look?"

"Come along."

The younger man was pleasingly impressed. They climbed out and walked along what was now a well-cleared trail. Joe said, "You've got the better mousetrap, and here's the path all ready for the V.I.P.s to beat to your door."

Wally suppressed an angry answer. "Yeah, I suppose so," he said. After a couple of steps, he said, "Every time I really get down to work, I'll have to knock off and start kowtowing. There's a rich old battle-axe coming in this afternoon, and I understand some hot shots from Oxford will be with us next week. What we need is about twenty miles of good, muddy mule trail."

Landon laughed. It didn't bother him, Wally decided. The thing was, people like him had not worked in the intensity and closeness of one-man and two-man seminars with Dr. Lancaster—above all, had not been partners with him on the little expeditions—so they did not realize, had not the means

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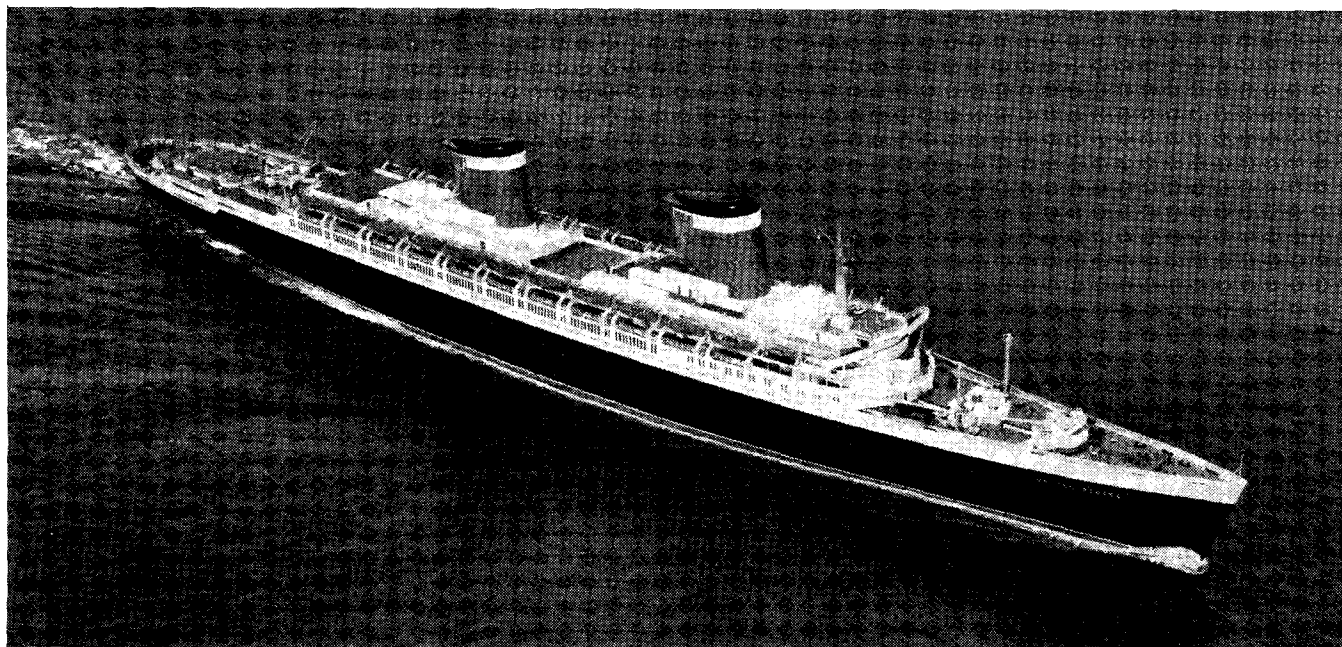
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of knowing, what greatness had gone astray.

AFTER lunch, the director dutifully climbed into the jeep to go and meet the plane. Mrs. Lancaster was plainly happy and excited about having a visitor. She liked herself best in the role of hostess to the influential and important, Wally thought, remembering the difference between her manner toward him and other students, when he had been a guest at her house, and her manner toward older visitors, of position. He even suspected that she might be responsible for the director's deviation from the true path.

The artifacts were removed from the tomb and carried to camp. They made a nice display on a table in the building resoundingly known as the "laboratory"—a simple, screened shack with a number of long tables and some shelves carrying materials for cleaning, repairing, and packing. Regardless of scruples about playing up to money, Wally took pains with their arrangement, setting the jade alongside the shards of one of the few broken pots, which were painted a gay red and yellow. Then he stretched semi-transparent drawing paper, of the kind architects use, over a cross-ruled sheet on a large drawing board, and put a dozen sharp pencils and several bandanna handkerchiefs in his pouch. One of the handkerchiefs he would tie around his head so as just to cover his eyebrows; the others were to insure that his hand would not grease the paper. You get so that you hardly notice the heat—indeed, in the tomb it was pleasant—but in the humid air you sweat, and drops falling from your forehead can ruin paper, as can the moisture of your hand. Thus equipped, and with a jar of water for refreshment, he went back to the job, after telling Werner firmly that his photography would have to wait.

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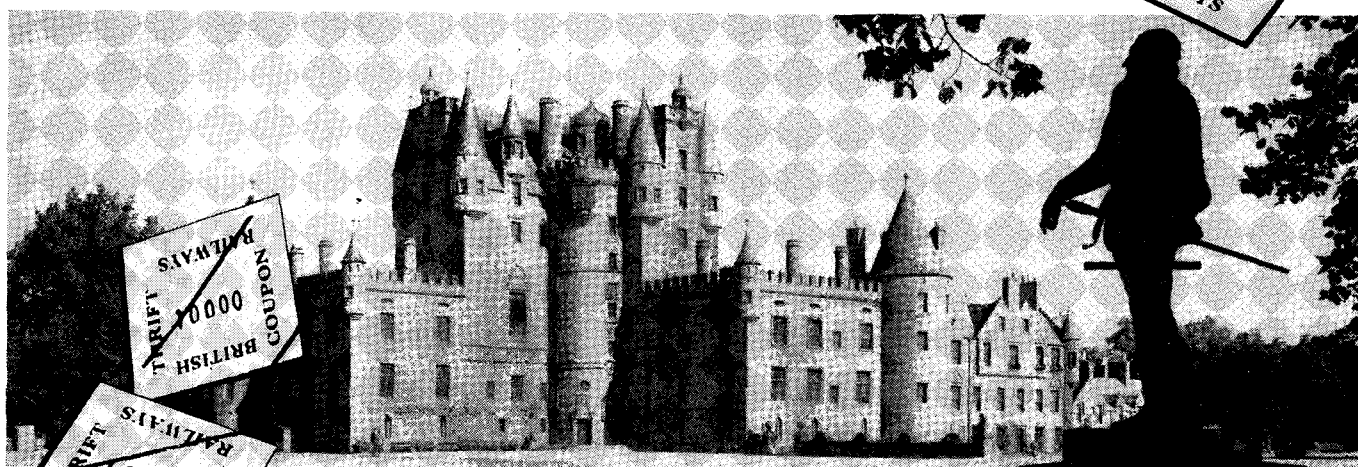
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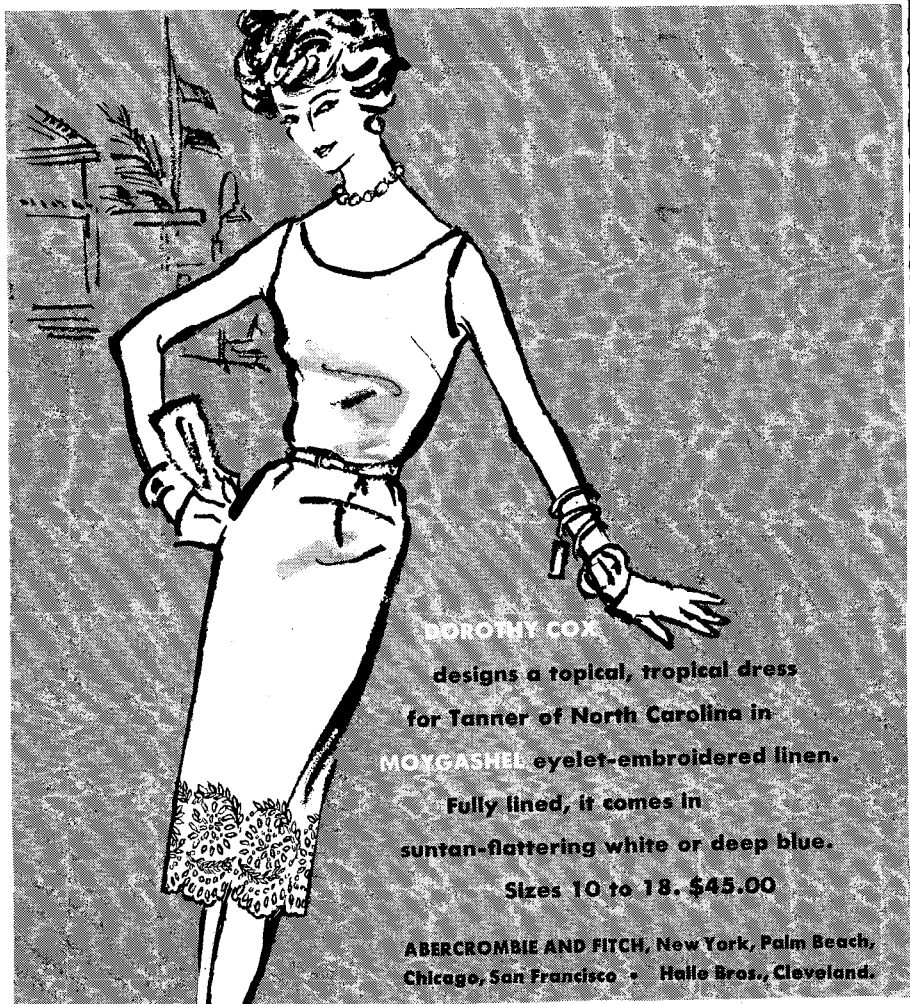
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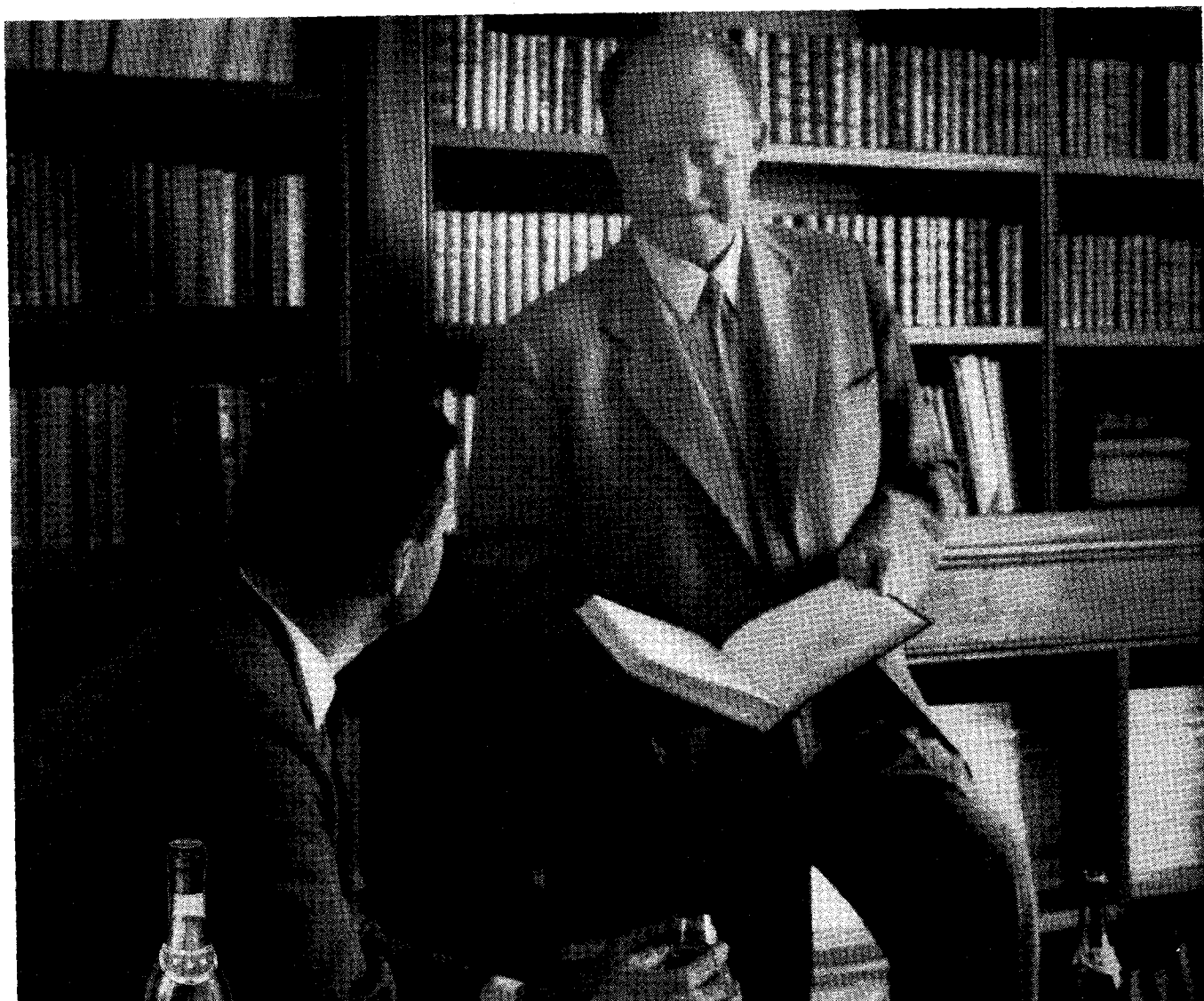
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clear to him that the measured drawing was the superior, the ultimate reproduction. He also knew that it was an act of love, and a communication with the long-dead artists whose work he confronted. It is not enough to make an exact measurement and take that over on to your crosslines; you have to feel the quality of the line, the still living *intent*, or your work will not fulfill its purpose. Pure efficiency would have seemed to call for setting Juan Pedro to sifting the thin layer of dust, since that job should be done before there was too much trampling, but Wally wanted solitude. The work was demanding. On the wall in front of him the greater part of each figure was shown in a few flat planes bounded by bevelled edges that had the definite quality of strong lines drawn with a brush, but the faces and hands were modelled in fine detail, still without losing the effect of the bold outlines.

He studied, made over-all measurements, marked a layout, stopped to smoke a cigarette slowly while he contemplated. When the cigarette was done, he realized that he had been studying the whole work, and had not really examined the row of glyphs with which he would start, by way of getting his hand in. He took ten minutes looking at those, having at the back of his mind the determination that his eye, backed by a brain, should miss nothing that the mindless camera might find. Then he began drawing. In due course, he had the characters down to his satisfaction, and moved to the first figure. In motion—dancing? Quite probably. Priest or chief—hereditary, or how were they chosen? Probably by some form of inheritance. Call them priests, bearing in mind that it had been a theocracy. Did the same man (such as the original of this one, if this was portraiture) rule, dance, sacrifice, and pore over the ancient books—the mathematics, astronomy, and history? At commencements, professors who had English or Continental degrees wore some pretty fancy, even gaudy, robes, but you never thought of a learned man, a scholar, wearing a headdress like that. For an instant the thought of Dr. Lancaster intruded itself humorously and unpleasantly. He drove it out. The thing was to get the main lines of the figure first, and when you guided yourself by the dots on the paper, taken from the measurements, you lost the run of it. He concentrated absolutely, his lips slightly parted, his tongue lying between his teeth on the right of his jaw, his expression lost and serene despite a slight knitting of his brow.

"Hello, down there!" It was worse

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than this morning. It was acutely painful, shattering, and it made him start so that he fudged a line. Dr. Lancaster's voice spoke again. "Can you receive visitors?" All so cozy and hearty and—dear Jesus!

He pulled himself together. He glanced at his watch—four-thirty. He could have been pleased that he had not been interrupted earlier, but he preferred to note angrily that by the time this visit was over it would be too late to get back again into his drawing. Well, he thought, manners, dammit, and called "Come on down." He placed his drawing with its face to the wall.

Lancaster descended first, then through the opening came jodhpur boots and trousers—the latter of white material showing grass stains, the legs leading Wally's eye to a broad rear, which was, he soon saw, the pyramid upon which the upper portion of Mrs. Westermarck was built. She was in her late fifties, he decided. She wore a pith helmet, which seemed too good to be true. She was short, rather square, and in her face there was a good deal of authority. Mrs. Lancaster came last. Her khaki shirt and slacks seemed serviceable and right. Lancaster gave her a hand as she came down, but did not fuss as he had over Mrs. Westermarck. Wally stood to one side, came forward to be introduced and receive the rich woman's condescension, then retreated again.

The director said, turning to him, "By the way, I checked, and 1 Ahau 8 Kayab ends *katun* 10—couldn't be neater."

Mrs. Westermarck said, "What does that mean?" and Dr. Lancaster turned back to her, explaining. He knew how to simplify and to adapt his information to his audience. Wally felt a distasteful admiration as he pointed out the day and month glyphs, was mildly humorous about the faces that expressed their numbers, then, without actually getting into the arithmetic of it, explained about the rotation of those dates upon the wheel of the *katuns*. This day and month date ended the tenth *katun*—the midpoint—of the ninth cycle. According to the latest thinking, that would be in the third century of our era. Wally noted with wonder the things that his teacher omitted, feeling a pedant's urge to interrupt and fill in the lacunae, although actually he wanted no part of the spotlight. The talk went on to the figures themselves and the possible significance of the tomb. In regard to that, the director let his imagination go pretty freely.

Mrs. Westermarck looked all around



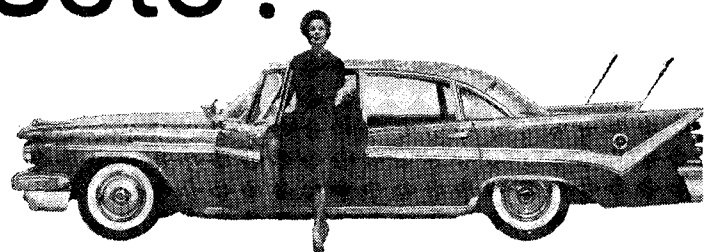
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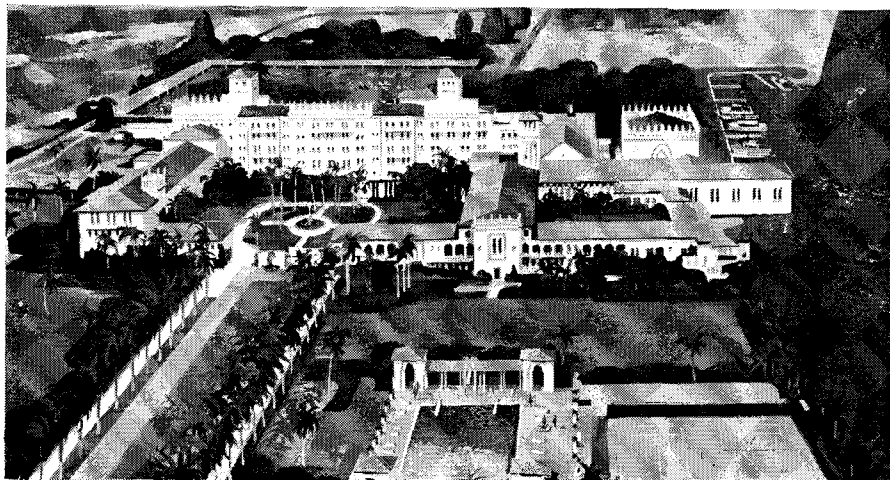
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her, then back at the figures. "Then you can't read those other hieroglyphs?"

"Not so far."

"So you really don't know who these people—kings or whatever—were?"

"Umm—no, we don't."

"Or whom this tomb was built for, those offerings made?"

"No."

Like most students at his stage, Wally was proudly conscious of how much had been made known to him, hence of how much had been found out in the face of such extraordinary difficulties, by such amazing deductions, interpretations, and syntheses. He found the woman's questions belittling, so considered them stupid.

Mrs. Westermarck surveyed the tomb again. With solemnity, and with obvious satisfaction, she pronounced, "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" Wally found it expedient to face toward the broken wall.

THE party remained about ten minutes more. Dr. Lancaster explained, with the same simplicity, the work to be done on the east end. This led Mrs. Westermarck to ask several questions that made considerable sense. There was something, Wally remembered, about money she had put up for fitting together some Graeco-Roman frescoes—something like that. Apparently she was not entirely stupid. Finally they left, Mrs. Lancaster reminding him not to be late for dinner. The afternoon was about done; he could as well have left with them, save that he preferred to be out of their company. It was no use picking up the drawing again at this point. He took it easy, smoked, poked in the dust, and reluctantly left his tomb in time to reach camp before nightfall.

A shower, a change (the old camps had never been like this), a cold cocktail relaxed his rigidities. Mrs. Westermarck said that she would like to watch the work in the tomb for a time in the morning. She promised she would just sit quietly. The director looked dubiously at his assistant. Wally thought rapidly; he'd be damned if he'd work on the drawing with her breathing on his neck. "We ought to get the dust sifted before there's more walking on it," he said. "If I can have Juan Pedro and a bucket man, I'd like to get at that. It won't be very interesting, I'm afraid, but Mrs. Westermarck's welcome to watch."

It was agreed that Mrs. Westermarck would turn up after she had gone with Dr. Lancaster to look at a small temple

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with an unusually well-preserved roof comb that had been cleared of grass and brush that afternoon. She inquired about sending out telegrams, and learned that that could be done from the airfield. She said that if her business would let her, she might want to stay on and watch the work on the east wall. She had spent a couple of days at Arachnid, in western Turkey, when they were uncovering and piecing together a fresco, and had found it most interesting. Wally looked upon her mightiness and despaired. She was a woman of power and authority, mistress and manipulator of a great fortune, and if she chose to lodge herself in his tomb, there was no way to get her out of it. Then he saw that Dr. Lancaster was pleased, and saw that reflected and doubled in his wife's expression. She looked rather like a fisherman in the act of netting a splendid trout, and he was shaken by disgust, shame, and anger that left him stricken into total silence for the rest of the meal and the evening. He was tired, but that night he had trouble getting to sleep, and he rose in the morning feeling gritty and unhappy.

JUAN PEDRO came down the ladder and looked about him with professional interest. He gave the figures on the wall only passing attention, remarking that they were "fine demons," and was clearly quite unaware of the strong resemblance between the larger figure's profile and his own. His concern was with the floor and the fallen wall, where there was work to be done and where he might make a find, such as a piece of carved jade or an unbroken pot, for which a small prize would be forthcoming. He had, Wally believed, virtually no curiosity, most certainly no sense of kinship with the builders of the ruined cities he helped uncover. As foreman, and as recruiter of the other workmen, which undoubtedly meant kickbacks of one kind and another, he made a better income than most Indians of the Petén country, and in that lay his interest. When he had surveyed the chamber, and not until then, he set aside his long, wicked-looking machete, leaning it against the wall toward the east end. Like most natives of the region, he was never out of reach of that tool—or weapon—day or night.

In the dust they marked off lines forming half-metre squares, and then they ran the dust and dried mud in the square at the foot of the ladder through the sieve. Finding it sterile, they scooped it into the bucket and signalled to the man above to take it away. Under the dust was a plaster floor. They had

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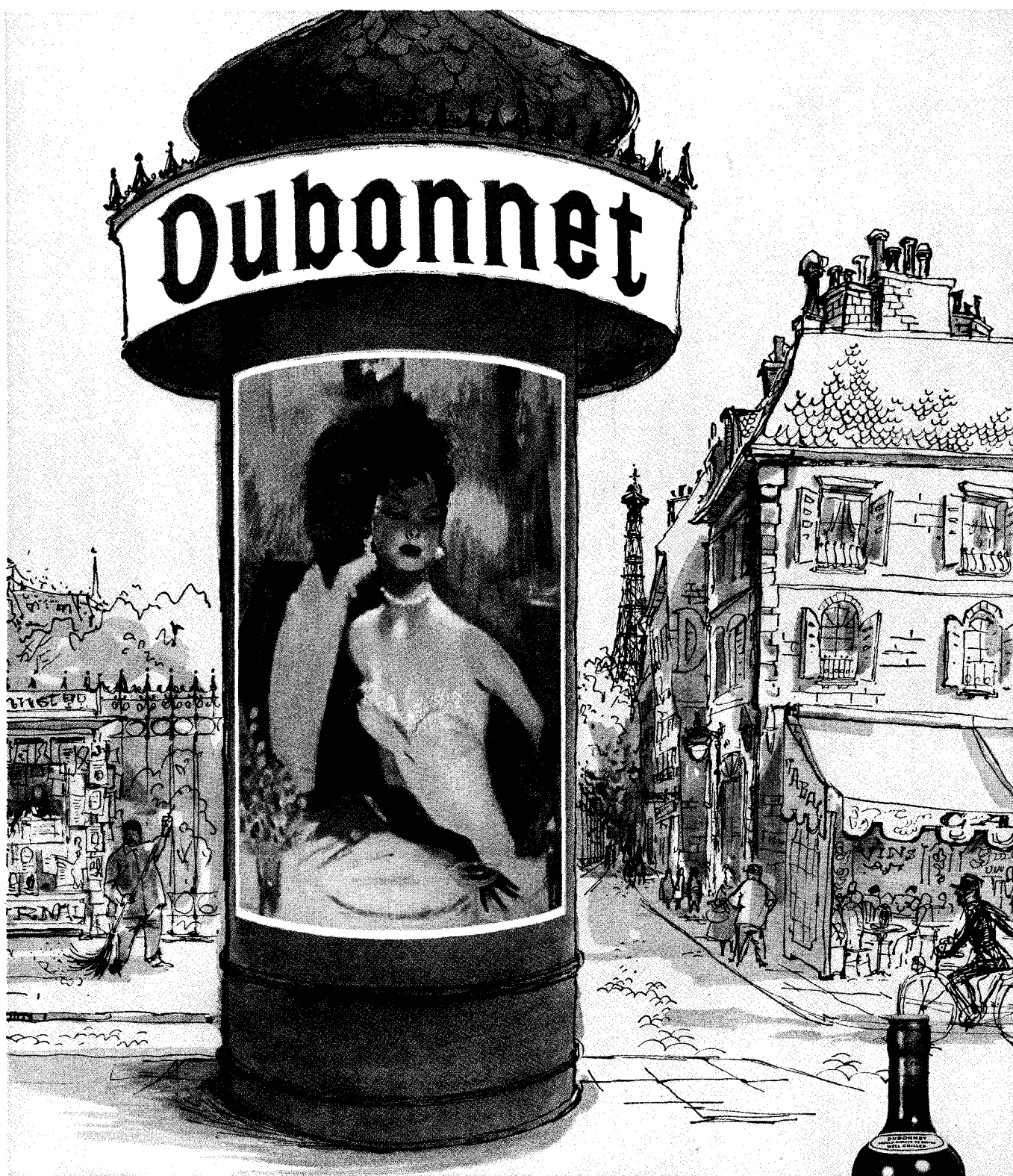
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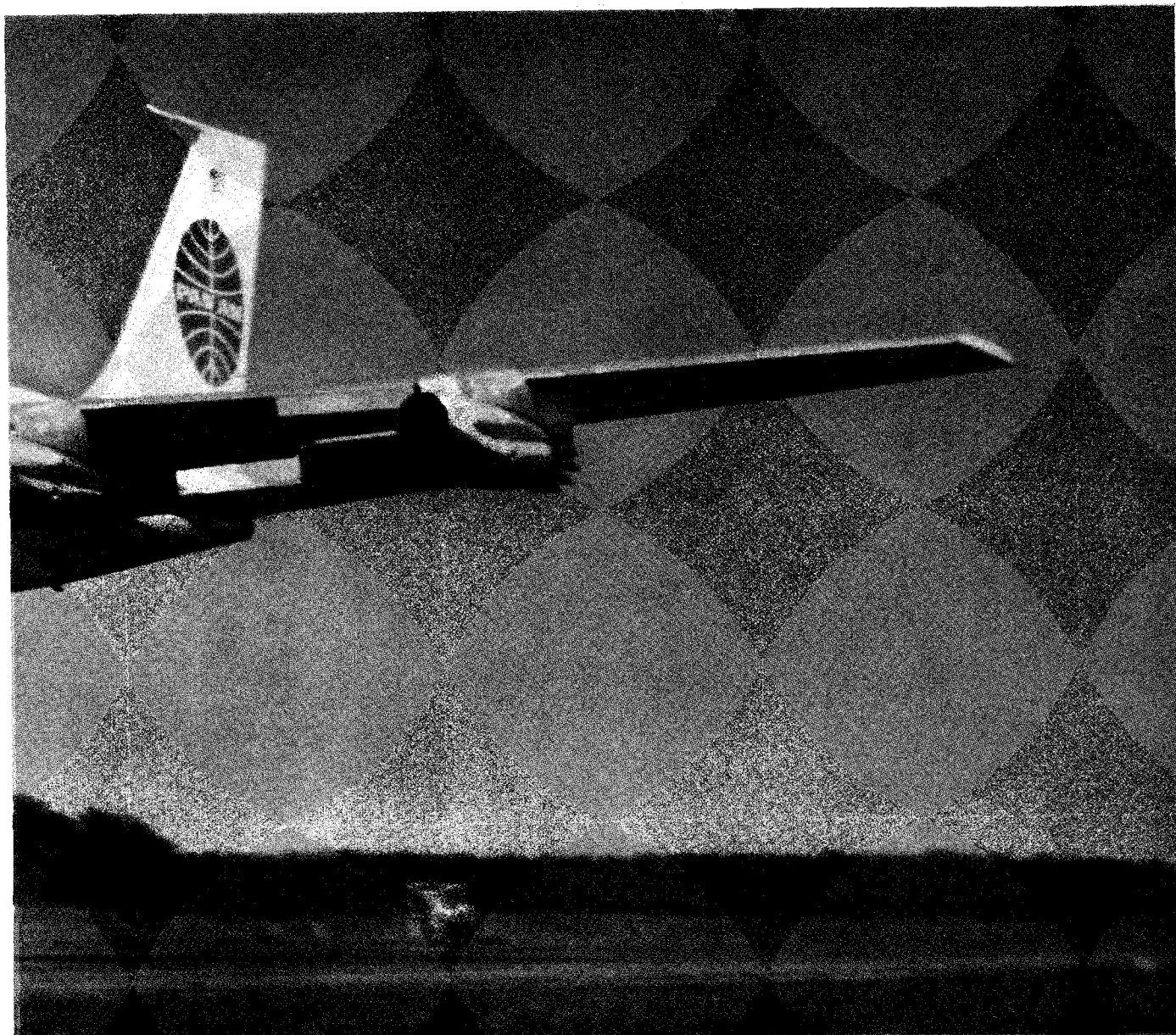
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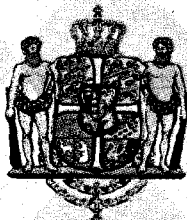
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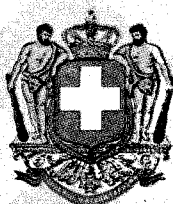


GERMANY

...as varied



GREAT BRITAIN



GREECE



ICELAND



IRELAND

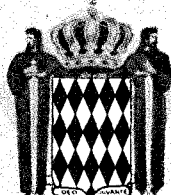


ITALY

as its national



LUXEMBOURG



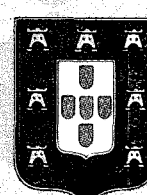
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cleared half a dozen squares by the time Mrs. Westermarck and Dr. Lancaster arrived, the latter carrying a camp chair, which he set up near the ladder, for the guest. He explained to her that, while the sifters were looking for anything they might find, they were watching especially for traces of human bone, which would confirm that this was a place of burial, and for fragments of carbon. Laboratory tests of the amount of radioactivity remaining in samples of carbon could give an important confirmation of dating by other methods.

Wally pointed to a square near the debris of the east wall, and told Juan Pedro they would work there next. He had a childish desire to keep as far away from the woman as possible. The Indian picked up two lighted candles and carried them toward that end. He was aware that this formidable old lady was a person of importance, and he had a good deal of the showoff in his nature. He held the candles toward the rubble face and studied the litter. The three North Americans, their eyes having followed the moving lights, watched him. He squatted slowly, with a great, false effect of not knowing that he was observed, set down the candle in his right hand, raised the other higher, then drew out of his sash a small diamond-shaped mason's trowel.

"*Esperense*," he said, "*creo que tenemos una olla bonita aquí atrás*."

Lancaster interpreted, "He thinks he has a jar back there."

From where he stood, Wally could see the light strike what seemed to be a portion of a sphere, rather shiny crimson and black. Mrs. Westermarck stepped forward to see better. Juan Pedro reached out with the trowel, delicately pushing aside dirt until the point scraped the object. Wally saw it change shape, the curve of the sphere grow larger—but stupidly, astonished, and not reading any meaning into what he saw. Then the coral snake reared its deadly head, Mrs. Westermarck screamed, the Indian jumped up and back, tripped, fell into the woman, and both of them tumbled comically and grotesquely onto the floor. At the time, Wally did not think the sight particularly funny, though he was aware of its incongruousness, and whatever his feelings of the moment actually were, they became more confused when, to his horror, he heard himself let out a short, harsh laugh. He wasn't laughing at her, but from a shocked feeling that his secret wish was being magically fulfilled. Then, to make things even worse, he saw Mrs. Westermarck glaring at him, and knew that she had heard. Not

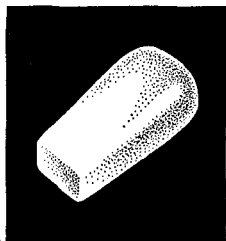


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apparently hurried, Dr. Lancaster took up the machete by the wall and with a nice flick decapitated the snake. Then he and Wally bent together to help the visitor up, both of them clumsy with haste and embarrassment.

Juan Pedro got up slowly, retrieved his blade, and climbed out, without a word. The director appeared not to know whether it was worse to speak or not to speak. He hovered by his guest, opening and closing his mouth, his irresolution in unpleasant contrast to his recent, sure action.

Mrs. Westermarck took a deep breath. "I think I'd like to go back to camp," she said stiffly.

Dr. Lancaster said, "Yes, of course." As she walked to the ladder, he turned to Wally. "You'll have to come out of here, too, until we take care of Juan Pedro. I'll explain later. You can pass the time with your pots."

WALLY had an impulse to argue, but this was no moment for it. With some pity he watched the director help Mrs. Westermarck up the ladder, then go up himself. He followed slowly. He dawdled on the trail, and on reaching camp went directly to the laboratory. Werner was photographing the pottery, so Wally took it easy, and stood watching him. To his surprise, hardly ten minutes after he had entered the building Dr. Lancaster came in. "The lady will rest in her quarters until it's time to be driven to the airfield," he explained. "Paul will take her. Wait just a moment." He went to the shelves, fumbled along them briefly, and came up with a thin bundle wrapped in bark. He stopped to speak to the photographer pleasantly, pointed out an aspect of a vase that he wanted shown, then joined his assistant. "Let's go."

As they went out he said, "Juan Pedro has to do a little praying—make medicine, you might say—and for everybody's morale it's desirable for us to be in on it." He opened the little bundle to show half a dozen slender, almost black candles. "Beeswax," he said, "the original Maya article. I saw these in the market at Santiago when we came through, and I bought them on general principles. You never know."

"But I've seen him kill snakes before, and it never bothered him."

"It's not that, it's *susto*—fright. Did you notice how carefully he moved? His soul has been shaken loose; he could lose it altogether. I think it's a very old belief. Anyhow, it's an interesting bit of ritual."

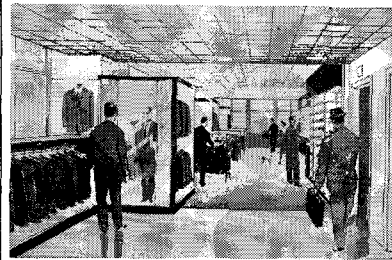
They had gone past the workmen's quarters to a fairly open space beside a

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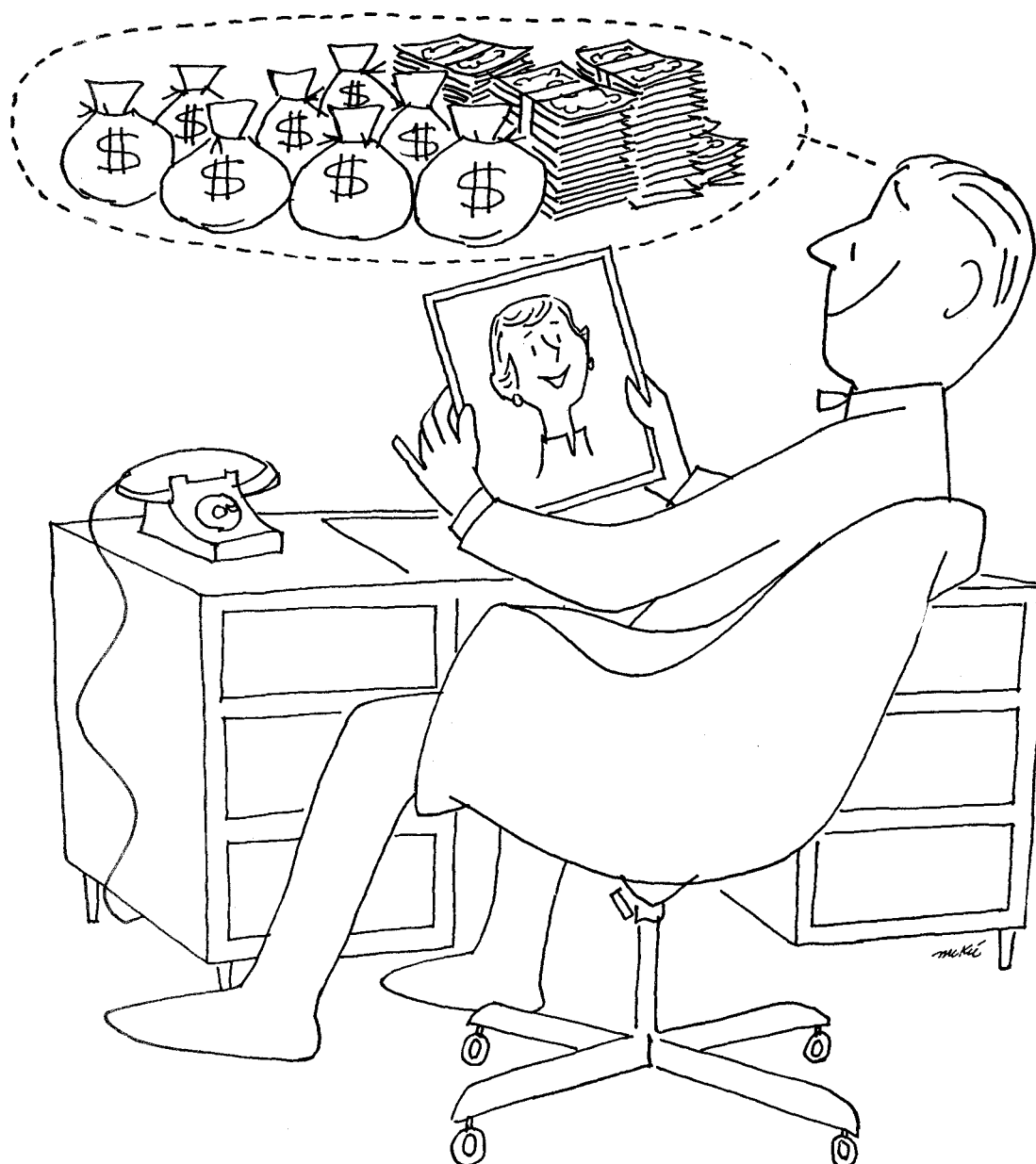
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White Plains, New York

very large tree. Here a stick cross had been set up in a pile of small stones, in front of which the Indian squatted, nursing a fire.

"With the temples of his ancestors all round him," Lancaster said in a low voice, gesturing toward the cross. He handed over the candles, and he and Wally hunkered down.

Juan Pedro lit and set out several candles. Then he put some lumps of the native incense called *pom* on the coals. He prayed rapidly in Maya, a language of which Wally had an archeologist's smattering—a few words and phrases picked up in the course of field work, and terms, such as *katum*, the names of the days, and the names of old gods, many of which were unknown to modern Indians. He thought he caught both his own name and Dr. Lancaster's—"Don Carlos." Quite clearly, Juan Pedro gestured east, south, west, and north, and, as he did so, it made Wally's hair prickle to hear, unquestionably, references to the Chaks who rule the directions. Along with these reminiscences of a once great antiquity there came a long listing of names of saints, and a good deal that was simply rapid, urgent, heartfelt, unintelligible praying. Incense, candles, even a cross, Wally knew, were used by the Mayas when the Spanish first came to the New World. He thought of the priestly figures on the wall of his tomb, of the ruins of temples so far uncovered, the whole great complex of buildings and mounds, not only here but all through the area, the inscriptions, the carven stelae. This ritual was pathetic, and at the same time it had a tattered, blurred antiquity about it. Also, it was not without power. Juan Pedro produced three eggs, passed one over himself, one over each of his companions, maintaining his spate of prayer as he did so. He passed the eggs several times through the last of the incense smoke; then he crossed himself and got up, smiling.

"There we are," he said, in Spanish. He looked up at the high overarching of green leaves and gold lines of light, and nodded. "I must go and take care of these eggs. I'll be at the tomb after lunch." He turned and went off.

Lancaster said, "That business with the eggs is European, I believe. The rest was run-down Maya." He, too, looked up, then he looked at his watch. "I don't see how he does it. Literally, he can't read time, but he can tell you what time it is whenever you want, day or night. We have an hour till lunch. Let's go on back to your job."

Wally felt relaxed and untalkative, as though that poor little ceremony had



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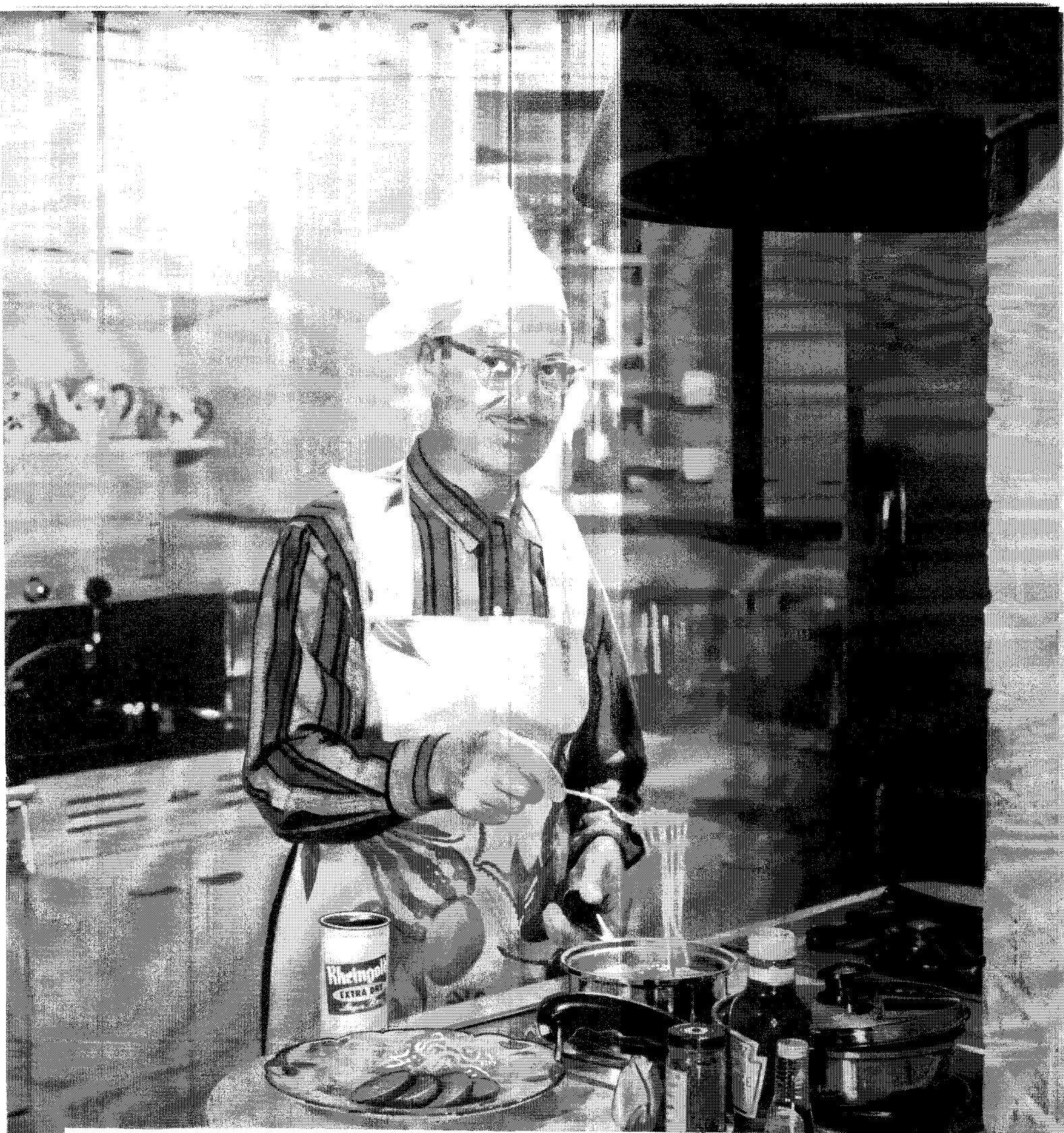
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First Place for Performance



had some authority, or he had caught something from the ministrant's belief and satisfaction. They walked along, exchanging only a few brief remarks relating to the structures they passed.

Their manner mocking the old superstition, they searched the tomb by no means casually for sign of the snake's mate, but there was none. Wally took the body, climbed up, and threw it well into the bush.

"So very Egyptian," Lancaster remarked when he came down again. "Curse of King Tut, and all that—the serpent in the tomb."

Wally smiled. "Yes."

"Let's look at this mess." The director nodded at the fallen wall.

They set candles and knelt together. Wally showed him the stone with the red plaster finish he had spotted.

"There you are—that settles it." The director shone the bright light of the electric lamp about, picking up other fragments of the purplish red. "I'll have to ask you to hold off this until I can work on it with you."

Wally had to say, "Of course. I've never tackled anything like this."

Both of them spoke in the hushed voices that the place demanded.

"What's your program for now?" Lancaster asked.

Wally considered. "Finish sifting the dirt before we have any more visitors. . . ." In spite of himself, a little sharpness showed in his voice. He added, improvising, "Or before Werner tramps around with all his gear. Then I think we should get the photography done, and then I'll get back on the drawings."

Lancaster nodded. "You have rather had thundering herds in here, haven't you?" He looked slowly around. "And it's not the place for it, is it? Well, those Oxonians will be coming through early next week. I don't expect they'll stay more than a night, since they're on their way to Penn's big glamour job at Tikal. There are no other interruptions on the schedule for quite a while. After they go, I imagine we'll be able to start on this, and that will fit your timetable. You can have Werner whenever you give the word. While he's fussing about, you could do your cross and long sections." He had been speaking slowly, thinking aloud, with waits between sentences. He rose to his feet with a little sigh. "See you at lunch."

Again he hadn't wanted to go, Wally thought, and he had known why he, Wally, would linger, even though he could not get any work done in the little time before noon. Then he realized, as he lit a cigarette, that Dr. Lancaster's presence had not disturbed the

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quality of the tomb. When you direct a project this size, you have to keep popping out and directing it, he supposed, and if you are good enough, you know about little things like Juan Pedro and *susto*, and take time for them, too. Be-latedly, with a touch of humiliation, he recalled several mentions of that belief in his reading. The candle nearest him guttered. It was low. He blew it out, then another that was also nearly gone. In the decreased light his tomb was mysterious, and the end of his cigarette showed red. He stared at the coal. The serpent in the tomb. Once again, indulging in superstition, he half accused himself of having conjured up that creature, it had so well served his purpose. He seemed mean to himself now. Mrs. Westermarck's thousands would continue to go to the work in the Near East—What was his name? Korinsky; not even in Anthropology. Although he closed his ears to such things, he had to be at least faintly aware of the many projects that were put forward within that Department, all competing, and then, in their turn, the Fine Arts boys came before the dispensers of funds with their showy Classical-Near East Archeology—talk of glamour! Uneasily, he pushed aside the thought that seeking funds might be an inescapable part of a selfless dedication to science, and shielded himself with the counter-thought—carefully left unreasoned, as might a bridegroom overhearing talk of someone's divorce—that this would never be for him.

He changed position with a harshness of motion. He sat in half dark, looking at the relatively well-lighted west wall. He took another puff at his cigarette, contemplating the two figures. Always afterward he would associate them, and his aesthetic feeling about them, with his moment of first realizing what an incredibly game old sport Dr. Lancaster was.

—OLIVER LAFARGE

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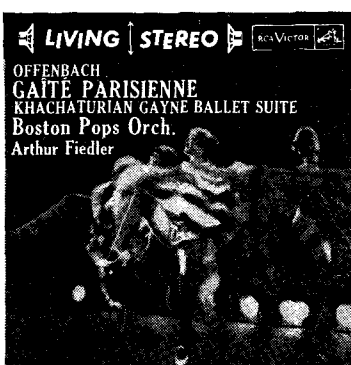
That accounts for those long pauses.

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SINGLES AND DOUBLES

I HAVE always felt (and once wrote) that Sir John Gielgud is the finest actor on earth from the neck up, and, having heard his Shakespearean recital, "Ages of Man," I am in no mood to revise that opinion. Whenever I think of Sir John, I remember what C. E. Montague (my favorite drama critic next to Shaw) said of Coquelin; namely, that "his power was simply the sum of the three strict elements of great acting—a plastic physical medium, a finished technical cunning, and a passion of joy in the thought of the character acted." Sir

John has the last two qualities in abundance, and is almost entirely deficient in the first; when in motion, he is constricted, hesitant, and jerky, enmeshed in unseen cords of inhibition. His exceptional virtues of mind and voice stand out most clearly in repose, and for this reason the present display at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre seems to me one of the most satisfactory things he has ever done. Now and then, when the impulse of a speech demands it, he takes a step or two to right or left, and permits his hands, which spend much of the evening protectively clasping each other, to

fly up in gestures that claw the air, but for the most part he is still, and all the better for it; the voice flows freely among us, a thrilling instrument that commands the full tonal range of both viola and cello. Brass is absent, and this may explain why he gives us nothing of "Henry V" or "Antony and Cleopatra," and only the briefest snatch of "Macbeth"—all of them plays that cannot readily be scored for unaccompanied strings. But what he can do he does peerlessly. Never before have I followed Richard II's slow ride down to despair with such eager, pitying attentiveness (Sir John himself wept, as Richard should), and the excerpts from "Hamlet" were delivered with a mastery of rubato and a controlled energy that put one in mind of Mozart. The speech before the duel ("Not a whit, we defy augury . . .") was in the nature of an epiphany, the last phrases falling on the ear in cadences of overwhelming tenderness and serenity.

I had expected successes like these from Sir John; what I had forgotten was his narrative virtuosity. To passages that tell a story—Clarence recounting his nightmare, Hotspur describing a brush with a fop on the battlefield, Cassius tempting Brutus with splenetic anecdotes about Caesar—he brings a graphic zeal that is transfixing. Like the spider's touch in Pope's poem, his voice "feels at each thread, and lives along the line." The impact of the performance is not, however, exclusively aural; as I've said, Sir John's physical inexpressiveness does not extend above the collar stud. Poker-backed he may be; poker-faced he certainly isn't. Whether pride, scorn, compassion, and the more cerebral kinds of agony are called for, his features respond promptly, and memorably. The whole program, I should add, is an abridgment of George Rylands' Shakespeare anthology "The Ages



"A TOUCH OF THE POET"

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of Man," which, in the process of compression, has lost its definite article, presumably so that it can be listed in the daily press high up, under "A," rather than low down, under "T."

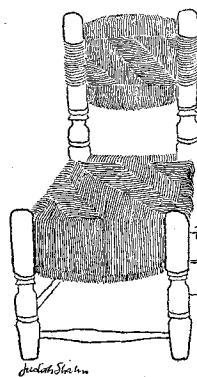
A PARTY WITH BETTY COMDEN AND ADOLPH GREEN," at the Golden Theatre, is an anthology of more raffish design, chosen by the two performers from their own *œuvre*. The sequence, which is roughly chronological, begins with a selection of numbers written by Miss Comden, Mr. Green, and the other members (one of whom was Judy Holliday) of a legendary, long-defunct night-club act known as The Revuers. This is followed by items from "On the Town," the show that marked the collaborators' last appearance, until now, before a paying audience. For the rest of the evening, they bring us up to date by singing the better lyrics from their later work, which includes "Billion Dollar Baby," "Wonderful Town," "Bells Are Ringing," and a sizable contribution to the musical version of "Peter Pan." Some of the material has inevitably dated, and some of it is overfamiliar, but these are my only quibbles with an entertainment that endows nostalgia with more charm, verve, and wild spontaneity than anything since Beatrice Lillie's retrospective exhibition six years ago. This is pure urban comedy, swift, oblique, and enthusiastic; it is not without significance that the authors' best shows all take place in, and celebrate the multitudinous fact of, New York City. They are not really satirists, for satire stands apart from its subject and usually looks down on it. Miss Comden and Mr. Green are too joyously involved in the metropolitan turmoil to do anything but meet it on equal terms. They participate in its fantasy and delight in its folklore; when they parody its excesses, they do so with the affection of lifelong fans, and the tolerance that goes with birth-right.

Miss Comden, with dark, glossy hair, bright, glassy eyes, and a piercing smile, contrasts perfectly with Mr. Green, who is more the *gamin* type, slightly built and swarthy. His grin is self-deprecating, and his voice, which is leathery in texture, sounds lazily apologetic, but beneath the casual exterior a demon is at large. When roused, Mr. Green positively crackles with electricity, and will erupt, without warning, in-

to convulsive impersonations of Harry Richman, Al Jolson, and even, I swear, Rimski-Korsakov's bumblebee. (Mr. Richman, in particular, seems to have exercised a powerful influence on his style.) On these occasions, he capers like a sprite obsessed, and can achieve, from a standing start, elevations of something like three feet; Nijinsky himself might have blinked at the leaps brought off by Mr. Green as Captain Hook, or as a Shubert peasant leering his way through "The Goatherd's Roundelay." Like Miss Comden, he is a born mocker, and a self-mocker, to boot. The habitual irreverence of both partners may account for the fact that their romantic numbers tend to drag, but the music, mostly by Leonard Bernstein and Jule Styne, effectively forbids boredom.

IN American comedy, whether on stage or screen, no situation recurs more often than the one in which the boss and his wife are invited to dinner. First comes the frenzy of preparation, with the young hostess, an inexperienced cook, leaving the roast unwatched while she helps her edgy husband with his black tie. Then: clouds of smoke from the kitchen, coinciding with the arrival of the guests. Are we—uh—too early? No, no, come on in, B. J. Forced geniality on both sides, with the boss trumpeting hearty man-talk, the host making as many *gaffes* as drinks, and the boss's wife (sometimes a snob named Cornelia, sometimes a vulgarian named Daisy, but always a beast) acidly loathing everything. Meanwhile, the heroine, an inexperienced drinker, is getting looped on her trips between the living room, where she gulps Sazarracs, and the kitchen, where she nips at the cooking sherry.

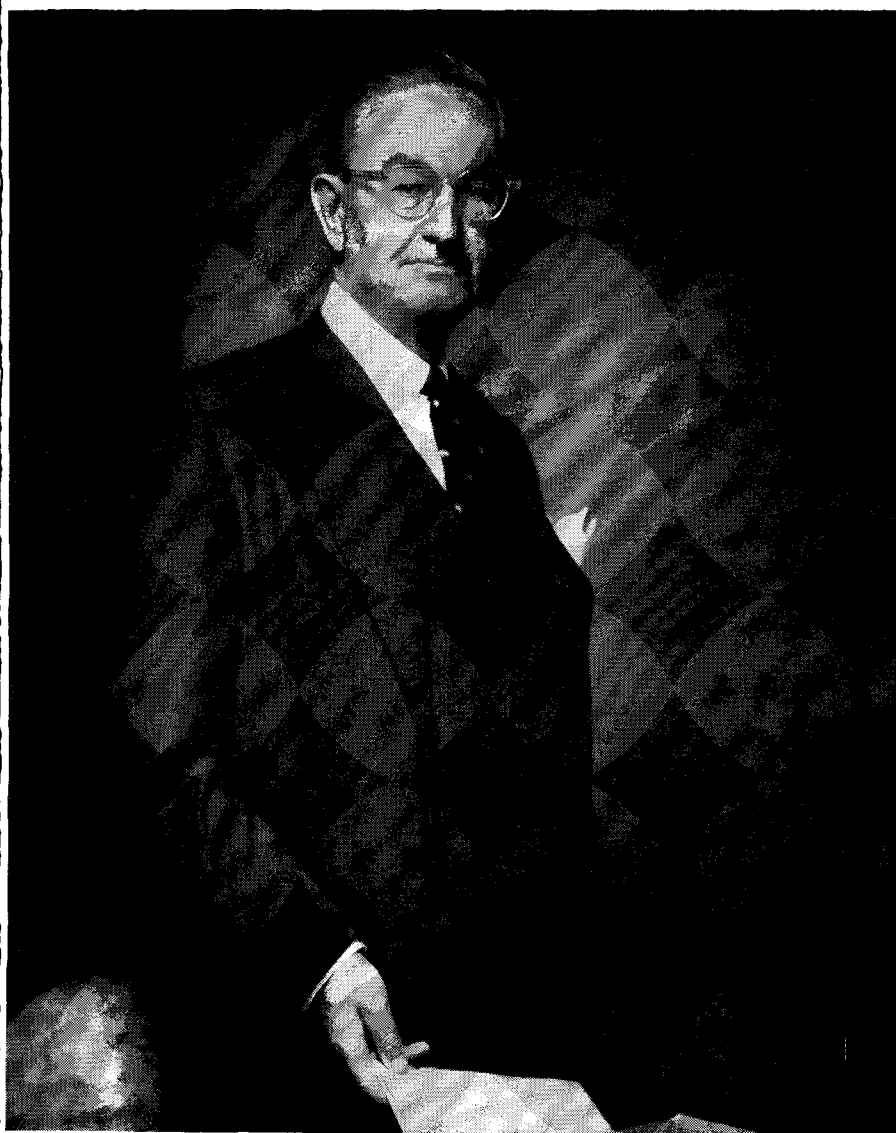
At dinner, hitting her stride, she insults Cornelia-Daisy to her face. Come, Baldwin, it's time we were going. Of course, dear, I'll get your coat. But Mrs. Tamburlayne, I'm sure Priscilla didn't mean. I know perfectly well what she meant. Good *night*. Slam. Well, Pris, looks like that long-delayed vacation in Acapulco is off. Next scene: Rather than surrender human dignity, the husband determines to quit his job. What am I, a cog or something? I'll show these guys they can't push me around. Telephone rings. Now, see here, B. J. But B. J., it turns out, admires girls with spunk, and has decided to reward the hero with a vice-presi-



dency—on one condition. The company is thinking of opening up the Mexican market, and could he bear to spend a couple of months in Acapulco, kind of looking things over? And listen. Take Priscilla along. That girl has a lot on the ball. They've got just thirty minutes to make the plane, so it's *Viva Zapata* and exeunt, tangoing.

That, in a nutshell, is not the plot of "Third Best Sport," which opened last week at the Ambassador Theatre, but it comes close enough to indicate how and where the new comedy fails. Eleanor and Leo Bayer, the authors, clearly started out to pillory the whole concept of the Organization Man. They show us an astute girl who, lately married to a high executive, reacts against a honeymoon that plunges her into a business convention and requires her to comport herself like a good company wife. For a while, she conforms, flatters the boss, and even rises at dawn to succor the hungover in what is cutely called the Sobering-Up Room, but at length she rebels. She gives a cocktail party during which she slaps down a florid matron who has suggested that it would be a good thing if Europe were to be demolished by H-bombs. Panic ensues, since the matron is married to a tycoon whom the company is wooing for a vital contract. There is, however, no cause for alarm, since at this point the authors renounce their satiric purpose and cautiously withdraw. Symbolizing the liberalism inherent in big business, the tycoon not only closes the deal but congratulates the heroine on her iconoclastic spirit. Both she and her husband return, after a token threat of revolt on the latter's part, to the bosom of the Organization. This solution is presented without irony. Having taken off from a foundation of cliché, the play makes a safe three-point landing on compromise. Essentially, it departs from my stereotype only in that the couple end up in the West Indies instead of Mexico. Michael Howard's direction is soundly glib, with Celeste Holm as the willing tomboy bride whose hopeful smile is constantly getting wiped off her lips by the Babbitttry that surrounds her. Once, upon being assailed by a remark of especial obtuseness, Miss Holm, who is seated at the time on a couch, topples sideways in a wordless slump that I found extremely eloquent. Andrew Duggan, who plays her husband, does what he can with a character whom nobody as amusing as Miss Holm would ever have married. An itinerant sociologist, in the person of William Prince, wanders on to utter the authors'

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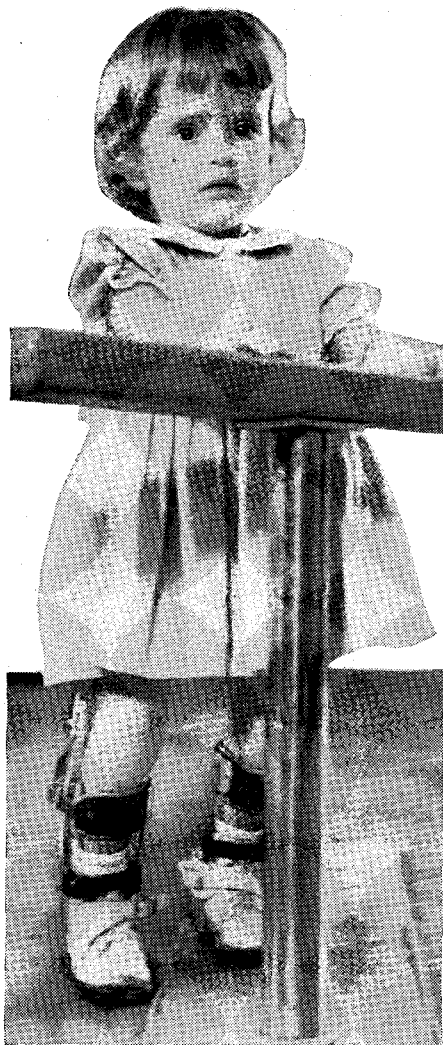
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few radical reflections (e.g., "The amoeba was a misfit"), and the assistant stage manager is Spofford Beadle, to whom the best of luck.

"HENRY V" is the third, the last, and the least of the Old Vic's productions at the Broadway Theatre. Stripped of visual pageantry, the great hymn to jingoism comes drably across. On the name part, as on Richard III, Olivier has left an imprint too nearly definitive to be ignored, and Laurence Harvey cannot be blamed for borrowing an inflection here and there. Indeed, I wish he had borrowed much more; a little fire in the belly, for example, would have helped. There is a strange apathy at the heart of Mr. Harvey's performance, although he tries to liven things up with high-speed delivery and frequent tremolo effects. Despite these vocal exertions (or perhaps because of them), there are times when the scourge of Harfleur sounds downright prim. Joseph O'Connor, Richard Wordsworth, and Dudley Jones are the best of a passable supporting cast.

—KENNETH TYNAN

OFF BROADWAY

Loud Lear

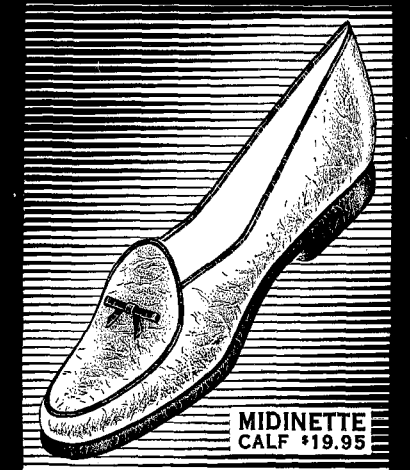
TO be an actor, I think, must be dreadful. He is the most vulnerable of artists. When he offers his skill to the public judgment, he offers himself entire, and no detail of his appearance is exempt from the general scrutiny. His stride, his voice, the very shape of his nose may be called into question by the critical spectator. No other artist is similarly exposed. No lady poet, for instance, need fear that her romantic sonnets will be condemned merely because she happens to be a trifle fat, or a novelist worry lest his narrative of barracks life be rejected on the ground that his receding chin and shrill little laugh do not harmonize with his use of manly obscenities. Yet the actor, be he ever so talented, is commonly expected to meet physical requirements that are infinitely more exacting than these. And since he is himself the medium through which he expresses his art, any critical attack on his performance is, in a sense, an attack upon his person. Therefore, no tender-minded reviewer really likes to criticize an actor.

Still, one must occasionally do things one doesn't like, and my present unhappy duty is to report that the actors at the Players Theatre have made a botch of "King Lear." The trouble may be stated briefly. They shouted Shakespeare

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right off the stage. In the first scene, Ronald Bishop, who plays Kent, engaged Sidney Walker, who plays Lear, in a competition of roaring. Lear won, but only by raising his voice to what must surely be its greatest volume, which left him without vocal reserves for the taxing scenes to come. For when, at length, the old King was brought to the final pitch of rage and hatred, Mr. Walker could only repeat the vehemence of that first scene, without surpassing it. Consequently, his declamation of such lines as "Blow winds and crack your cheeks," while sufficiently earsplitting, seemed oddly weak and ineffectual. Robert Burr, who plays Edgar, quickly fell in with the prevailing noisy spirit of things and took advantage of that character's feigned madness to shriek every alternate line. Even Robert Mandan, who has the part of the calculating and villainous Edmund, fairly yelled his Machiavellian soliloquies, for no apparent reason at all. But to my ear, the acoustical triumph of the evening was scored by Mr. Walker, with his wavering, full-throated cry of "Filial ingrati-toooooodel," which was unmistakably reminiscent, in its last syllable, of the tremulous bellow once affected by Johnny Weismuller as he leaped about the movie treetops by way of prelude to the rescue of Jane. The dramatic triumph of the evening, on the other hand, was achieved by Paul Sparer, who played Gloucester with sympathy and tact, and who never raised his voice without occasion—an excellent thing in an actor.

But even if the cast could be persuaded to imitate Mr. Sparer and regulate its manner to its matter, a serious objection to the production would remain. This has to do with the alterations that have been made in the text. Some are merely annoying, as when Cordelia is rather awkwardly made to speak several lines that Shakespeare meant to be spoken by a gentleman. Others tend to diminish the play, as when Edgar is deprived of those speeches in which he tells of Gloucester's death and forecasts the death of Kent. But one alteration in particular simply demolishes the tragedy. As Shakespeare wrote the play, there are three separate scenes involving Lear on the night of the storm—one on the heath, one before a hovel, and one in a farmhouse adjoining the castle. These three scenes, which are the emotional crux of the play, and surely among the most powerful ever written, are separated by two other brief scenes, which deal with the wicked Edmund and which provide an effective counterpoint to



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Lear's encroaching madness. In the present production, these two intervening scenes are transferred to another place, and the enactment of Lear's long and appalling ordeal is broken only by an intermission, which comes more as interruption than relief. The effect on the play is magical. Where Shakespeare gave us an old king, immense in stature and capable of out-roaring the disordered universe with his curses, the current interpretation offers a rambling, noisy, and essentially tedious old lunatic. One begins to suspect that Shakespeare did have some knowledge of playwriting after all, and was capable of forming a shrewd guess as to how much emotion an audience might be expected to direct at a single object before its responses start to flag. It would, I feel, be worth the producer's while to return to the original script, even if it means doing away with the intermission altogether. The pleasure of seeing the play performed as it was written would be adequate compensation to the audience for loss of the doubtful fun of squeezing strenuously into a tiny lobby and burning holes in one another's clothing with cigarettes.

—DONALD MALCOLM

THE BEAUTIFUL FACE OF FREEDOM [From the Public Relations News]

Here, within sight of the Brandenburg Gate, the major passage between the two sections, we attended last week the opening ceremonies of the 14-story Berlin-Hilton Hotel. This courageous and striking act comes at a dramatic time when the Soviets are maneuvering to oust the occupying forces of the West from West Berlin, cut off the escape route through which millions of East Germans have fled to freedom, and eliminate a painful thorn from the side of the puppet government of East Germany. The handsome structure, with its four proud flags of freedom (those of the U.S.A., West Germany, Berlin, and Hilton Hotels International) is already a cynosure for envious hordes of East Germans.

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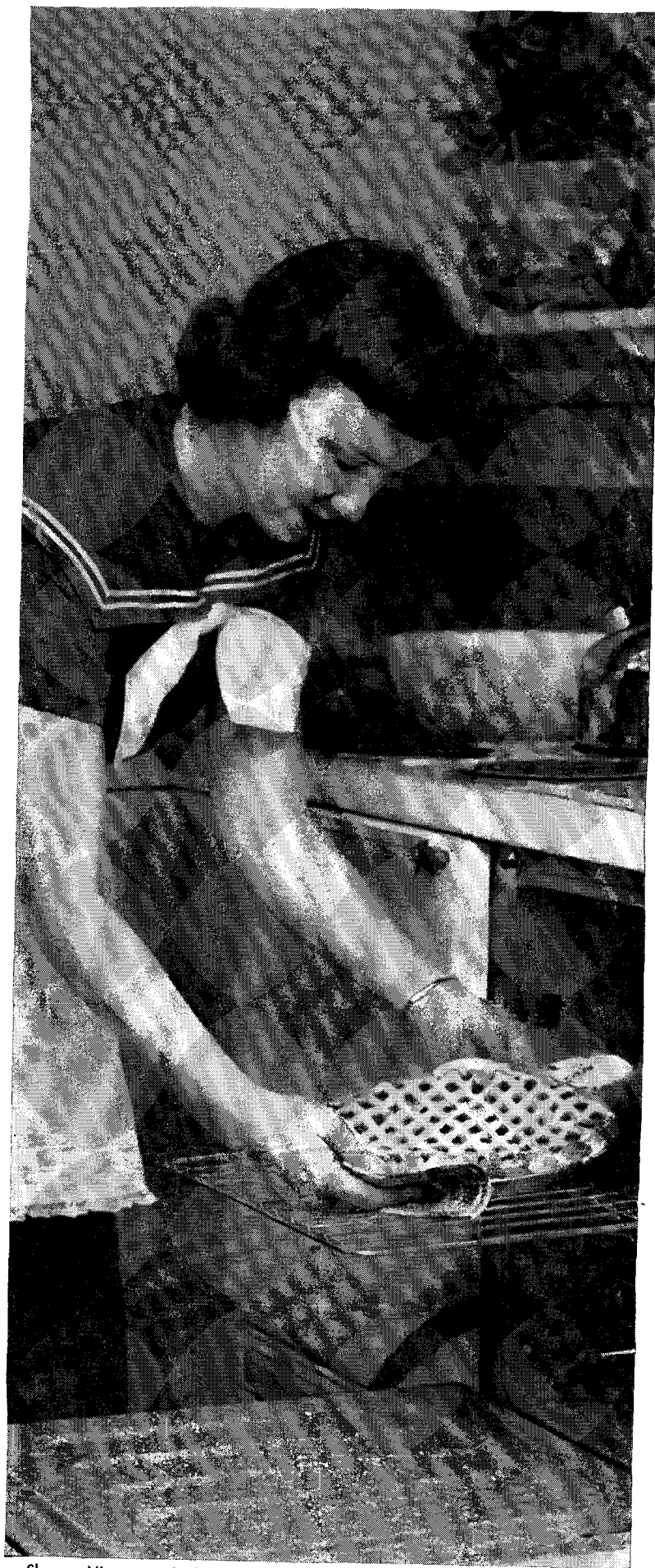
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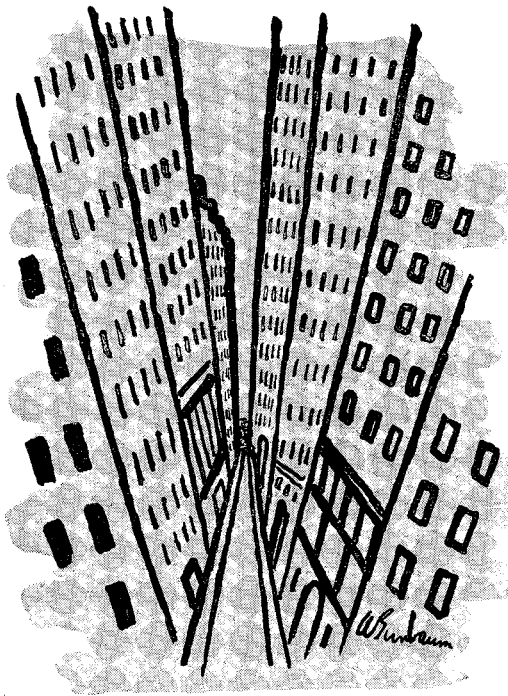
A REPORTER AT LARGE

PART-TIME CITY

IF some acute social observer from the past—from Pericles' time, say, or Shakespeare's—could be set down in the midst of the twentieth century, it is conceivable that, among all the peculiar habits of modern man, he would find none more peculiar than the habit of living in one place and working in another. The commuting habit seems to be something quite new. There is no convincing precedent for it in the animal kingdom, and very little in the annals of man before the industrial revolution. Since then, of course, it has made up for lost time, quickly attaining such a high degree of general acceptance that anyone who has the economic choice and stubbornly goes on living in the city where he works runs the risk of being looked upon by the commuting tribe as a trifle eccentric.

As an unregenerate city dweller, I have often wondered whether we can ultimately expect the attainment of the commuters' millennium—residential towns entirely turned over to women and children during business hours, and working cities totally deserted at night. Fortunately (I can't help thinking) for the peace of mind of everyone concerned, both of these spooky ultimates are so far only subjects for science-fiction shockers. Most suburbs at midday are still so full of butchers, bakers, television repairmen, and other male camp followers of the commuting trade that lunch-hour traffic jams are commonplace. The other aspect of the millennium, however—the nighttime ghost city—is much nearer to becoming a reality. How near is exemplified in the tiny First Police Precinct of New York City, a region comprising about a third of a square mile at the southern tip of Manhattan, which is often spoken of as the financial district—or, synecdochically, as Wall Street.

The First Precinct embraces all of Manhattan south of a boundary that runs due east from the Hudson River along Fulton Street, then veers northeast along the Park Row edge of City Hall Park, and, resuming its previous direction, follows Frankfort and Dover Streets to the East River, just south of the Brooklyn Bridge. The tide of humanity that sweeps into the precinct every weekday morning, swamping its cramped and crooked streets and surging into its buildings, and then sweeps



out again at nightfall, leaving almost the whole area enveloped in tomblike silence, is of a magnitude to make the Bay of Fundy's tides seem mere ripples. To the Periclean or Shakespearean observer, this human ebb and flow might well appear to be the product of some collective mania, and even to someone thoroughly accustomed to the phenomenon it is a bit appalling when put in the form of statistics. According to the best tabulation available, the peak daytime population of this bit of land was in the neighborhood of a million and a half. As for the number of permanent, or sleep-in, residents of the First Precinct, that has been counted more precisely. The special city census of 1957 put the total at just about two thousand, or perhaps five hundred people more than lived in the same area in 1664, when the British sailed into the harbor and took over the village of New Amsterdam from the Dutch.

THERE is some evidence that the southern tip of Manhattan has always been jinxed as a place of human habitation. All through the past century and a half—a period of continuous and explosive growth for the city as a whole, and for downtown Manhattan as a business and financial center—the First Precinct's permanent population has been perversely and spectacularly declining. Earlier, during the area's great residential days, war, pestilence, and fire periodically swept over it, sometimes threatening to depopulate it entirely.

There are no records of what hazards and setbacks its original Indian residents endured, but by the sixteen-forties, only about twenty years after the arrival of the first Dutch settlers, the existence of the community was already in grave peril. During that decade, when almost all of the eight hundred Dutch on the island were still living south of a cattle fence, made of tree branches, that stretched from river to river a few hundred yards north of the Battery, Indian raids (and fear of further Indian raids) reduced their number to one hundred. In 1653, the cattle fence was superseded by a twelve-foot palisade that served as a deterrent to raids and later gave its name to Wall Street. At the time the palisade was built, the white population had climbed back to seven hundred, and in 1664, when the British took over, it was around fifteen hundred. By 1695, the steadily

growing city extended north to the vicinity of Maiden Lane—still well within the limits of the present First Precinct—and its population was up to about five thousand. Four years later, the wall was torn down as obsolete and a nuisance.

The jinx, if there was one, did not operate during the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, a period in which the city expanded enormously in both population and area. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Manhattan was inhabited by some twenty-five thousand souls, a few of them living in such outlandishly remote regions as the Canal and Grand Streets of today, but the great bulk still cozily clustered south of Maiden Lane. British troops occupied New York in September, 1776, and shortly thereafter a conflagration, which went largely unchecked because the firefighting companies were undermanned and disorganized, destroyed roughly a third of the whole settlement. Another fire, in August, 1778, burned down three hundred more buildings. The British did little to repair the damage, and when, five years afterward, they pulled out, New York was a shambles. Wall Street, which for a while had been a fashionable residential thoroughfare, was now a pig wallow, and the population of the city had slipped back to twelve thousand.

Under the new republic, New York began filling up again, faster than ever. The first United States census, in 1790, showed that Manhattan had a population of 31,131; what part of that total



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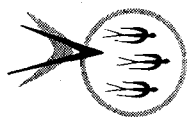
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lived in what is now the First Precinct it is impossible to say with accuracy, because the Census Bureau did not begin breaking down its Manhattan count on a regional basis until much later, but it is a safe guess that a good deal more than a bare majority still lived south of Fulton Street and Park Row. In 1800, the Manhattan total came to 60,515, and by that time the phenomenon of the commuter was beginning to manifest itself; more and more people were moving across the swamps to live on or near the present Union Square, and the site of the original village was taking on the appearance of a business section.

Between 1800 and 1835, the First Precinct undoubtedly had more residents than at any time before or since—twenty-five thousand would be a fair estimate—but in the very heart of those flourishing years a new disaster temporarily reduced its population almost to zero. In the summer of 1822, yellow fever, carried by mosquitoes brought in on ships from the tropics, struck so hard that the Board of Health tried to bring about a voluntary evacuation of the whole district south of City Hall, where the concentration of inhabitants was densest, in order to stop the spread of the disease, then thought to be contagious. The following year, there was another epidemic, and this time the Board took stronger measures; it did not leave the matter of evacuation to individual choice but forcibly removed any healthy person who was unwilling to go under his own steam. To prevent people from returning to their homes, a barricade was set up, and patrolled, along Chambers Street. The Custom House and banks transferred their operations to Greenwich Village, which for the time being became the commercial center of the city. As for the downtown section, according to Mary L. Booth, a historian who was born just after the 1823 epidemic, it "wore the aspect of absolute solitude, broken only by the rumbling of the hearses, and the shadows of the nurses who remained to watch the dying and care for the burial of the dead." The epidemic broke out on June 17th, and by November 2nd, when the quarantine was lifted and the evacuees were allowed to move back, two hundred and forty people had died.

By 1835, the population of the area south of Fulton Street was on the decline as a result of the more and more insistent incursions of business, but there were still a number of handsome private

homes in the oldest section, south of Wall. They were not there much longer, though. That summer, fire wiped out practically everything in the forty-five-acre tract bounded on the north by Wall, on the west by Broad, on the south by Coenties Slip, and on the east by the river. Five hundred and twenty-eight buildings were destroyed; according to one report, the glow from the flames was seen as far away as Germantown, near Philadelphia. That fire pretty much ended the residential character of downtown New York, and



another fire, a decade later, which flattened practically everything west of Broad and south of Wall, gave it the coup de grâce. If life in a colony of ants is disrupted over and over again, they will eventually move elsewhere; in 1845, the southernmost New Yorkers must have felt like ants who had

tried to nest in a much used woodpile. What rose out of the ashes of the two great fires was an overwhelmingly commercial district; by 1850, fourteen banks and sixty-nine insurance companies were ranged along Wall Street alone, and almost every vestige of residential ownership in the region had disappeared.

IN 1850, though, the city south of Fulton still had a round-the-clock population of sorts—seamen whose only homes were the hotels and rooming houses that continued to operate there, and sailmakers and ship chandlers who lived in their own lofts. Even this residual population was on the decline, and if the findings of the Census Bureau are to be relied upon, it still is. Under the Bureau's present regional system of counting heads, Manhattan is split up into sections covering only a few blocks; the seven southernmost sections make up an area that, while it does not coincide precisely with the First Precinct, comes to just about the same thing—give or take four or five sparsely populated blocks. For these seven sections, the total in the 1940 census was 5,436; by 1950 it had declined to 2,986; and in the special census of 1957 it was down to 2,098. An analysis of the 1957 figures shows that 1,611 of the 2,098 were males and 487 were females, and that of all the people living there, 65 were under ten years old, 184 were under twenty-one, 258 were over seventy, and no fewer than 40 were over eighty-five.

The census figures reveal almost

nothing of who the members of this little band of diehard downtown residents are, or what they are doing there, but by studying the concentrations of age and sex in each of the seven sections, one may deduce a few things about them. For example, the census-takers found the population center of the whole area to be a section that extends along the East River from Old Slip down to the Battery, with 793 men and 59 women, for a total of 852. This enormous preponderance of men in a section bordering on the waterfront clearly suggests that many of its residents are seafarers. Again, in a section bounded by Gold Street, Ferry Street, Maiden Lane, and the East River, the median age of the two hundred and ninety-nine inhabitants was slightly over seventy-three. The explanation for this extraordinary figure is probably not the healthful, life-prolonging qualities of the air (although, since the neighborhood is the center of the fish-market district, the breezes usually do carry a fine, stimulating, and distinctive smell of fish); more likely, it is the presence, at Beekman and Water Streets, of the River-view Nursing Home for elderly men and women. (The building was formerly occupied by the Beekman-Downtown Hospital, which moved to 170 William Street in 1953.) And still another revelation by the Bureau is that thirty-nine—or more than half—of all the children under ten are congregated in a section lying west of Broadway, between Liberty Street and the Battery, where some old red-brick tenements have survived. Here, it seems evident, is the financial district's nursery—its modest Levittown.

For both seaman and patriarch, the First Precinct would seem to be a peculiar enough place to live, but for those sixty-five children under ten it must be an especially odd sort of home town. Fortunately, although the financial district is thought of uptown as a single formidable entity, of no interest to a child, it is actually many districts, including several likely to provide amusement for a youngster—for instance, the docks along the Hudson, with their tugs and fireboats; the Fulton Fish Market, with its trawlers and nets; and the cluster of radio-and-television stores near the western ends of Dey and Cortlandt Streets. Farther east, Cortlandt, with its row of shops and bars, even has a Main Street quality about it. Within the First Precinct are seven churches, one movie house (at Park Row and Albany Street), one bowling alley (on Park Row), twenty-nine

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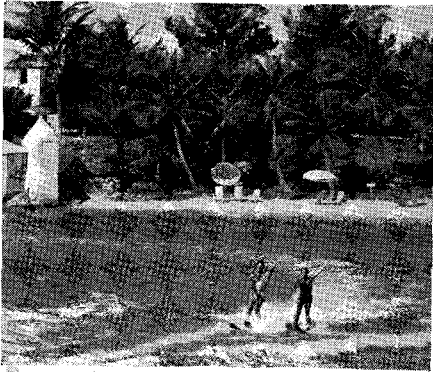
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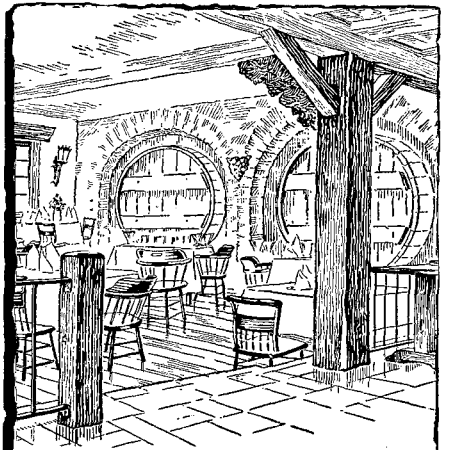


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piers, and one school. The school—Central Trades High, which gives courses in butchering, baking, cooking, and so on—is a superannuated four-story brick building, at Albany and Washington Streets. Most of its pupils are not First Precinct scholars, however, but outsiders from all over the city who commute in and out of the financial district every day, just like almost everybody else. The First Precinct's own children, by and large, attend the parochial school of St. Alphonsus Church, on Thompson Street, north of Canal, travelling back and forth by bus. These youngsters happily—and no doubt unconsciously—live a life of extreme non-conformity, for they are perhaps the only people who sleep every night in the First Precinct and commute out of it every morning.

More surprising, possibly, than what one can find in the First Precinct is what one can't. It has no supermarkets and—unlike most sites associated with early American history—practically no historic buildings. New York City as a whole has never been noted for its antiquarian spirit, and the financial district, where war and fire have encouraged a here-today-gone-tomorrow outlook, is particularly irreverent toward the past. Determining the age of the district's few relatively old buildings is difficult, because in almost every case they have been modernized or rebuilt to a point where scarcely an original brick or timber remains. Students of the subject believe that no present-day First Precinct structure built before 1800 has survived in its original state. Such so-called old landmarks of the district as the Sub-Treasury Building, at Wall and Nassau Streets, and the present Trinity Church, at the western end of Wall, were built in the first half of the nineteenth century. (St. Paul's Chapel, which dates from 1764 and is generally considered the oldest essentially unaltered building in Manhattan, stands west of Broadway, just north of Fulton Street, and is therefore beyond the pale.) The original Fraunces Tavern, at Broad and Pearl Streets, was built in 1719, but the building now on that site—a restaurant much favored by Wall Streeters with a sense of history—cannot accurately be called historic, any more than the buildings at Williamsburg can, since it is a twentieth-century, from-the-ground-up restoration. Until recently, the financial district could—but seldom did—claim one apparently authentic ancient relic. This was a small stone building at 11 Peck Slip, dating



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from around 1690. It was used as a powder storehouse during the Revolution, and while it was serving in that capacity an explosion demolished its front and side walls and its roof. The back wall and the foundations were incorporated into a private house that was built on the site around 1785 and that was occupied continuously until 1925. After that, the place stood vacant for almost a quarter of a century—falling apart and scarcely noticed except as an eyesore—until it was finally torn down, in 1946.

The financial district is singularly deficient in other ways, too. While it harbors countless cats, for instance, it has almost no dogs. Some of its residents live in run-down buildings that are optimistically described by their proprietors as hotels, but there is not one hotel in the whole district that can, by contemporary standards, be called even close to first-rate. A Wall Streeter who works late and wants to spend the night in town must be a member of the Downtown Athletic Club, on West Street, or sleep on a sofa in his office, or else leave the district and head north. There is also a shortage of growing things. No matter what the season, aside from the gallant but bedraggled contents of a few window boxes and the fresher but less durable bouquets that secretaries set out on their bosses' desks, there is probably not a flower to be found in the district outside a flower shop. Trees, too, are at a premium; no longer does a single pine stand on the once aptly named Pine Street, or a cedar on Cedar. True, several hundred trees are scattered around Battery Park, but otherwise an arboreal census-taker, choosing ten feet as the minimum height a tree must have attained to be worthy of being counted, would find twenty trees in Trinity Churchyard, twelve on Bowling Green, twelve in Hanover Square—and no more anywhere, except for an occasional struggling back-yard ailanthus. Nowadays, anyone trying to set up a cattle fence along Wall Street would exhaust the entire supply of branches south of Fulton Street before he had covered more than a block or two.

ON a weekday morning, the financial district starts to stir at shortly after eight o'clock, when an advance guard of commuters begins to arrive. Each of the area's thirteen subway stations (including the Hudson & Manhattan Tube stop) begins to extrude blobs of people at two- or three-minute intervals. Automobiles, strikingly rare



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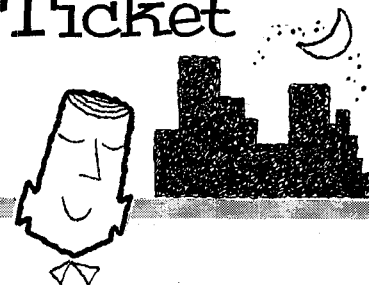
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at night, appear in increasing numbers; the district's fifty or so postage-stamp parking lots and its one big indoor-parking facility—the Battery Garage, on Greenwich Street, which holds almost eleven hundred cars—quickly fill up. At intervals, over near the Hudson, a thunderous rumble may be heard as commuters arriving by ferry from railroad terminals on the Jersey shore tramp across the boards of the landing slips. A little later, long black chauffeur-driven Cadillacs, having purred down the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive from the upper East Side, begin to nose into the district, looking regal and at the same time a little ridiculous as they clog its narrow lanes. More and more workers of all ranks continue to arrive until shortly before ten o'clock, when the opening bell sounds at the New York Stock Exchange, the temple by whose clock and mood Wall Street proper instinctively abides. One by one, the limousines have vanished to wherever financiers' limousines lurk during banking hours, and practically every dismounted commuter has been blotted up by some skyscraper. Outdoors, things become quiet, except for the constant clatter of still more skyscrapers going up.

The estimate putting the district's daytime population at a million and a half originated with the Office of Civilian Defense, and the figure has been cited so often in the press and by public speakers, civic workers, and the like that it has achieved a certain ring of accuracy through sheer repetition. The total was arrived at on the basis of daytime censuses conducted in the office buildings; each building owner was asked to tot up the number of people working at his address. To this figure were added statistics gathered by agents who were posted at strategic points on the streets during the hours when most office workers were supposed to be at their desks and who clocked the casual visitors entering and leaving the larger buildings. The ultimate findings were, of course, no stronger than their weakest link—the sidewalk nose count—but a tabulation of the obviously more dependable censuses of office buildings showed that the most populous one was the forty-story Equitable Building, at 120 Broadway, which sheltered, and still shelters, around fifteen thousand people daily. The Equitable Building covers just about one acre of the roughly two hundred hard-pressed, possibly jinxed, and deeply gouged-out acres that constitute the First Precinct.

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is probably as reliable as any, but at the lunch hour it appears to be a gross underestimate. Promptly at noon, there commences such a crush as is to be seen scarcely anywhere else in the world. During the next couple of hours, almost everybody leaves wherever he is and goes out-of-doors to try to get somewhere else. The First Precinct is criss-crossed by 92,400 feet, or seventeen and a half miles, of mazelike streets, whose average width, from building wall to building wall, is about forty-five feet. This is another guess, but a reasonable one. Broadway, the boulevard of the financial district, is some sixty-five feet wide, wall to wall, or only a trifle more than half the width of Fifth Avenue in midtown. Wall Street is forty-eight feet across between the Bankers Trust and the New York Stock Exchange, but, of course, Wall is wide compared to many other streets in the district. Exchange Alley, for instance, which links Broadway and West Street, has a roadway eight feet one inch wide, which will only just accommodate a Cadillac; one of its sidewalks is twenty-nine inches wide and the other twenty-one. (No guess is involved here. I am able to submit the exact width of Exchange Alley, having measured it with a pocket rule the other day.) On the assumption, then, that an average width of forty-five feet is pretty close to the mark, it can be figured that in the unlikely yet rather frightening event that all the million and a half commuters and visitors were to pour out onto the First Precinct's streets at the same instant, each person—even in the total absence (still more unlikely) of automobiles, trucks, sidewalk pushcarts, or other space-consuming objects—would have just two and eight-tenths square feet of pavement to occupy.

And occupy it is all he would be able to do; he wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance of walking to lunch, or anywhere else. In the existing situation, to be sure, the lunchtime pedestrian *can* move, but just barely. The financial district is one of the few places in the country where pedestrian traffic jams are worse than vehicular ones. Walking north on Nassau Street from Wall at twelve-thirty or so, one finds oneself in a halting, slow-moving procession exasperatingly like those on Grand Central Parkway on a summer Sunday afternoon, even in the matter of frequent, irritable honks. Most of the Nassau Street honks, however, are vocal; the First Precinct at lunch hour is a place where motorists are at a hopeless disadvantage, and know it. People

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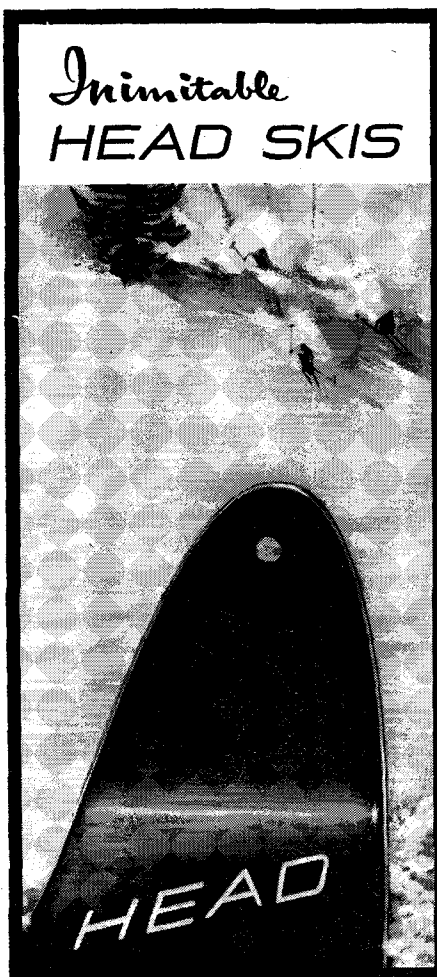


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blithely amble about as if the cars were simply not there—as if the streets were still the cowpaths they used to be. The effect of this attitude on drivers, who elsewhere hold the upper hand by virtue of the threat of summary execution, is one of total intimidation—a little triumph of man over the machine. But it is definitely a Pyrrhic triumph, for even in defeat the machine gets in its licks; more traffic accidents involving pedestrians occur in the First Precinct than in any other comparable area in New York. Very few of the cases are serious; the great majority involve only a bump, a bruise, a scare, and a spell of bad temper. The reason, of course, is obvious; drivers just don't have enough room for a good wind-up.

After lunch, the people go back to their offices and the district settles down to a period of afternoon quiet that lasts until three-thirty, when, at the closing bell, the tumult and the shouting on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange dies and the captains and the kings prepare to depart. Presently, the limousines begin to slip back into the district. They draw up in front of the entrances to the big buildings on Wall, William, Pine, and Broad Streets, on Broadway, and around Hanover Square, and wait there, clogging traffic. By four or a little later, most of them have swallowed up their owners and have disappeared with quiet ostentation. Soon afterward, the lower orders of commuters begin to seep out of the buildings. There are minor stampedes in a westerly direction just before the successive departures of the ferries, and hordes throng the subway stations. By six o'clock, the evening's retreat is tapering off; by six-thirty the financial district is once more pretty much in the hands of the two thousand proper Wall Streeters.

I LIKE to go downtown in the evening occasionally, either for a seafood dinner at Sweet's, on Fulton Street, or simply to have a look at the empty streets, imagining intricately sinister nocturnal happenings in them. On one such excursion, not long ago, a strange, if not very sinister, thing happened to me. I got lost. The street plan, or lack of it, between Wall Street and the Battery is such a crazy quilt of little twisting lanes and bleak, featureless canyons that some men who have spent most of their lives as commuting Wall Streeters still have to ask for directions once in a while, even in daylight. Over the past few years, though, I've made a point of getting to know the district's

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streets; I pride myself on being able to give directions when asked and to find my way around without a street map. This geographical *expertise*, while it scarcely puts me in a position to beat the market, does give me a certain sense of mastery over Wall Street. But in spite of it, as I say, I got lost—briefly but thoroughly lost.

I had gone downtown that evening with a specific purpose, which I accomplished before I got into navigational difficulties—a visit to the First Precinct police station, at Old Slip, to inquire into the problems of maintaining law and order in a part of the city that alternates daily between being absurdly overpopulated and absurdly underpopulated. I had a six-o'clock appointment with Captain James Light, the commanding officer, and it was almost that when I emerged from the station of the West Side I.R.T. at Wall and William. The limousines had gone, and so had almost all the dismounted commuters, though there was still a hurrying figure to be seen now and then, tardily heading out of the district. There were plenty of lights on in the big banks and office buildings, attesting to the fact that late workers were keeping the economy humming—or, perhaps, that scrub-women and night-shift guards were coming on duty. As I followed the eastward curve of William Street into Hanover Square, I was aware of the same sort of hush, broken by anachronistic stirrings, that settles over Yankee Stadium half an hour after the end of a ball game. Crossing Pearl Street, I entered Old Slip, where I passed a couple of seamen rolling merrily along, and then an old derelict sitting with his back against a building wall and a bottle between his knees. It was the hour when the nighttime life of the district was just beginning to take over.

The First Precinct station house stands on a traffic island in the middle of Old Slip, only a few yards from the East River. Designed by two brothers (one of whom—Richard Howland Hunt—was co-designer, with his father, of the central section of the Metropolitan Museum) and built in 1910, it is a massive, forbidding slab of a building, its lower windows heavily barred. Captain Light's office, to which I was escorted by the desk sergeant, was at the eastern end of the second floor. It was a far from cozy room, its walls unadorned except for charts and maps relating to police work; in an adjoining back room there was an iron cot that I supposed the Captain used for cat naps. Through a window I could see cars passing on an



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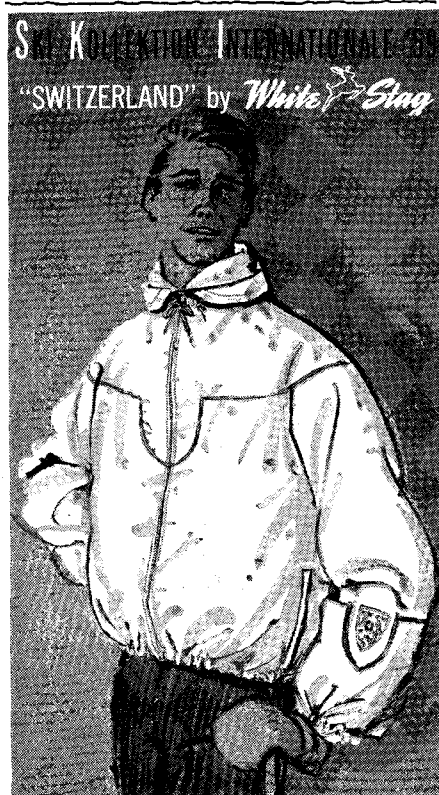


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elevated portion of the drive just outside the office, and, beyond them, a Coast Guard cutter tied up at a pier. Light, a lanky man of around fifty, with graying temples, and features that reminded me of former Mayor O'Dwyer's, was sitting at a well-worn desk, his back toward the drive and the river, and talking on the telephone. When his call was completed, he put down the phone and extended a hand to me. "Excuse the delay," he said, adding, "Just had J. P. Morgan & Company on the wire. Have a seat."

I was curious about the details of Light's call, but I remembered that in Wall Street one does not ask a man what he was just talking to Morgan's about. Then Captain Light told me anyway. "Security officer over there called me about pistol-permit regulations," he said. "Permits for guards are one of the things that keep us busy down here. We have a special permit-issuing department, but, even so, I personally interview every applicant. Is he a reliable man? Does he ever use barbiturates? Is it absolutely necessary that he have a gun? Questions like that. Nowadays, it's more complicated than it used to be, because of that Apalachin gangster raid. We've got new rules that make it harder for a man to get a permit. The number of permit holders in the financial district has dropped off quite a bit. Used to be forty-five hundred, and now it's down to around thirty-three hundred."

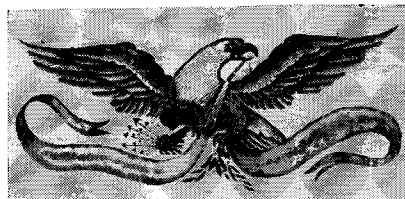
Thirty-three hundred armed men—twice the area's population at the time of the Dutch surrender! If the place had been such a bristling arsenal then as it is now, Stock Exchange prices might currently be quoted in guilders. Light settled back in his chair. "So you want to hear about police problems in the First," he said. "Well, it's a funny precinct, all right. The complement here—officers and men—amounts to around a hundred and twenty-five. That comes to one cop for about every sixteen people in the permanent population, and a cop who can't take care of sixteen people just isn't trying. But it isn't the permanent population that keeps us busy. Outside of brawls on South Street, and sometimes a knifing, our residents don't get into much trouble. When we do have trouble at night, nine times out of ten it's somebody trying to break into one of the shops up around Maiden Lane—the glass area, we call it, because of all those big plate-glass windows—and nine times out of ten the guy is somebody from outside the precinct. Business hours are our busy time—traffic accidents and petty-cash



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thefts, mostly—and it doesn't take a genius to figure out why. More people. In the daytime, we've got one cop for every *twelve thousand* people in the precinct."

Light reached in a drawer and brought out a sheet covered with figures. "No, sir," he said. "It's not our residents who keep us busy. Not enough of them. Here's our record of felony arrests for 1957. Ready? O.K. Eight robbery, twenty-nine felonious assault, twenty burglary, twenty grand larceny, and fourteen grand larceny involving automobiles. Total other felonies, twenty-three. That adds up to a hundred and fourteen arrests. I don't have the figures handy, but I'd be willing to bet that no more than two or maybe three were First Precinct residents. It's an easy place to patrol, in some ways. You hear about the juvenile and narcotics problems in the rest of the city. Practically no juvenile or narcotics problem here. You read a lot in the papers about murder, manslaughter, rape. Our last manslaughter arrest was in May, 1956—a jewelry-store holdup. It was a Saturday morning—the proprietor happened to be there anyway—and one of the three holdup men got panicky and shot him. All three were caught. Our last rape arrest—let's see, that was in 1954. If you ask me when we had our last murder arrest, I'll tell you I haven't the slightest idea. A long time ago, anyhow. Here's something interesting. We don't have many suicides. You hear about how Wall Street brokers jump out of windows—or used to. Well, maybe they did years ago, but these days we have a lower suicide rate than most precincts. And the suicides we do have usually aren't brokers. Of the last seven, four were women."

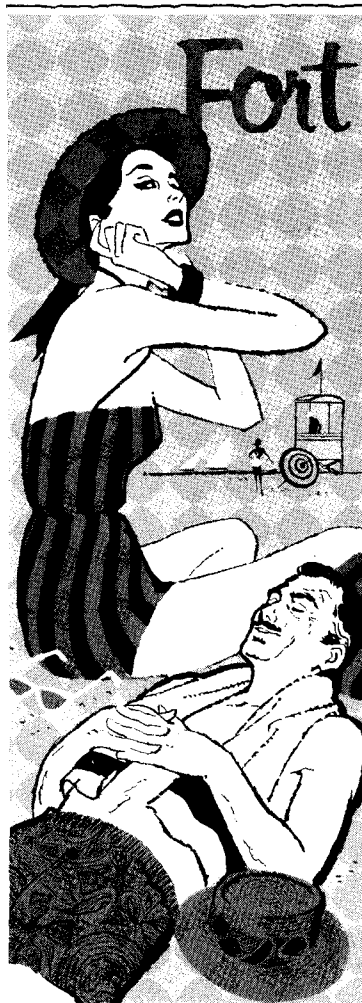
"Bank robberies? Crooked brokers?" I asked, just as a swarthy, competent-looking patrolman entered the room, bringing a cup of coffee and a sandwich for the Captain. Light introduced him to me as James Colgan, and Colgan asked if I would like a snack and some coffee, too, but I declined, since I was planning to have dinner uptown later. "Fine," Light said. "Then you can stick around, Jimmy. We're just starting to talk about bank robberies."

"What bank robberies are those?" Colgan asked. He took a chair.

Light pitched into his sandwich, grinning. After he had swallowed a husky bite of it, he said to me, "First of all, you asked about crooked brokers. Well, what they're doing is a federal offense, and when one of them gets caught, he's



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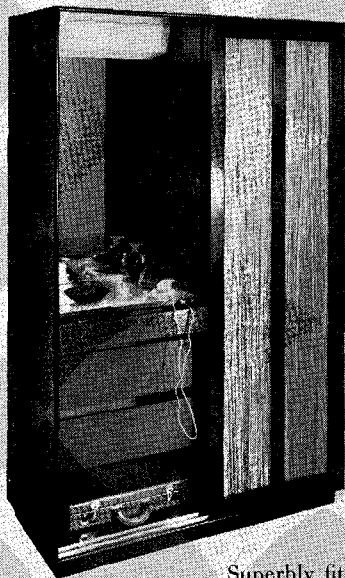
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generally booked up at the Fifth Precinct, because that's where the District Attorney's office is. So even though we're the Wall Street precinct, we don't often see the big-time, smooth-operator kind of criminal around here. Bank robbers we do handle, but we don't see many of them, either, because trying to knock over a downtown bank is like attacking a regiment with a platoon. It doesn't make sense. The way to raid Wall Street isn't with a tommy gun. Too many armed guards, no element of surprise. In the last year, there's been just one serious stickup of any kind of financial institution, and even that was sort of a fluke. Fellow went after a payroll in an insurance office at Broadway and Maiden Lane. The guy with the payroll got shot, but only because he thought the whole thing was a joke and just walked away from the stickup man. Gives you an idea of how much people who work down here expect to be held up. But you were asking about bank holdups. Let's see. As I remember it, our last holdup of that kind was in the summer of 1955. Isn't that about right, Jimmy?"

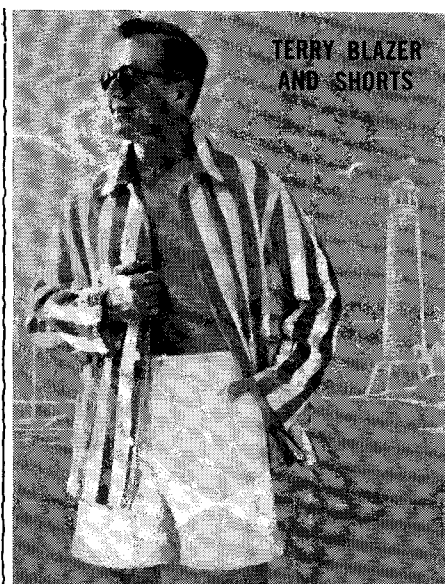
After a moment's thought, Colgan said, "That's right, four summers ago. Marine Midland Trust, on William Street."

"This fellow got away with seven thousand dollars," Light said. "He was identified in a matter of hours, and the F.B.I. picked him up in Los Angeles three days later. Three and a half years since then, and no action in the bank-robbery line."

"Funny thing, but the Wall Street crime that people talk about most around here happened thirty-eight years ago," Colgan said. "The 1920 bombing—the red wagon that blew up outside Morgan's. Supposed to have been an anarchist plot, but nobody ever proved it."

Light nodded, with the abstracted air of a man who is fishing around in his memory. "This has nothing to do with robbing a bank, either," he said presently, "but it was a Wall Street crime, and it made a lot of headlines. Early one afternoon just a couple of years ago, a tourist kid was stabbed by a teen-age securities messenger, right out in plain sight on the Street. That case was a perfect example of what makes tracking down a criminal in this precinct kind of special. But the detectives are the ones to tell that story. I think Devlin's in now. Why don't you let Jimmy take you over to his office and ask him about it?"

So I thanked Light and bade him good night, and Colgan led me down a



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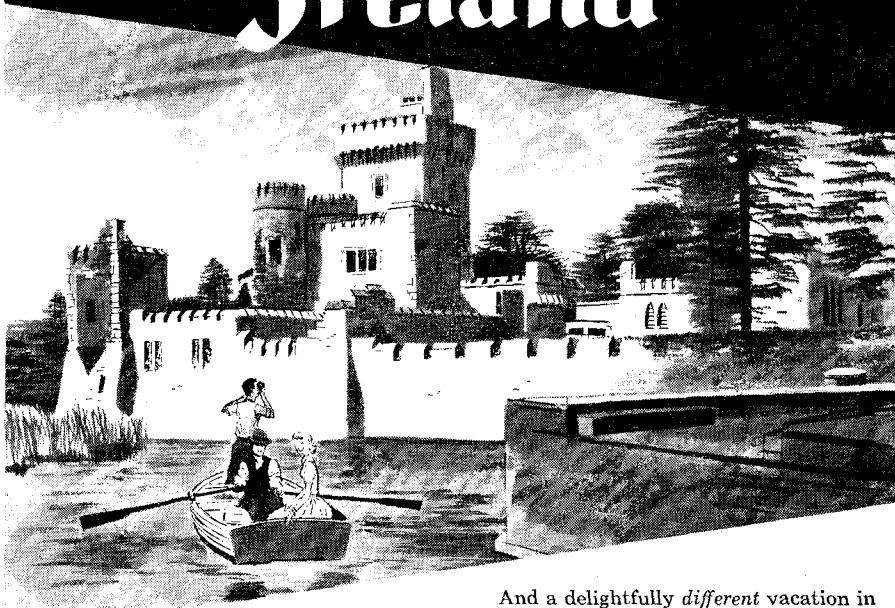
corridor toward the other end of the station house, where the detectives have their desks. On the way, we passed a window; all that was visible through it was a patch of bare brick wall and bare paved sidewalk, in the light of a street lamp—a little vignette of the whole First Precinct at night. Colgan looked out the window, too. "Nice cheerful view," he said. "Makes me think of the nights when I used to be out on the beat, before I was moved to staff work. I won't kid you, I didn't like night duty too much. I used to have the Fulton Fish Market post—whenever I could get it, I mean. That wasn't so bad; you saw people, heard them talking. Anywhere else in the precinct, all you did was walk around checking on those big glass windows and waiting for your shift to be over. You could walk for an hour or more without seeing anybody. I can tell you, brother, it was pretty lonely."

LIEUTENANT HENRY DEVLIN, a heavyset, leonine, formidable-looking man, is the First Precinct's chief of detectives. "Oh, the tourist stabbing," he said when I asked him about the case Light had mentioned. "Yeah, that was a tough one. We *had* to catch that fellow. A kid comes to see the town, he goes on a Wall Street tour to have a look at the financial center of the nation—all that. He's from Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania. And what happens? Right out on Wall Street, a couple of blocks from the Stock Exchange, he gets stabbed. Well, we can't have kids from Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania, getting stabbed on Wall Street and the assailant not getting caught. It just won't do. So we caught him.

"It was in October, 1956. This visiting kid—Richard Wynd, his name was—was seventeen years old, and he'd come with a class of high-school students on a one-day tour. The way he told it afterward, he'd just had lunch with the rest of his group and was walking along Wall Street with them when two young guys started yelling at them in dirty language. Wynd was a husky lad—weighed around a hundred and sixty-five—and he told the two guys to cut it out. There was a scuffle, and Wynd was stabbed in the abdomen, but he walked on a couple of blocks before he realized it. The only thing he could tell us to help identify the stabber was that he was carrying a messenger's bag and had big ears that stuck way out. As a matter of fact, when we eventually caught the guy he claimed the fight had been about that. Said the tour-

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ists had made remarks about his ears.

"Anyhow, look at the situation we were in. Here we had a district where there were no neighbors to give us hints, no neighborhood troublemakers to check—nothing but a million and a half people floating in and out every day. And all we knew about the guy we had to find was that he was a messenger and had big ears that stuck out. Like looking for a needle in a haystack. We had twelve detectives then—three less than now—and they all went to work on the case. We mapped out an area six blocks in every direction from where the crime had occurred, and split it into twelve parts, and each man was given one of them. The men climbed stairs and checked offices, one floor after another. Altogether, we figured out later, we checked a thousand firms, in fifty different buildings. No luck. We found a few big-eared messengers, but either their ears didn't stick out or they had valid alibis.

"We kept on checking, and early in the morning, two days after the stabbing, a guard in an investment-banking house told one of our men that he'd just seen a young guy that fitted our description going into 60 Wall. That's a twenty-seven-story building. So all we had to do then, you might think, was post cops at the doors and then search the building, office by office. But it wasn't that simple. Because from the fifteenth floor of 60 Wall there's a flying bridge over Pine Street to its annex, the 60 Wall Tower, and that's a sixty-six-story job. Of course, we put a cop on the bridge and another at the entrance to the 60 Wall Tower, but for all we knew the guy might already have crossed over the bridge.

"Anyway, we started in on 60 Wall, combing the building from the bottom up and figuring that if we didn't find the kid there, we'd have to tackle the 60 Wall Tower—all sixty-six stories. It was slow work, and it had to be done quietly. Wall Street is a place where rumors travel fast, and if the kid had known we were on his trail, he might have been able to keep out of our way for quite a while, ducking around inside the building. Well, it turned out he hadn't crossed the bridge. In fact, we caught up with him on the fourth floor, delivering some securities. After he was brought in here and questioned for half an hour or so, he admitted the stabbing. The judge put him on probation, because he was just going into military service. Wynd got well." Devlin leaned back in his chair and gazed at me. "We were lucky that

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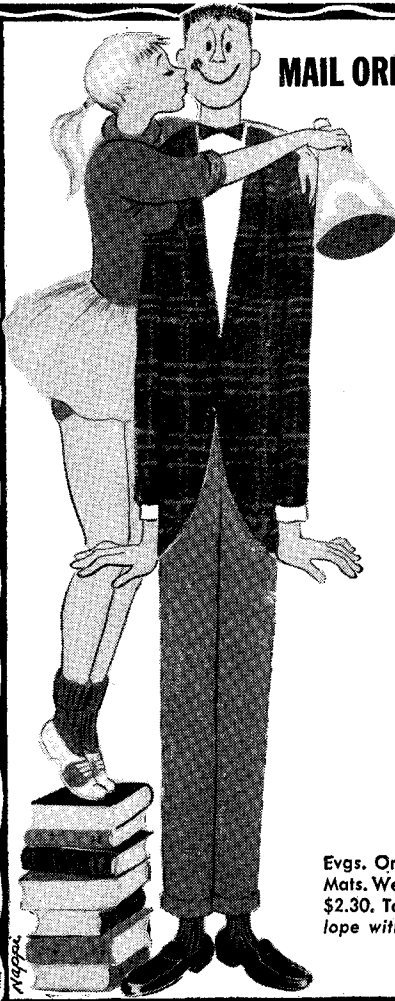
say, darling

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time," he said. "We found the needle in the haystack."

IT was later than I had expected when I left the First Precinct headquarters. My dinner engagement uptown was on the East Side, and the fastest way there, I thought, would be to take the Lexington Avenue subway at Bowling Green. Setting out through the darkness, I retraced my steps as far as Hanover Square. The old crossroads was empty of people—so conspicuously empty, in fact, that I wondered for a moment whether it had looked very different during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1823. Then, abruptly, I had the unpleasant feeling of being watched. I stopped walking and stood motionless, trying to come to grips with the sensation. Perhaps, I thought, it was one of those thirty-three hundred armed guards, appraising me from behind God knows what slit in what barred door. The watcher was totally silent. In fact, there was no noise at all except for the staccato clicking of a woman's heels on a sidewalk two or three blocks away; gradually the clicks accelerated and grew fainter, until they finally faded away in a flutter. Then silence again, until the bell in the tower of Trinity Church tolled the half hour: bong-bong-bong-bong. A few seconds later, a soft sound behind me made me jump. I turned quickly, and immediately felt foolish; a paper bag, caught by a breeze, had scraped along the sidewalk. Then I saw my watchers. They were not guards but cats—half a dozen of them, at least. They sat solemnly at various vantage points—one in front of the glass doors of the Cotton Exchange, another flattened against the brownstone façade of India House, several more out in the center of the square. Just as I was getting used to them, a human figure appeared. It was a man, who emerged from the shadows of Pearl Street and crossed over to Hanover Street. Unaccountably, he was running. I imagine now that he was just a late commuter who was in a hurry to get home, but that evening his haste was contagious, and I suddenly found myself in a hurry, too.

The route from Hanover Square to Bowling Green leads through the heart of a crooked-street section. At night, its streets are not only more nearly deserted than most but darker. As I was about to leave the square, it occurred to me that I wasn't sure which of the streets leading from it would take me most directly to Bowling Green—a dilemma I solved by turning down the one near-



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est me. This was Stone Street, little more than an alley, one end of which lies next to India House, from where it makes its tortuous way in a vaguely southwesterly direction. Stone Street is lined not with skyscrapers but with buildings four or five stories high, many of them used as lofts, although a few have been converted into spruce-looking little suites of offices. There were no cats in evidence on Stone Street. At first, I thought there were no people, either, but then I saw a lone man walking along the opposite sidewalk—a neatly dressed man, as far as I could make out, carrying a briefcase under one arm. Walking with a sort of archaic formality, he crossed to my side of the street and entered a building on which, hanging out over the sidewalk, was an old-fashioned sign reading "Hamilton Press." As the man opened the door, I heard the pleasant tinkle of a small linotype machine inside.

This homely, small-town scene banished the rather ludicrous but distinct feeling of unease I had had since seeing the cats and the running man. I continued along Stone Street, reasonably certain that I was heading in the right direction and would soon arrive at Bowling Green. But I didn't, and before long, in desperation, I began turning corners, trying to read the street signs in the dim light. South William Street, Marketfield Street, Mill Lane—the names were all familiar, and I was sure that in a normal lunchtime rush hour I could direct a confused broker or tourist to his destination from any one of them. But now I couldn't re-

member where any of them led or where they lay in relation to Bowling Green. I had no choice but to push on in what I could only hope was the right direction. In five or ten minutes, I caught a reassuring glimpse up ahead of trees silhouetted by street lamps. Bowling Green, I told myself as I hurried along, mentally halfway uptown already. And then I found myself back in Hanover Square, with the staring cats.

By this time, my pride in my topographical knowledge had evaporated completely, but I knew that there must be a way by which I could reach Bowling Green short of retreating to the First Precinct headquarters and ignominiously asking for a police escort. So I set out at a rapid walk down Hanover Street, which, like Stone, started off in the right general direction. I was only a few steps from the square when I came upon the sort of landmark I had been groping for—the old Delmonico's, with one side facing Beaver Street, which, if I remembered right, ran straight and true across Broad Street and Whitehall to Bowling Green. For all its dim emptiness, Beaver Street seemed as friendly as Fifth Avenue.

I did remember right. After crossing Broad, I felt so thoroughly liberated that I passed up a cruising taxi. On past Whitehall I swaggered, and recognized instantly the garish, colonnaded exterior of the Custom House. In front of it, of course, was Bowling Green, and, at the green's edge, the kiosk marking the entrance to the subway that would take me back to the round-the-clock city uptown. —JOHN BROOKS

SMALL SAD SONG

I am a lady
three feet small.
My voice is thin,
but listen, listen:
Before I die
my modest death,
tell me what gentlemen
do with great ladies,
for high-high now
are the thoughts I think.

Once, as a girl,
I knew how to smile.
My world stayed small
as my playmates mountained.
Dogs plagued me.
My mother mocked me.
Now I am doomed
to dwell among elephants.
Sometimes I fall
in love with a bird.

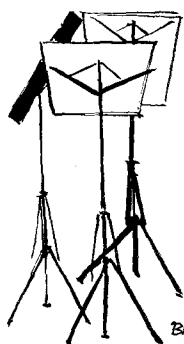
I move amongst
donkeys and monkeys.
Dwarfs paw me
with stubby hands.
I cannot look at them.
There are no friends
of a suitable size.
Giants tease me.
Men do not choose me.
A hunchback loves me.

If someone moved me,
I might make
a monstrous poem,
wild as my dreams,
but what can come
from a thumbnail lady?
Words like watch ticks,
whispers, twitterings,
suitable tinkles,
nothing at all.

—ALASTAIR REID

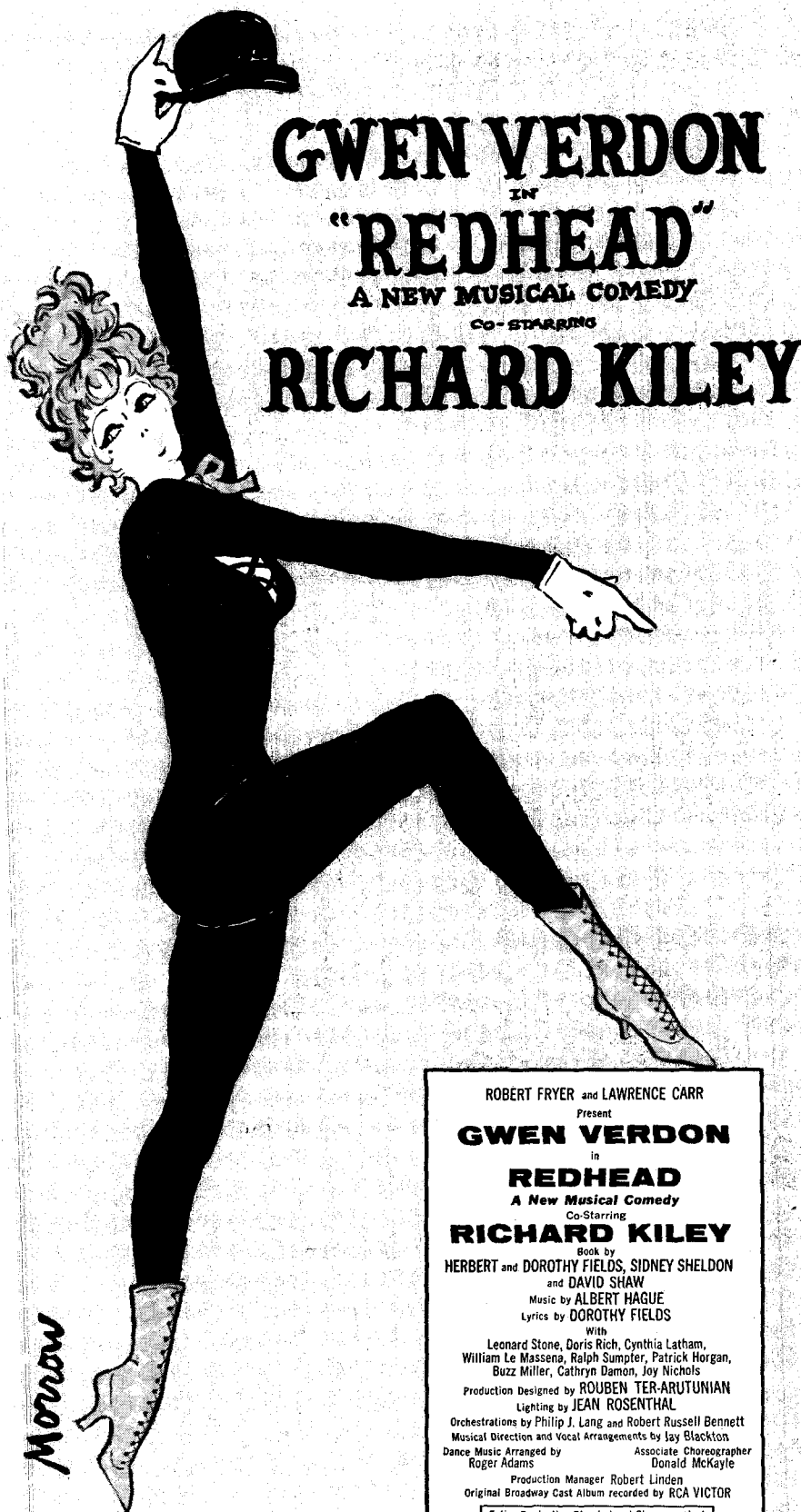
MUSICAL EVENTS

Dead End



ALTHOUGH those who have a stake in the music business seldom discuss such things out loud, it has long been quite obvious that the art of music underwent a catastrophic crisis at about the time of the First World War and has never fully recovered. The most apparent manifestation of this crisis is that audiences listening to music written before that time often leave the auditorium either elated or with tears in their eyes, whereas those listening to music written since then usually leave it coolly mumbling words like "interesting," "provocative," and "boring." I have heard—and have even invented myself—no end of sociological, historical, and technical theories to account for this curious development, or lack of it, but none of the theories seem provable, and I am left with the primary data, which indicate merely that music—and symphonic music in particular—lost its tradition at the time I have mentioned, and that nothing in the way of a new tradition has arisen to replace it. I know a number of contemporary composers who would reply, "So what? What good is tradition, anyhow?" And, to me, this reply suggests what is possibly one of the main symptoms of the disease; namely, a deplorable and profound ignorance among composers as to the nature of the art they profess.

Of course, the word "tradition" has had a derogatory, or at least an unfashionable, connotation for some time in artistic circles, where it has been used to designate the path followed by the academician or the mere imitator of formulas. And I am not sure but what there are some arts—perhaps painting is one of them—in which tradition is less important than personal style. But a painting, after all, being a handmade object whose every element is directly under the control of the artist who creates it, differs from a symphony, which, like a drama, is a work designed to be realized by performing artists, and to be listened to by a large public predisposed, through habit and education, to find in it meanings that are either familiar or



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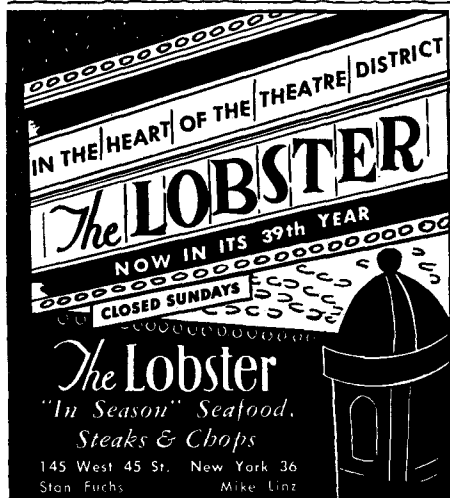
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novel in comparison to those conveyed by other creations of its type. All this, naturally, presupposes a tradition—a system of accepted norms in relation to which a composer writes and from which he may deviate, as long as he does not go so far as to lose all reference to the system. To draw the simplest possible analogy, tradition is to music what language is to literature. You can perhaps infuse new meanings into language, and you can utilize it in all sorts of ways, but you cannot write without reference to it, or pretend it doesn't exist, or attempt to create a private language of your own, for all such courses end in the defeat of meaning. The loss of the symphonic tradition coincided with the 1914-18 war, and it would be easy to accept the proposition that symphonic music had been largely a Germanic contribution and that the defeat of the Central European powers somehow caused the defeat of symphonic music. But I am afraid that this proposition is too simple. In the first place, good symphonic music had been written outside Germany and Austria, and, in the second place, the crisis of tradition affected the victors as well as the vanquished.

I was reminded of all this last week when Sir John Barbirolli returned to the podium of the Philharmonic, from which he had been absent since 1943, and brought along two British compositions that admirably illustrate my point. The first of these was Edward Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for Strings, Op. 47, and the second was Ralph Vaughan Williams' Eighth Symphony. Both are the work of gifted and industrious men, experts at every phase of the art of composition. Both are compositions of serious intention, and certainly no one could accuse the late Ralph Vaughan Williams of being an irresponsible radical. (He considered himself a conservative composer and was widely regarded, during his life, as Britain's sturdiest symphonist.) Yet both compositions are products of their respective times, which were 1905 for the Elgar work and 1956 for that of Vaughan Williams, and the contrast is rather striking. Elgar's idiom, in this work as well as in most of his others, is cosmopolitan, not to say Germanic, in predominant feeling. It lies somewhere between Brahms and Richard Strauss in its technical methods, and is eloquent, confident, and capable of producing real emotional elation. I had never heard this particular composition before, and I heartily recommend it as one of Elgar's most beautiful ones. The

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Vaughan Williams symphony, on the other hand, is, like most contemporary symphonies, a study in style and technical dexterity. It has its moments of adroit orchestration, of effective impressionism, and (in the Scherzo) of wry humor in a somewhat Prokofieffian vein. But its tradition is not secure, and it wanders from *salade-russe* comedy to reminiscences of the medieval church modes, giving, on the whole, an air of aimless eclecticism. I am afraid that I can apply to it only that kindly meant but really hopelessly damning adjective "interesting."

As for Mr. Barbirolli's return to the helm of the Philharmonic, it was apparent from the very start of the concert that he has matured greatly since the days when he was used as a sort of stop-gap, helping plug the vast vacancy left by the resignation of Arturo Toscanini in 1936, and that he has become a maestro of considerable authority and assurance. He proved this both in the Elgar and the Vaughan Williams works and in Brahms' Second Piano Concerto, in which Gina Bachauer was the soloist. For her part, Miss Bachauer played with great brilliance, thundering tone, and—except in a few places where I could have desired a bit more delicacy—a masterly command of the Brahms style.

I ATTENDED the performance of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" at the Metropolitan last week, mainly to see how the young American conductor Thomas Schippers, who was conducting it for the first time, would do with a Verdi opera. I found Mr. Schippers in need of mellowing, and a little insistent and rigorous about his fortissimos. But this did not surprise me, and I must say that from the technical point of view, and in the crucial matters of correct tempo, clean ensemble, and properly placed climax, he did a fairly arresting job. Of the cast, Richard Tucker was, as might be expected, superb as Riccardo, and he was ably supported by the rest, who included Antonietta Stella, Robert Merrill, Laurel Hurley, Nicola Moscona, Norman Scott, and Jean Madeira, the last managing to give some verve and style to the role of Ulrica, which has always seemed to me one of the most unrewarding major parts in the whole operatic repertory.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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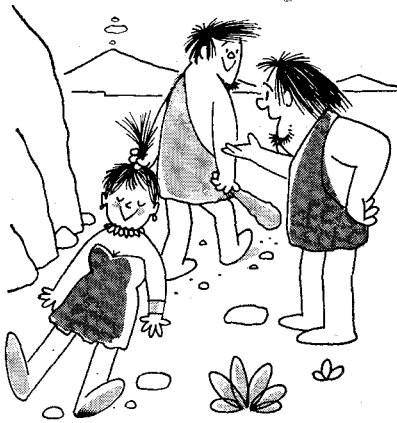
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"Yeah, sort of."

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THE ALLOWANCE

MRS. CROSS was in the way, and knew it—standing there on the crowded pavement, making the stream of shoppers split around her like a river around a rock—but what else could she do? She couldn't leave her daughter standing there. The two of them had come up to London for an afternoon's shopping. Mrs. Cross tried not to feel as if she were taking the dog out for a walk. It was no use losing her patience. She must expect these sudden new tricks in a girl; above all, she must not comment on them. Growing up is a jerky process, but at least Monica *was* growing up—and high time, too; her parents had just about given up hope. She had begun, for example, to pay attention to clothes. She occasionally put on a sweater and skirt—from those long-neglected sweaters and skirts, so carefully chosen by her mother—instead of reaching blindly, mechanically, for her riding clothes as soon as she got up in the morning. And the new phase, this use of makeup, which was taking Monica such an age that very moment, was merely another step along the right path. Mrs. Cross, a conscientiously modern mother, had herself done what she could do to encourage the girl to use cosmetics. Now Mrs. Cross shifted her weight from one leg to the other, and went on waiting in silence.

Monica was standing pigeon-toed in the middle of the pavement, powdering her nose. She was incapable of carrying out such an unfamiliar operation at a walk; managing the open compact, the puff, and her handbag took all her attention. The compact looked new but was not. A gift from a bachelor godfather on Monica's fifteenth birthday, nearly a year before, it had been left in its original tissue paper, and put away for many months. The handbag was equally old and looked equally new for the same reason.

With desperate gravity, Monica rubbed powder on her nose and then rubbed it off. She gave not the slightest glance at her mother while she did this. She closed the compact and stowed it in the bag. She fished up her lipstick—this *was* new; it had been bought for her only the day before—and opened and poised it for action before recollecting that she needed the mirror that was in the compact. This meant more rum-

maging and an even more delicate balance of implements in her hands, but though Mrs. Cross was waiting to give help, Monica did not ask for it. Ultimately, she reddened her mouth. She closed the compact, she closed the lipstick, she put them both away, she closed the bag. She and her mother resumed walking. Presently, Monica said, with a gratified smile, "I expect I ought to pay Mr. Thompson a hundred pounds after the holidays. I owe it to him."

"Who's Mr. Thompson?" asked Mrs. Cross.

"Our history master. I bet him I wouldn't use lipstick until I was twenty-one, if ever, and here I am doing it and I'm not quite sixteen."

They were heading toward a bus stop. Mrs. Cross led the way; they could not walk side by side in that throng of marketers—women with shopping baskets, women pushing prams that cut great swaths through the crowd, men walking hand in hand with small boys. Mrs. Cross had a determined way about her, and even the prams didn't hold her up, but Monica did, once again. She stopped abruptly to look at a window display, and her mother had to go back and join her.

"Look at that awful evening dress," said Monica raptly. "Oh, isn't it awful? Those ruffles! A lot of girls at school have party dresses like that, poor things. Their mothers pick them out. Mummy?"

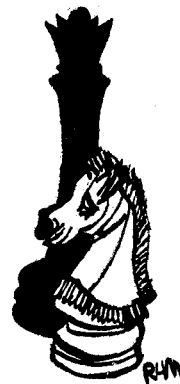
"Yes?"

They turned away from the window and went on. Monica said, "Why don't I get a regular allowance?"

"An allowance?" Mrs. Cross repeated, on a rising note. "Really, darling! You know perfectly well why you don't. Because you've always

flatly refused to accept one, every time I suggested it, that's why. I must say!" She managed to laugh, but she was annoyed, and it showed. Monica stared at her with big blank eyes, no trace of recollection in them. "You must remember," her mother continued. "It isn't as if it was my idea alone. Your father's asked you if you didn't want pocket money every week, and you told him you'd rather not. You said you were afraid to carry money around. You said you'd only lose it."

"Did I?" Monica sounded as if she were hearing a new, enticing tale about somebody else. "I expect I thought it



was too much of a fag, counting change and everything. But if you don't mind, I'd like one now."

"I don't mind," said Mrs. Cross. "I don't mind. I tell you I suggested it."

Monica said, "Well, I mind. I mean, I hate to take your money. That's all I do—take things. I'd love to be independent and earn my own living. Do you know, Philippa was paid five pounds every single week through the summer holiday? She typed in an office."

"A holiday ought to be a holiday," said Mrs. Cross. She held Monica's arm, crossing the street. The child never looked at traffic.

"Gwen's actually quitting school," said Monica, "and she's going to work any minute now, here in London. She'll be earning her living. I do wish you'd let me—"

Mrs. Cross interrupted. "You can do baby-sitting," she said. "I've mentioned it before."

"I know, Mummy, but we don't know any babies, and it's no fun."

"Besides, we're getting so close to the end of the holidays," said Mrs. Cross. "But getting back to that allowance. Of course you should have it. It must be very humiliating, having to ask us for money, as you do, whenever you want to go out."

"You're always giving me things," repeated Monica. "I do wish I could give you things—you and Daddy."

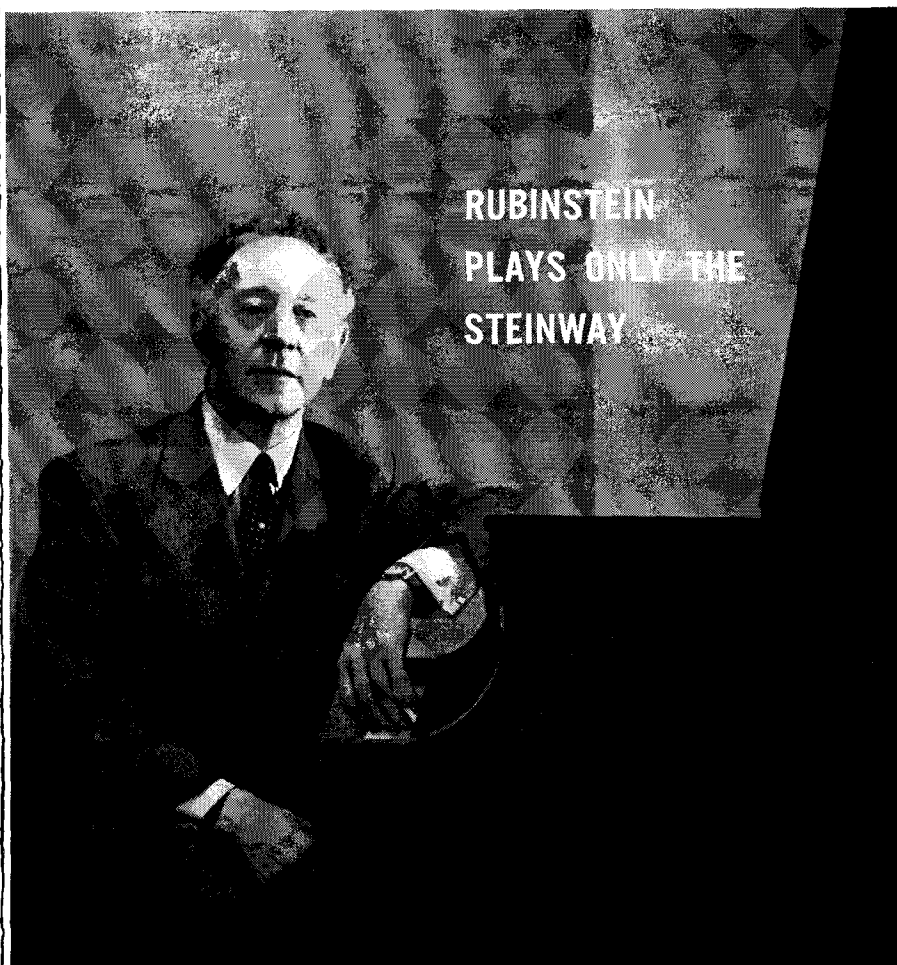
"Mind that car," said Mrs. Cross as they came to another street corner. "You can give us things when the time comes. Later. Darling, do watch where you're going. That van nearly got you." They reached the bus stop and halted in the queue. "How much of an allowance, do you think?" she asked.

Again Monica looked blank and big-eyed. She said, "I haven't a clue."

"But surely you must have some idea. What about the other girls? What do they get?"

For a person who hadn't a clue, Monica answered very promptly. "It depends on what it's for. Some are given a hundred pounds a year, and buy their own clothes out of it. I wouldn't want to do that, though. I wouldn't know how. Would ten shillings a week, do you think— It sounds like such a lot, though."

The bus rolled up, and they found seats together. Settling in, Mrs. Cross said, "It's not a lot when you consider that it costs eight shillings for a day ticket from the school to London. Oh, no, ten shillings won't take you far. Even not counting London, if you go to the pictures now and then, have tea



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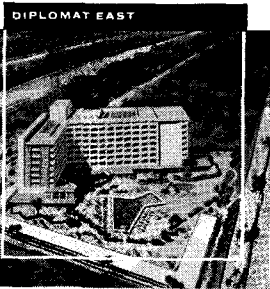
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"It sounds like masses." Monica was gloomy. A stranger would have thought she was being forced to hand out money, rather than receive it. However, after a moment, she said, more cheerfully, "I can always give back what I don't use, can't I? Thank you, Mummy." She squeezed her mother's arm.

"We'll get an account book and do it properly," said Mrs. Cross. She looked out the window and stood up in the swaying bus. "Come on, darling—careful, now. Careful. Don't get out until it's quite stopped."

TWO days later, at breakfast, Monica said, in a casual tone, "I think I might go up to London today."

Mr. Cross looked up at her from his paper and frowned, as if puzzled. He glanced questioningly at his wife, but she said nothing, so he relaxed again. What was to be would be. These things overtake you when you least expect them. Children are born, children grow older, and, first thing you know, they're standing on their own feet. Well, why not? He turned to an inside page.

Monica said, "Mummy, you weren't going up to town yourself, were you?"

"As a matter of fact, I was," said Mrs. Cross. She added, after a slight pause, "Don't let me interfere with your plans. I'm going on the nine-thirty, but you needn't."

"What did you say?" Mr. Cross's attention was again caught, and he held the newspaper suspended, like a great sprawling kite, over his coffee cup. "What did you say?" he repeated indignantly. "Going on separate trains? Then how, may I ask, will you manage about getting to the station? There's only the one bus in the morning. Why do such an extraordinary thing?"

"Oh, it was nothing." Mrs. Cross looked down at her plate. "I merely thought it might be too early for Monica, but you're right, of course. Ready at nine o'clock, darling?"

Monica seemed about to say something, but remained silent.

At the little station, Monica and her mother stood in the ticket-buying line, Mrs. Cross to the fore. She reached the window and said, "Two day-returns to London, please—Oh, wait a minute." Monica was tugging her arm. "Sorry, darling, I forgot," she said, and turned back to the clerk. "One day-return, please."

She stepped aside with her ticket and



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waited, eyes averted, while Monica bought her own. Then, unsteady in new high-heeled shoes, Monica walked with her mother up the steps to the platform. During the fifty-minute trip to town, little was said. A silent question made the air uneasy. Why was Monica going to London? One must not ask; certainly one must not ask, though it was such a little thing.

A guard was collecting tickets, as English guards do, at the point where the Crosses stepped from the train platform into the London station, and Mrs. Cross took out hers and tore off the return half, ready to hand over the other. Monica did likewise. She did it with a proud air; it was the first time she had handled her own ticket. They had gone several paces beyond the gate when the guard called, "Lady! You've give me the wrong half."

They halted, and Monica said accusingly to her mother, "He's talking to you."

"He is not," said Mrs. Cross, faintly indignant, looking at the stub in her hand. "It's you."

Monica went back and swapped stubs. Somehow, the incident cleared the air, instead of making matters tenser; she was jaunty when she came back. She said proudly, "He called me 'Lady'—did you hear him? It must be my shoes."

"Now put that ticket in your hand-bag, dear," said Mrs. Cross.

They came to the station entrance and looked warily at each other. Mrs. Cross said, "Well . . ." At the same moment, Monica said, "Mummy . . ."

"Sorry, darling," said Mrs. Cross. "What is it?"

"No," said Monica, "I interrupted you. What were you going to say?"

"Nothing, really. Nothing very important. Oh, yes. It's just that I'm going to catch the four-fifteen back. What about you?"

The question was still unspoken, but Mrs. Cross had got pretty near it. Monica did the handsome thing and answered it unasked. "I'll try to catch the same. Actually, Mummy, what I'm doing is looking for a dress. I need one more cotton one."

Mrs. Cross accepted the surrender without comment. "As for me," she said, "I'm going to Harrods for new cups and saucers."

Monica gave a cry of dismay. "But I was going to Harrods!"

"Why shouldn't you?" her mother asked impatiently. "There must be room for us both there."

"Yes, but I wanted to do things on

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my own. I've got to learn to get around by myself. I've got to learn to shop."

"It's simple," said Mrs. Cross.

"It's not," said Monica. "Not for me. I don't know why, but it isn't."

Mrs. Cross was not listening. She had something on her mind. She said, "Excuse me if I'm overly inquisitive, darling, but that dress— What were you intending to use for money?"

Monica chewed her knuckles. "That's what I mean," she said after a pause. "I simply forgot I didn't have enough money. I simply forgot. I'm stupid. I've got to learn."

Her mother had taken out her purse, and was counting. "A cotton dress. It shouldn't cost more than five pounds, but, just to be safe, I think you'd better have six."

"I do hate to do this," said Monica, taking the money. "Thank you so much, Mummy. I *am* so sorry I'm stupid."

"But you're not on a clothes allowance, so why shouldn't you take it? If you need a dress, you need it, that's all."

"I wish I were independent," said Monica.

They went together to the underground station, Monica planning aloud. "I'll see first what they have at Harrods," she said, "but I'm not at all sure I want to get anything. I'd like to look around afterward in those little shops on Oxford Street. But to get to Oxford Street from Harrods—" She broke off and looked worried. "Mummy, are there buses that go direct?"

"Several buses," said Mrs. Cross briskly. "If you want to wait for me— No, of course you don't. It's quite simple. Take a Thirty or a Seventy-four, and if you get lost, just ask someone."

At the entrance of Harrods, Mrs. Cross and Monica solemnly said goodbye to each other. Monica disappeared, with an eager whisk of her red coat, in the direction of the elevators. Mrs. Cross made a leisurely journey to the escalators, by way of Fruit, Banking, and Tobacco. She bought the cups and saucers, and used up quite a lot of time hunting a covered sugar bowl. The next item on her shopping list was "Raincoat, inquire price," and she set out to do this.

Harrods is a spacious store, more horizontal than vertical. If one is in a mood to look at females' garments, one goes to a particular floor and stays on it. On her way to Rainwear, therefore, Mrs. Cross wandered through a number of echoing rooms, reminiscent in their size and splendor of Hampton

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Court Palace. She passed Shoes, and Model Gowns, and French Gowns, and Budget Gowns, and was on her way through Junior Miss when, to her confusion, she saw the back of Monica's red coat. Monica was examining a model on a stand.

Mrs. Cross stopped short. Dodging behind a pillar, circling a salesgirl, she backed out of Junior Miss and made a return trip as far as Shoes. There she started for Rainwear by another route, and she had almost arrived when she saw Monica again, this time ambling in a pleased, openmouthed manner through a collection of highly unsuitable silk prints. Once more, Mrs. Cross escaped unseen. The situation was getting on her nerves. It seemed easier to leave Harrods altogether and look for raincoats elsewhere, though she was angry with herself for thinking so. Ridiculous, she thought. Nevertheless, she did leave Harrods.

That evening, at home, Mrs. Cross was unwontedly silent. Monica was quietly complacent. Eventually, after Monica had gone to bed, Mrs. Cross said, trying to sound more cheerful than she felt, "The allowance plan is really working out well for Monica. And she's learning how to shop, as well. She found herself a dress in Oxford Street today. A very good one, really, for three pounds eleven."

Mr. Cross said, "She's not still talking about leaving school and getting a job, is she?"

"Not so often."

"Because that would be a bad thing, I feel," said Mr. Cross.

"Oh, fatal," said Mrs. Cross. "I discourage the idea whenever she brings it up."

"She's— I don't know. She seems such a dependent sort of a girl," said Mr. Cross. "It wouldn't work."

IT had become family routine, through the years, that on the day Monica went back to school after any holiday her parents should take her into London and give her lunch, ordering whatever she wanted to eat, in the old condemned-man tradition. Afterward, Mr. Cross would go about his affairs, and Mrs. Cross would see Monica off on the school train. But this time, they learned, Monica had made other plans. "You don't mind, do you?" she asked. "The thing is, Philippa and I want to see that exhibition at the Gallery before we go back to school. There isn't a lot of time before the train, and I fixed it up to meet her there on the dot, at the entrance. I'll have to



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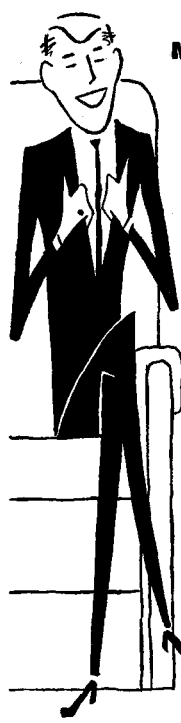
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take a taxi from the station as soon as we get in. And Mummy—never mind about lunch. I won't need it, actually. We'll go straight to the school train, you see, from the Gallery, and there wouldn't be time. Honestly, Daddy, I won't need lunch. I don't want lunch. I don't have to have lunch every single day—"

"I simply don't understand," said Mrs. Cross. "It seems an extraordinary arrangement. After all, when the three of us are going up to London in any case—"

"Well, if it comes to that—" Monica began. Then she checked herself, and said, in a different tone, "I know what we can do, Mummy. You could look after my suitcase, couldn't you? While I'm at the Gallery. You and Daddy have lunch, and then you meet me at the train and bring along a cheese sandwich or something. Wouldn't that be all right?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Cross.

In the morning, therefore, in the London station, Monica kissed her father goodbye, handed her suitcase to her mother, and walked off with a firm step to the taxi rank. Mrs. Cross stood rather forlornly, the suitcase at her feet. "I'll look after this," she said to her husband. "I'll take a taxi, too. Meet you at the club at twelve-thirty."

She was thoughtful and absent-minded as she gave directions to the taxi-driver. It would have been much more sensible to go right along to the Gallery in the same cab with Monica and let her out there; the shopping district was not far from the Gallery. But somehow she hadn't wanted to make the suggestion.

Traffic moved slowly at that time of the morning, and the taxi was soon halted at a red light, lined up in a row with three other cars. Another taxi was on the left of Mrs. Cross's, and as she looked at it, her idle glance suddenly sharpened. Monica was in that taxi. She was not looking at her mother; she was staring straight ahead. But she had seen Mrs. Cross—she must have seen her, for she was flushed and angry. The red light changed, and the cars pulled away, Monica's ahead.

Mrs. Cross, too, was flushed and angry. "As if it was my fault!" she said aloud.

"What was that, Madam?" asked the driver over his shoulder.

"Nothing, thank you."

The devil was in the traffic that morning. Twice more the two taxis sat next to each other at the lights. The third time, Monica turned her head, met her mother's eyes, and laughed. She

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rolled down her window and called, "Slow, isn't it?"

"Do you want—" Mrs. Cross began, and at that moment the taxis separated and went off in different directions.

At three o'clock, on the school-train platform, among other girls and parents, Mrs. Cross handed over to her daughter the suitcase, a copy of *Punch*, and a packet containing cheese, apples, and a sausage roll. "You should have had lunch," she said mournfully.

"I'm all right, Mummy," said Monica. "Please don't fuss. It's been a lovely holiday, and I do think I've learned something. Boasting apart."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cross, "it did a lot of good, I think, that allowance."

"Oh, yes," said Monica. "Which reminds me. I've been counting up. I'm awfully sorry, but—I don't think a pound's enough, after all. I think it'll have to be thirty shillings. I don't see how I can be independent on less."

The train whistle blew. Monica bent forward for a farewell kiss. "Poor little Mummy," she said lovingly. She got aboard.

—EMILY HAHN

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"But where?" I asked, bewildered, lost. "Go seek," they said, "the space of Frost;

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I harked, and heard, and here I live, Delighted to be relative.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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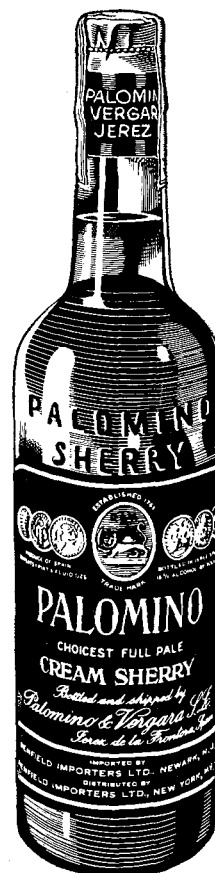
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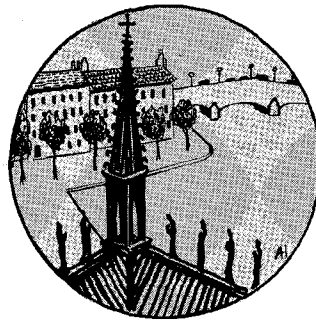
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 29

WITH Christmas falling on Thursday and the foreign-exchange offices of all French banks being exceptionally ordered closed on Friday, the new de Gaulle government had at its disposal four paralyzed days (including the normal banking hiatus of Saturday and Sunday) for taking its first unavoidable big step—this last weekend's devaluation of the franc by 17.55 per cent, or something more than a sixth. It now officially stands at 493.70 to the dollar. The calendar timing was propitious, coming as the aftermath of a merry Christmas and just prior to the firm resolutions of the new year, of which the devaluation now becomes part. After six postwar devaluations, only this seventh one is drastic enough to do real good, for on top of cutting the costly, bogus level of the franc itself, it also cuts away costly deadwood in many governmental realms, being not only a monetary reform but part of a budgetary and financial one. It is, of course, somewhat inaccurate to refer to France as having any specific postwar period, because since the peace of 1945 she has mostly been at war, first in Indo-China and still in Algeria. It has been war and occupation, over the better part of twenty years, that have bled the franc.

The French people of all classes are understandably depressed by the changes that the devaluation and other financial measures are going to lay on the line for them beginning on January 1st. Finance Minister Pinay's slogan for his deficit budget is "austerity and sacrifice," to avoid "facing bankruptcy within a year." By his calculations, the cost of living must rise, because a modern French government is, for once, raising taxes and slicing its subsidies to save itself and, it hopes, the nation. Under extra taxation, tobacco, wine, and gasoline will all jump in price, along with bread, the real staff of French life; coal is going up, and so are noodles and rice, formerly the cheap evening meal; there will be a boost in electricity, gas, and postal rates and an increase in national and suburban train fares (though none for Métro and bus tickets); and because of annulled subsidies there will be another permitted rent rise—of as much as twenty-five per cent in the case of old leases. The subsidies to the peasantry—

mostly on wheat, milk, and sugar beets, a main crop here—have been abolished, as the farmers' enforced contribution to austerity. To the millions of modest French, these changes will bring a real physical pinch that will hurt. The income tax has been put up, and so has the tax levied on commerce, agriculture, and the liberal professions. The famous, debatable "exterior signs of riches"—the



possession of a country house as well as a town house, of motorcars in plural numbers, and so on—now automatically figure in a progressive surtax on income. Everyone is going to have to stump up, one way or another. As the independent *Monde* gravely remarked, "The

country is living largely beyond its means; it consumes more than it produces and imports more than it exports, and until now it has been able to do so only by practicing inflation within and begging abroad." To be feared, in the candid view of the Paris press, is an over-all lift in prices inside France, because all the raw materials or civilized necessities that France buys outside—cotton, copper, rubber, coffee, tea, Spanish oranges, and the like—will now be, in essence, 17.55 per cent dearer, though the franc's being devalued below its free-market figure is, in theory, supposed to cover these import margins. What is hoped is that since France can now sell cheaper, she will sell more, to help sweeten the pot; a French product that last week was selling for six dollars in the United States can now sell for a dollar less.

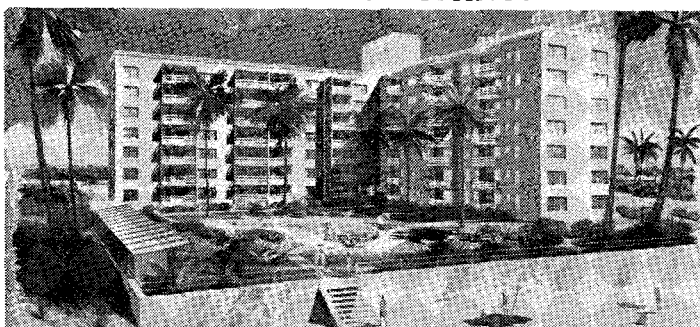
The introduction of what has already been termed the *franc Gallus*—the new hard franc of the Gauls, or of de Gaulle, equal to one hundred present-day francs—will, according to Pinay, "formally consecrate France's monetary re-establishment," but it will not be put into circulation for another six months. This solid franc will be accompanied by the old familiar clink in one's pockets of revived centime and five- and ten-sou pieces, the last to be worth, as it was long ago, a whole silver dime. Already the French have been told by the government that in this new currency exchange of one kind of French money for another there will be absolutely no question of their first being obliged to hand over their currency to any bank, and that "there will also be no question of

the government's taking any percentage on this exchange, nor will there be any blocking of bank accounts;" in short, "the exchange will be made without inquisition or vexation." This tranquilizer was deemed necessary because so many French, some certainly with bad consciences, still recall that bitterly comic hurly-burly early in 1948 when the government, to crack down on the undeclared black-market fortunes and also in a vain effort to check inflation even then, called in all the five-thousand-franc notes. These were exchangeable at the banks for newly printed paper money of the same denomination but of a different size and design—with fifteen thousand francs as the maximum that any one person was allowed to carry away, a receipt being given for the rest. This governmental demand threw the rich B.O.F.s—the *beurre-œuf-fromage* gentry who had made fortunes selling to the hungry during the war—into a panic. In the bank lines one saw concierges, poor family relatives and friends, and needy anonymous old parties waiting to hand in, for others, the legal sum, on which they got a fat cut for their services and silence. Some of the frightened super-rich, even more generous, threw packets of the incriminating five-thousand-franc notes out of train windows, in the hope that somebody by the roadside might be poor and honest enough to safely profit by them. Never did the cash-money troubles of the rich seem so funny to everybody else. Hence the calming counsel just given well in advance to the French public about their next money exchange.

Last March, the original franc—in history called the *franc Germinal*—was a hundred and fifty-five years old. It was created on the 7th Germinal of the year XI, according to the calendar set up after the Revolution, meaning March 28, 1803, and was minted of silver to the value of 290.3 milligrams of gold (or about three francs to the present dollar). In modern times, the Germinal franc had its first official alteration and setback in 1928, under Premier Poincaré, when it was reduced to 25 to the dollar; in 1940 it was devalued again, by Premier Reynaud, to 40 to the dollar. After the Liberation, it was dropped first to 49 to the dollar and then to 120 to the dollar by de Gaulle himself, as head of the constituent government, and in 1948 it again fell twice—to 214 under Premier Schuman in January, and to 263 under Premier Queuille in October. Premier Queuille dropped it to 272 in April, 1949, and to 350 in October of that

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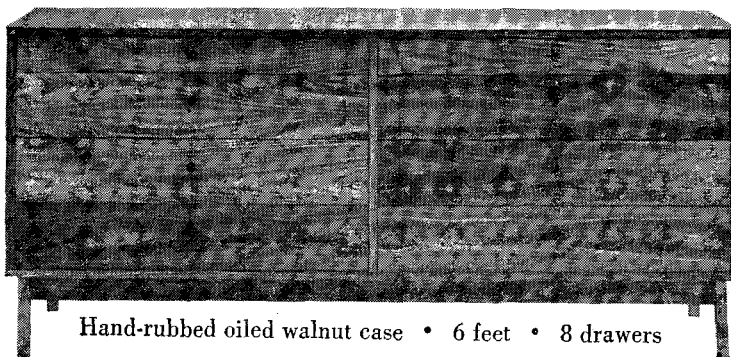
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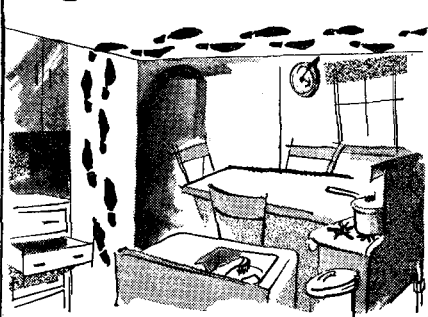


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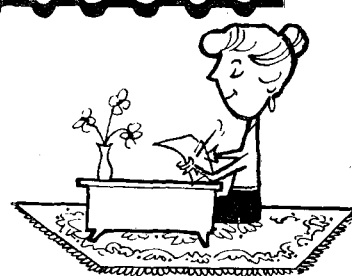
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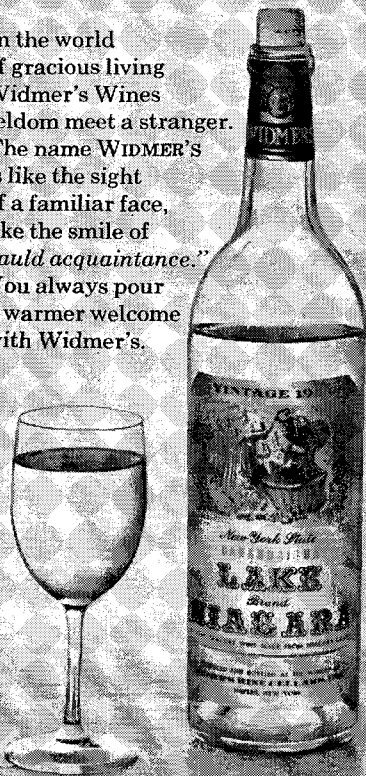
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year, and in the summer of 1957 it was lowered to 420 by young Premier Bourges-Maunoury. Now, in the Fifth Republic, it has gone to 493.7, worth 1.8 milligrams of gold. The aim of setting next year's *franc Gallus* at one to a hundred has the psychological goal—invaluable in the patriotically proud General de Gaulle's estimation—of renewing French prestige in the eyes of the world and, above all, in the eyes of the French themselves, since the franc will then finally be equal to the West German mark.

IN General-President de Gaulle's nationally televised Sunday-night broadcast concerning his government's dramatic financial measures, he looked to be much more vigorous than on the recent afternoon when he appeared at the temporary session of Parliament. His voice, the characteristically awkward, sudden gestures of his hands—as if discarding something—his whole mien, and his mental and physical presentation were energetic, authoritative, and certain. There were perhaps one or two occasions when he seemed to ad-lib, as if to make his lofty statements clearer on rapid second thought, in a speech that lasted precisely fifteen minutes and that he had written himself, as is his custom, and then committed to memory—this last an amazing feat of brain and concentration for a man of his age. It must be understood that if President Eisenhower's state of health was at one moment of sufficient emotional concern to the United States to affect the stock market, de Gaulle's condition of body and mind is of far vaster importance to France, because, on his own terms, he is literally all that the country now possesses for the state to rest on. In the opening portion of his Sunday speech, he said that the repeated recent elections and the referendum had confirmed him in his task, and added, "As the guide of France and chief of the republican state, I shall exercise the supreme power." He spoke pungently, being gifted with French literary talent and with a style formed by rich and extensive classical reading. Among other notable sentences was his statement that if the country "has charged me with leading it, this is because it wishes to go forward, certainly not toward what is facile but toward effort and renovation." He also said, with a touch of his dry humor, that of late France had been vacillating "between drama and mediocrity." Of the devaluation, he said, "Furthermore, for the old French franc, so often mutilated by our

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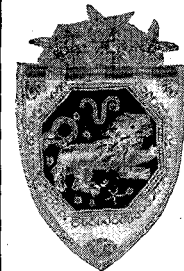
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vicissitudes, our wish is that it regain the substance conformable to the respect due to it." The key of his speech was that his financial measures could base the French nation on what he called, in a near pun, "*vérité et sévérité*"—thus reuniting for his listeners these two grave, intimately related words, which "alone can permit France to rebuild its prosperity." He ended by apostrophizing, in a loud voice of conviction, "*Peuple français, grand peuple! Fierte, courage, esperance! Vive la République! Vive la France!*" The General's supreme power, and also personality, may be required to combat what remains of the French political Left. Already aroused by his speech, it declares that he is principally sacrificing only the lower ranks of France, and that to equalize the burden of soaring living costs, which the well-to-do can more easily meet, the working class should at once be given higher wages. This is, alas, a familiar old story.

IN France, New Year's Day, more than Christmas, is still the traditional fête day for giving annual remembrances, especially monetary, to those who, in one way or another, have performed services for you throughout the year. For instance, you give a thousand francs to your postman when he comes to your door and politely presents you with the post office's traditional fine calendar—a large, medieval-looking cardboard, with handsome red-and-black lettering, that lists the saints' names for each day and the phases of the moon. If your cook, maid, butler, or chauffeur has actually stuck with you for a full year, it is de rigueur to give him or her a New Year's gratuity equal to half a month's salary, and one equal to three weeks' salary if he or she is really a faithful old retainer. This year, though, there has been something new. In the shortage of French household servants in Paris, many cooks, maids, and butlers are now Italian. To them, on this New Year's Day, you give your remembrance calculated in the new lowered francs—easily exchangeable for Italian lire in the new, liberalized convertibility.

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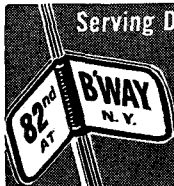
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Man's Inhumanity to Man



IF Nikos Kazantzakis, the author of the recently published epic poem called "The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel," and of several earlier novels, were alive today, it is unlikely that he would find anything to complain about in Ben Barzman's and Jules Dassin's French movie adaptation of his book "The Greek Passion." Here titled "He Who Must Die," the story has been transformed into a picture of remarkable power, under the direction of Mr. Dassin, who made the film on Crete with a cast combining professional actors and astoundingly capable peasants. The plot has its philosophical core in the unhappy proposition that if Christ were to return to earth today he would be as sorely tried as he was two thousand years ago. The theme, of course, is familiar, but there is nothing familiar in the way this movie goes about its work, save in the initial scenes. In them, we are introduced to the residents of a small Greek community under Turkish domination (the time is around the end of the First World War) who are busy selecting the leading performers for a Passion play. The players finally chosen are hardly unexpected; the town whore is to portray Mary Magdalen, her leading consort is to represent Judas, and an amiable postman, an uxorious innkeeper, and the kindly son of the town's leading citizen are to be prominent disciples. As for Christ, he is to be played by a shepherd who has a speech defect. With the permission of the Turk in charge of the village, the preparations for the pageant are going along swimmingly, but presently a band of Greeks from a far-off community approach, seeking charity. After a good deal of melodrama, all of it effective, they are turned away by the chief priest of the village and take up residence, under the leadership of their priest, on some nearby barren hills. It is now that our make-believe apostles, Christ, and Magdalen become just such advocates of charity as they might have been centuries ago, and presently they have made common cause with the outcasts; faced up to the village elders, who are under the heel of their narrow-minded chief priest; and even joined the sad strangers in a hopeless

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Obviously, we have here, in the village fathers, an equivalent of the Pharisees; in the Turks, the Romans; and in the wayfaring strangers, the early Christians. But Mr. Dassin has introduced some remarkable variations into this story, and his camera has found some magnificent scenes in Crete to dwell on. The actors seem as dedicated to their task as Mr. Dassin himself, and there are superb portrayals by Pierre Vanneck, as Christ; Melina Mercouri, as Mary Magdalen; Gregoire Aslan, as the Turkish headman; Fernand Ledoux, as the priestly Pharisee—and, to make an end to an honorable roll call, by everybody else involved. Altogether, it is one of the best pictures of recent years.

THERE is a cast of sixty, plus innumerable extras, in "The Buccaneer," which was directed by Anthony Quinn, produced by Henry Wilcoxon, and supervised by Cecil B. deMille, and which has to do with the career of Jean Laffite, a pirate working out of New Orleans around 1812. If that much manpower had been as conspicuously wasted in Russia as it is here, all hands would now be in Siberia.

"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!" concerns a couple living in Putnam's Landing, Connecticut, who have two children and an uneasy marriage. In the midst of their troubles, along comes a vamp. In other words, it is one of those threadbare suburbia pictures, complete with dull jokes about community endeavors. For the record, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and Joan Collins participate, and Leo McCarey, God forgive him, is responsible for the direction. —JOHN MCCARTEN

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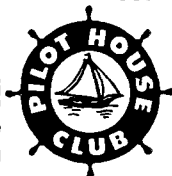
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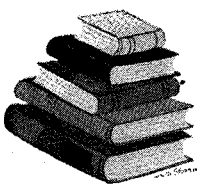
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BOOKS

Snowed Under

THERE seems to be no point in denying that the new John O'Hara novel is a failure. Faced with this situation, there will always be some readers and critics who will react with astonishment (as if they thought no established and considerable novelist had ever written a failure before) or resentment (as if they thought he had written a failure on purpose to annoy *them*), but for the rest of us the most helpful thing to do is simply to ask, as critically and yet as sympathetically as possible, what went wrong and what seems to be the trouble.

O'Hara's "From the Terrace" (Random House) requires eight hundred and ninety-seven closely printed pages to tell the story of how one man's life collapsed. It was not a very solid or towering life, and did not have to collapse very far; to an experienced novelist, the material can hardly have presented any difficult problems, and both the locale and the characters are such as Mr. O'Hara has dissected a number of times. Three hundred pages would have been ample room in which to give the whole story, taking up all its implications, moral, psychological, historical. Mr. O'Hara takes nearly a thousand. Not, of course, that this is a crime in itself; it is, in many ways, a relief to have got out of the epoch in which novelists wrote as if they were witnesses giving evidence and had been sternly cautioned not to waste the time of the court. If Mr. O'Hara could produce nine hundred interesting pages on a three-hundred-page theme, we should applaud. But his pages are not all interesting. Too many are stodgy with detail, woozy from intoxicating drams out of the nostalgia bottle. The book is invertebrate, with none of the dramatic structure that a long, detailed novel so much needs. (I imagine the routine comparison will be with Arnold Bennett, in which case we must hope that it will be made by people who have reread their Bennett fairly recently and are not relying on a distant memory of him, the point being that Bennett's longer novels are edifices, mosaics of information, whereas "From the Terrace" is a huge heap of builder's materials.) The character study that must be presumed to be the book's main element is so uneconomically conducted that when the breaking point comes, we are only dimly aware that the story has

arrived at a critical moment; the overlay of detail, like deep snow in the countryside, hides the natural configuration of the surface. And the fact that the detail is so well and lovingly done is not really a palliation. It merely irritates the reader with the thought of so much talent and patience going to waste.

This may sound harsh, even impertinent. If so, consult the book. It presents the story of a man named Alfred Eaton, a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1897. In addition, it tells, more or less in outline form, the life histories of his immediate ancestors, goes into the economy and demography of his native town, comments very fully on the course of American history during the years covered by the story, gives the syllabus Eaton is expected to complete before entering Princeton, and provides sample episodes in the lives of most of the people who at any time pass through his orbit. We know enough about his parents to furnish material for a complete novel about each, and there are very few questions we could not answer about the coachman, the two female indoor servants, Alfred's best college friend, the two uncles of the college friend, the parents of the girl Alfred marries, and so on. When, at the age of fourteen, he goes to a preparatory school, we are immediately given full portraits of the master in charge of his house and the boy who

shares his room, neither of whom has any lasting part to play in the story. When he returns in 1919 from active service in Europe, he naturally brings with him a few presents for his friends and relatives. Mr. O'Hara tells us all about these presents: "For his father, a pair of worked-gold cuff links from Carpentier; for his mother, an amethyst pin from Cartier; for his sisters, gold pencils from Asprey; for Josephine and Nellie, silver rosary beads from a shop in Cobh; for George, a pocket-knife with many blades and tools, from a shop in the Burlington Arcade; for Lex Porter, a silver cigarette lighter from Dunhill's; for Mrs. Porter, a box of Liberty squares; for Fritz Thornton, a stock pin in the shape of a hunting crop from a shop near Asprey's." Such details, of course, are not random; each has its function, in defining Alfred's taste and character, and indicating his attitude toward each recipient, which the reader can check against his own attitude. They are not random; they are simply unnecessary. Long before this catalogue appears (on page 274), we know as much as Mr. O'Hara about the kind of presents Alfred would buy and the kind of shop he would patronize. It is the same in every chapter, almost on every page. After his demobilization, Alfred takes an apartment with his friend Lex Porter. Naturally, not being the kind of young men who would do their own



cooking and sweeping, they have a servant: "Their servant was Tom Burfort, who had quit the Pullman service because of a hernia, the long absences away from home, the drafty cars, the inadequate sleep, the bad tips, messy women, the white conductors, and the real reason, which was that he liked to drink. . . . He was paid \$15 a week and carfare, or \$15.60 a week." It wouldn't do, you see, for the reader to get away without being told that Tom Burfort's carfare was sixty cents a week.

Even this degree of elephantiasis would not matter in itself. What makes it disturbing is that it is related to a deeper failure. Why, after all, does Mr. O'Hara heap up so much inert detail? Is it, perhaps, because of a fundamental indecision that makes his material seem oppressive to him even before he begins to handle it? For, of course, one of the lessons of literary history is that writers begin to describe, to docket, to classify, to dwell on minutiae when they do not know what to do with their material. Eighteenth-century nature poetry, for instance, took on its botanizing and discursive character as soon as Newtonian physics destroyed the old intelligible picture of nature, leaving it as something important and yet impossible to handle except externally. That is how Mr. O'Hara handles the material in his novel. Nothing can be left out, because there is no directing concept of relevance. Mr. O'Hara's work has two main pivots: one is his sense of history, and the other is his urgent concern with the problems of the flesh. The sense of history is not unlimited—it is restricted, mostly, to the slice of history he has himself lived through—but it comes out in a genuine interest, an acute perception of how one age develops out of another and how survivals from one period can remain active into the next, hampering and yet enriching it. As for the problems of the physical life, Mr. O'Hara has both dramatized and debated them as convincingly as anyone in our time. And yet in this book both subjects have gone dead. The historical implications are taken up in the least effective manner, by the interspersing of little historical essays among the action, and with (apparently) no care for texture. Mostly, of course, Alfred Eaton is somewhere in the picture, so the reader can feel charitably that he is getting a few threads of narrative in the tapestry of social landscape. But Mr. O'Hara doesn't feel called upon to stick to this rule. Armistice Day, 1918, for instance, is described from dawn to dusk with the camera set firmly in Port Johnson, Pennsylvania, even though

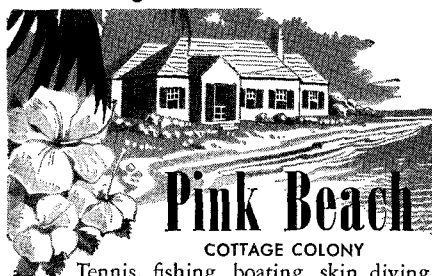
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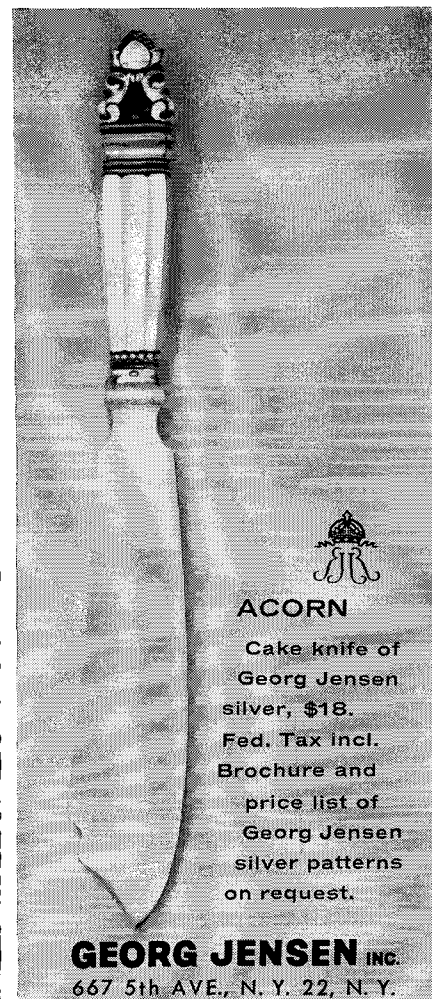
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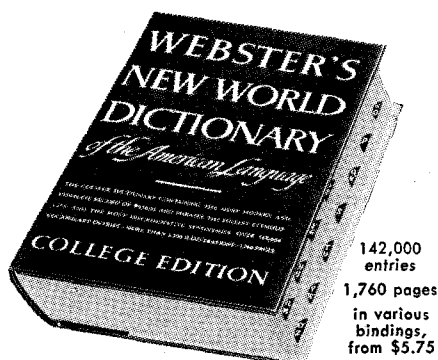


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the hero is away serving in Europe. The celebrating crowd, which includes no one of major importance in the story, is given a long essay to itself. One concedes readily enough that this essay, considered as a piece of popular social history, is very capably done; it is simply that any novel must sag under the weight of so much detail lavished on a scene that takes place when the hero is three thousand miles offstage.

There is a possible explanation of this compulsion to keep the detail and comment flowing over the page, never selecting, never resting. It is that Mr. O'Hara is simply not interested in what he is writing about. He has the wish to accumulate material but not the quickening interest that would make some of that material stand out as foreground and the rest fade into background. His attitudes toward history and toward sex come down to the same: There is a lot of it, it is important, it is worth describing and talking about. He has reached a stage where, for the time being, he appears to have nothing to say about life except that it happens. Therefore his one remaining recourse is to tell us in detail how it happens, and then to offer voluminous discursive comment on the light and shade of each situation. There must be more essay material in "From the Terrace" than in any other novel ever published, not excluding "War and Peace."

It is painful to go on faultfinding. I cannot end without saying that I personally have complete faith in Mr. O'Hara's ability to find a way out of this dead end. He is a thoroughgoing and powerful writer with a big range and with the strength of character to take the reader wherever he wishes him to go. At the solemn and weighty moments of his narrative, he can write solemnly and weightily; at the amusing moments, amusingly. He can create solid people and put them into credible situations. No one with all these gifts has ever stayed in the ditch for long; it is quite possible that among Mr. O'Hara's next two or three books he will give us his real, as opposed to his false, masterpiece. —JOHN WAIN

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

JUICE, by Stephen Becker (Simon & Schuster). This unpleasantly titled but well-written novel is a discussion of power, and of one manner in which great power may be used to manipulate human lives. Joseph Harrison, an important executive in a



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company that exercises a good deal of control over radio, television, and the press, is driving home from work one evening when his car hits a man, who dies. The man's death is an accident, but Harrison is aware that it was an accident caused by his own carelessness, and he is outraged to find that his boss is using influence to buy him out of trouble. Harrison believes he cannot go on living with himself unless the guilt he feels is publicly acknowledged and punished, and so, in order to clear his conscience, he risks losing his career, his wife, and a year of his life in jail. Something sweet and amiable (and not too realistic) about the air of this work encourages the reader to feel that the ending will be satisfactory for everyone, and so it is.

ELEPHANT HILL, by Robin White (Harper). A Romeo and Juliet situation, set in modern India and delivered in a deceptively unemotional manner, in which Romeo appears in the shape of a widowed forty-year-old Indian merchant, Mr. Alagar-sami, and Juliet as a visiting thirty-five-year-old American spinster schoolteacher, Elizabeth Sumner. Caught between an irascible, bullying uncle, who, for business purposes, wishes him to have an heir, and the local missionary (Juliet's brother-in-law and host), who refuses to turn over to him his long-lost illegitimate son, Romeo finally bucks his uncle, ceases legal action against the missionary, and presumably marries Juliet, who all the while has been marching tirelessly back and forth between the two camps, despite a merciless crossfire. The Harper Prize Novel for 1959.

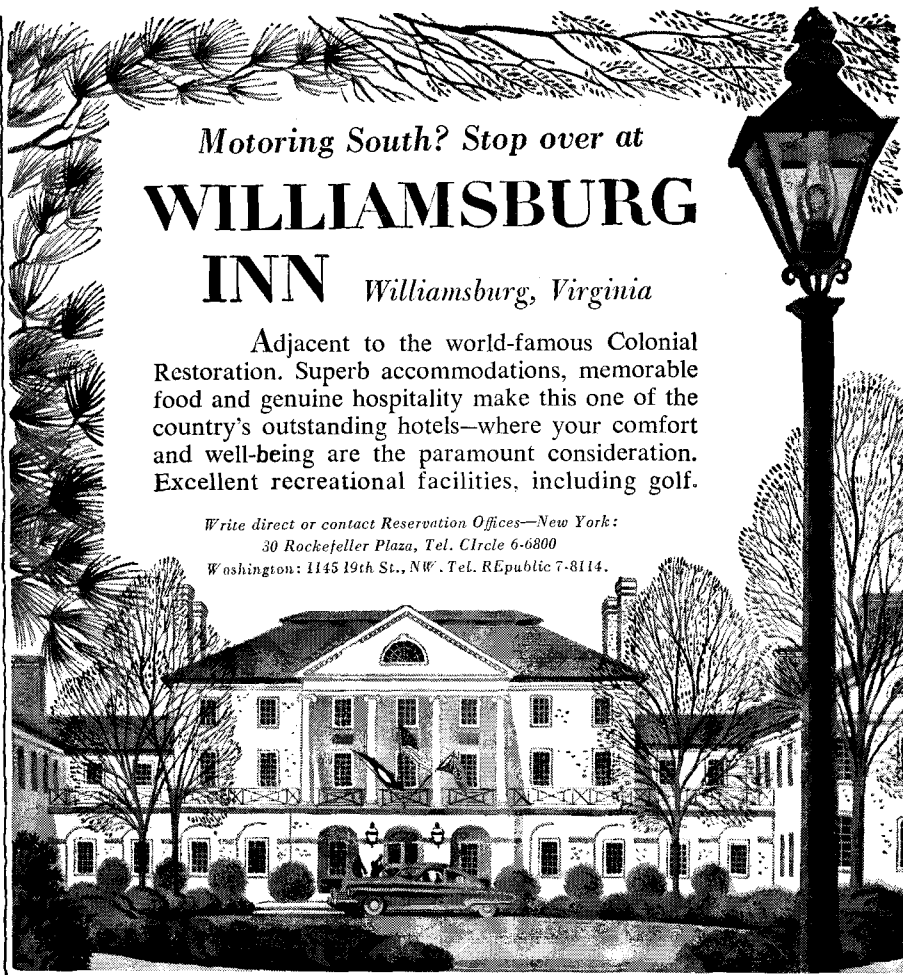
GENERAL

THE MYTH OF ROME'S FALL, by Richard Mansfield Haywood (Crowell). Like most contemporary diagnosticians, the author, a New York University classical scholar, rejects both the pragmatic (or Gibbonesque) and the mystical (or Toynbeeian) explanations of the collapse of the Roman Empire, in the fifth century, both of which attribute it to one or more specific causes. It is true, Dr. Haywood agrees, that the Empire was faced with problems of governmental authority, of finance, of foreign affairs, of military maintenance. But none of these, he quickly adds and deftly demonstrates, were of crucial significance. Indeed, he reminds us, they are perennial problems

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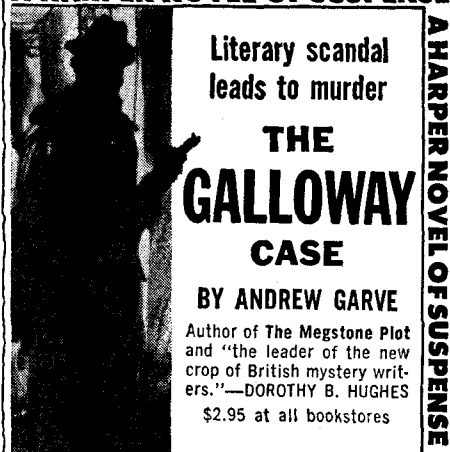
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of every state, and in Rome at the time of the fatal Germanic invasion of 406 they were being handled rather better than they had been in earlier days. How, then, can we account for that famous fall? We can't, he answers. It was not "inevitable." It was an accident of history, and he cites, with approval, André Piganiol's observation, "The Empire did not die a natural death. It was assassinated." A rewarding study.

THE OPERATION, by Leonard Engel (McGraw-Hill). A superb reconstruction of a successful four-hour "open-heart" operation (hypothetical but otherwise impeccably documented) performed by two University of Minnesota surgeons—C. Walton Lillehei and Richard L. Varco, both pioneers in that recently established field—to correct the congenital heart anomaly known as a ventricular defect. Mr. Engel, being both an able and a conscientiously explicit writer, is not satisfied, however, merely to set down the complicated sequence of events in the operating room. He recognizes that if we are to follow his report with real comprehension, we must appreciate the many skills that make mid-twentieth-century surgery possible, and at nicely calculated intervals he sweeps us back through history to trace the origin and evolution of the present mastery of pain, hemorrhage, shock, and infection, and the equally triumphant accomplishments, such as the creation of the heart-lung machine, of applied physiology. The result is that we close his book with the realization that we have experienced not only an absorbing drama but a most instructive glimpse of the nature and the continuity of medical science.

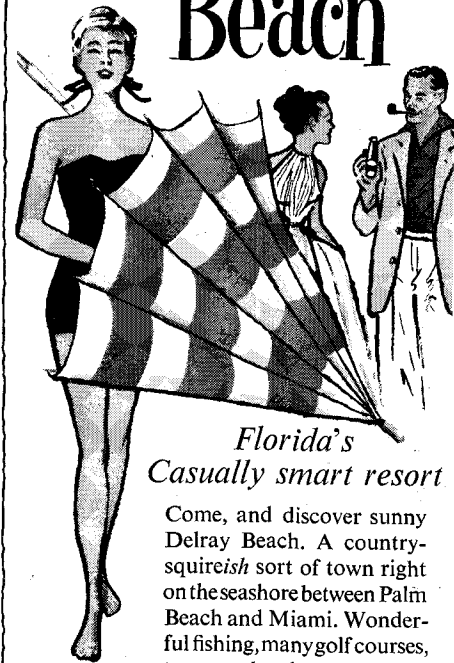
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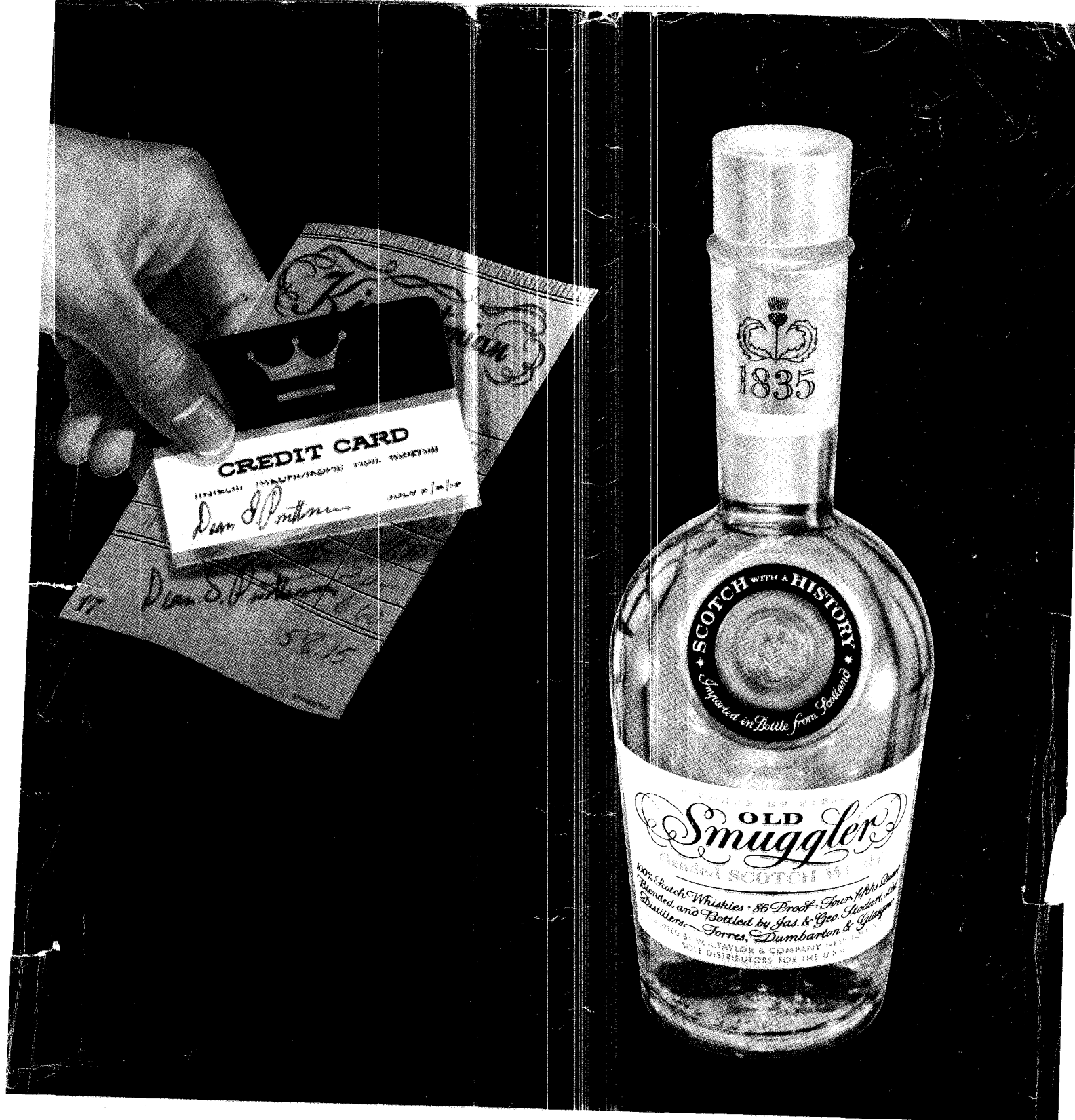
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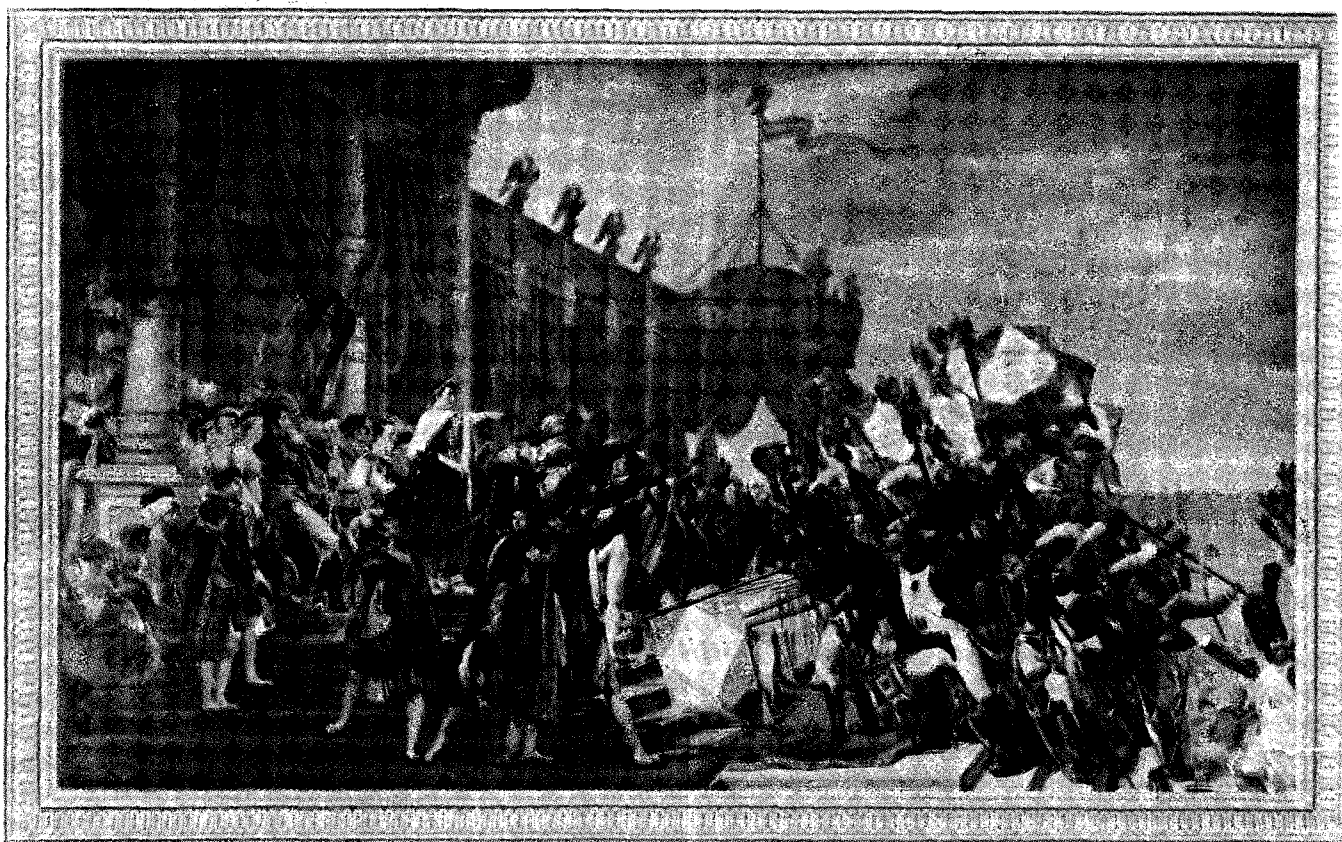
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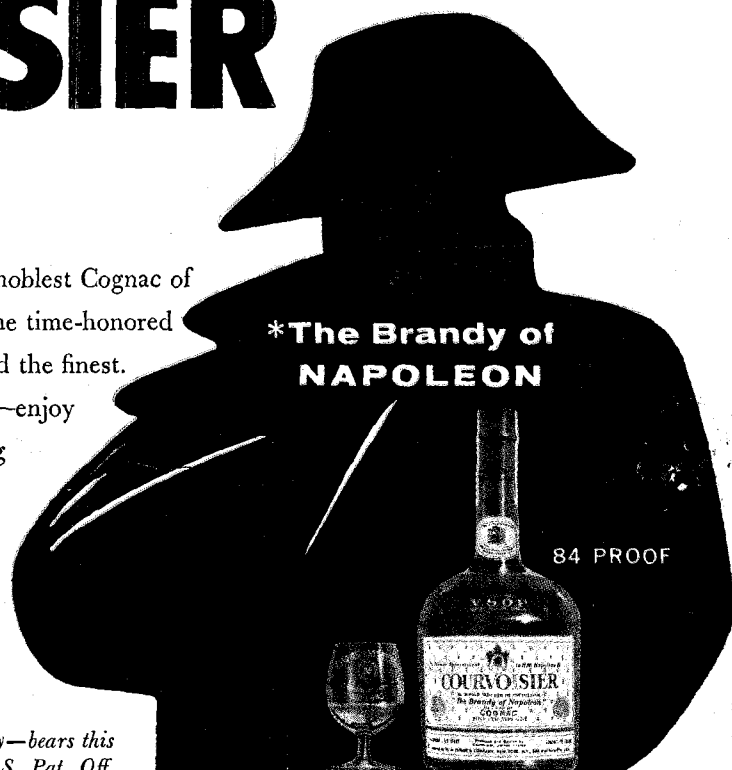
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